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ILLUSTRATED Films MONTHLY

A magazine intended to appeal to the Film-loving Public, giving the stories of the principal films due to be released during the coming month.

Promoted with the idea of increasing and cementing Public interest in Moving Pictures.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER 1913—FEBRUARY 1914.

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FILM FAVOURITES.



Miss DAPHNE WAYNE,

of the Biograph Company.



Miss SABINE IMPEKOVEN,

Leading lady of the Continental Film Company,

In character of "Olga," in "War's Red Ruin."





Miss ALMA TAYLOR.

The popular actress of the Hepworth Company,
in "Oliver Twist."

Illustrated Films Monthly.

VOL. I. NO. 1. SEPTEMBER, 1913. THREEPENCE NETT.

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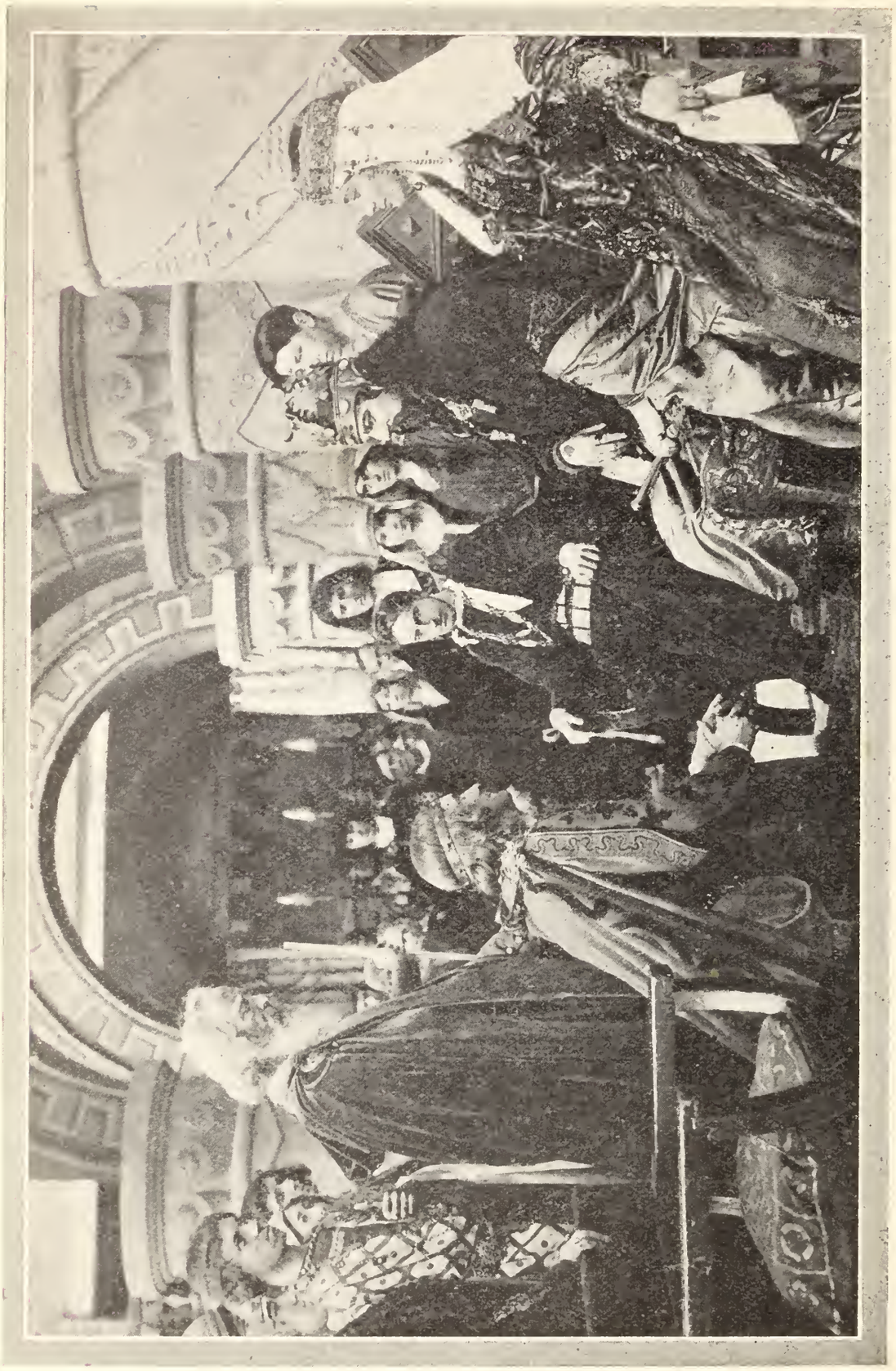
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A Scene from the Gaumont Great Film, "Hamlet."

Shakespeare's Tragedy of

HAMLET.

As played for the Gaumont Film Hire Service by
Sir J. Forbes-Robertson.

The World's Rights of the Film are held by the Gaumont Film Hire Service, 6, Denman Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

SYNOPSIS OF

Johnston Forbes-Robertson's Career.

Born in London, January 16th, 1853, eldest son of John Forbes-Robertson, Art Critic and Journalist. Educated at Charterhouse and in France. Admitted to Royal Academy of Arts as a Student, 1870.

1874.—Debut at Chastelard in "Mary Stuart," at the old Princess's, London, with the late Mrs. Rousby, subsequently touring with Ellen Terry, under Charles Reade's management, and supporting Samuel Phelps (whose pupil he was for six years) at the Gaiety.

1876.—First appeared at old Lyceum.

1878.—Joined the Bancrofts at Prince of Wales' and Haymarket. Count Orloff in "Diplomacy."

1879.—Played Julian Beauclerc in "Diplomacy." Sir Horace Welby in "Forget-me-not," etc., afterwards appearing with the Bancrofts in "Duty," "Ours," "Money," "School," etc.

1880-1.—Joined Modjeska at Court, and with Wilson Barrett at the Princess's, appearing as Romeo, etc.

1882.—Joined Irving as Claudio in "Much Ado About Nothing," being commissioned by him to paint the church scene now hung in Players' Club, New York.

1883.—Rejoined the Bancrofts at Haymarket for "lead," remaining with them from November, 1883, until they terminated their management of that theatre in July, 1885, appearing in "Lords and Commons," "Peril," Captain Absolute in "The Rivals," "Diplomacy," Sir Charles Pomander in "Masks and Faces," Petruchio in "Katherine and Petruchio," etc.

1885.—Went to America with Mary Anderson as Pygmalion, Romeo, Orlando, Ingomar, Claude Melnotte, etc., making his first appearance in New York as Orlando; returning with her to London Lyceum in "The Winter's Tale," for which he also designed the dresses and appointments.

1888.—At the Shaftesbury with Miss Wallis.

1889.—Joined John Hare at the Garrick, where he played in "The Profligate," "Tosca," and "Lady Bountiful." Another American Tour. Rejoined Irving in "Henry VIII.," appearing as Buckingham.

1893.—Rejoined John Hare for famous revival of "Diplomacy," as Julian; as D'Alroy in "Caste," Evelyn in "Money," etc.

1895.—Last engagement as Lancelot in "King Arthur," afterwards returning to Garrick to play Lucas Cleeve in A. W. Pinero's "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." Same year opened Lyceum under his own management with "Romeo and Juliet," Mrs. Patrick Campbell being the Juliet, followed by "Michael and his Lost Angel," "For the Crown," "Magda," "The School for Scandal," and "Hamlet," in which, with "Macbeth" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," he toured Germany and Holland.

1897.—As Nelson in "Nelson's Enchantress," at the Avenue.

1898.—Produced and played in "Pelleas and Melisande," "The Moonlight Blossom," "The Sacrament of Judas," "Macbeth," "Carrots," and "The Devil's Disciple," by Bernard Shaw.

1900.—Married to Miss Gertrude Elliott.

1901.—Took the Comedy for a season.

1902.—Two seasons under his own management at the Lyric, London, in "Mice and Men," "The Light that failed," and "Othello," subsequently touring America for two seasons.



"I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away——"

Act I.—5.



"——Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it——"

Act V.—1.

1904.—Season at Duke of York's and Scala Theatres.

1905.—After sundry revivals, subsequently toured England and America, where he produced "Cæsar and Cleopatra," by Bernard Shaw, in 1906, and revived "The Merchant of Venice," and "Hamlet."

1907.—Produced "The High Bid," by Henry James.

1908.—Produced "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," at the St. James's, London, subsequently transferring Jerome's play to Terry's, and in 1909-10, taking it with his English Company to Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York, where it ran an entire season. He then toured Canada at the special invitation of the Governor-General, and in the fall of 1910 began another American season in the same popular play, revisiting New York, and subsequently Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other large cities.

1911.—Started his third American tour in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," extending over 30,000 miles, East, West, North and South.

1912.—Made his farewell appearances in the larger provincial cities in England in the autumn in repertoire, followed by a short tour in the spring of 1913.

1913.—Opened his farewell season at Drury Lane Theatre, constituting his last appearances in London, on March 22nd, and running till June 6th, appearing successively in "Hamlet," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Sacrament of Judas," "The Light that failed," "Mice and Men," "Cæsar and Cleopatra," Shylock in "Merchant of Venice," and "Othello," making his last appearance on the London stage in "Hamlet." Included in the King's Birthday Honours List for Knighthood.

CAST OF CHARACTERS IN THE FILM:

Claudius	(King of Denmark)	WALTER RINGHAM
Hamlet		J. FORBES ROBERTSON
Horatio	(Friend to Hamlet	S. A. COOKSON
Polonius	(Lord Chamberlain)	J. H. BARNES
Laertes	(His Son)	ALEX. SCOTT-GATTY
Ghost of Hamlet's Father		PERCY RHODES
Fortinbras	(Prince of Norway)	GRENDON BENTLEY
Rosencrats Guildenstern	(Courtiers)	MONTAGUE RUTHERFORD E. A. ROSS
Osric Marcellus Bernado	(Officers)	GEORGE HAYES A. ROBERTS G. RICHARDS
Francisco	(A Soldier)	E. ERICSON
Reynalda	(Servant to Polonius)	ERIC ADENEY
First Player		ROBERT ATKINS
Second Player		R. ANDEAN
First Gravedigger		J. H. RYLEY
Second Gravedigger		S. T. PEARCE
Priest		R. MONTAGUE
Gertrude	(Queen of Denmark)	Miss ADELINE BOURNE
Ophelia	(Daughter to Polonius)	Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

Lords, Ladies, Soldiers, Attendants.



"——Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see, anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that?——" *Act III.—2.*



"No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!— The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd." *Act V.—2.*

Shakespeare's Tragedy of

HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE was not only what Ben Jonson denominates him the :—

"——soul of the age,
The applause, delight, and wonder [of the stage";



but to this hour the constant companion of the contemplative, as well as the gay associate of the playful and the happy.

"Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er Shakes- [peare's page,
I mark in vision of delight the sage ;
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sub- [lime,
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its glory humbled and its glory past)
Majestic 'mid the solitude of time."

The greatest playwright that has ever existed, William Shakespeare, in the 17th century, wrote the wonderful collection of



plays that have been handed down to posterity, and are known the world over. Undoubtedly one of the most remarkable of his works is the tragedy of Hamlet, the moody Dane.

The story of this great tragedy is familiar to the majority of play-goers and to all Shakespearean readers, but as some may like to have their memories refreshed, we venture to give a brief *résumé* of the plot.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

The scene opens in Elsinore where a ghost is seen by the sentinels keeping guard on the battlements of the castle. This circumstance is related to Hamlet by his friend Horatio who describes the spirit as much resembling the late King of Denmark, Hamlet's father, whom his Uncle Claudius is suspected to have murdered in order that he might usurp the throne, which he had done and also married the queen, Hamlet's



mother, within a month after. Hamlet, moved by the narration of Horatio, determines to watch for the next appearance of the ghost which is seen again at midnight, discovers itself to him as his murdered parent and relates to him the circumstances of his cruel murder by the king, his uncle, and calls upon Hamlet to avenge it. In order to accomplish this purpose, Hamlet feigns madness, especially in his conduct towards Ophelia, daughter of Polonius, with whom he is enamoured. Hamlet engages some players who enact a scene in the presence of the king and queen which displays the murder of his father purposely to try the king. Claudius, on beholding this, stung by his conscious guilt and fearful of

some untoward event, determines to rid himself of his nephew by sending him to England. This project is aided by Hamlet killing Polonius whom he mistakes for the king and who was concealed behind the arras to listen to the conversation between the queen and her son who had demanded an interview. Hamlet is by an accident made prisoner by some pirates as he is on his way to England, but he escapes and unexpectedly returns to Denmark. Previously, he discovers that the ambassadors are instructed by the king's letters to cause him to be put to death on his arrival in England, which letters he exchanges for others containing the same directions for their deaths.

During his absence Ophelia, distracted through her father's death and her own misfortune, destroys herself, and her brother Laertes, urged by false rumours concerning



his father's demise, rebels against the king; but he abandons his intention on being told that Hamlet did the deed. A stratagem is got up by the king in which Laertes basely consents to dispatch Hamlet by secret means. Claudius wagers six Barbary horses against six French swords with Laertes that in a dozen passes he does not exceed Hamlet by three. Hamlet consents to make trial and is first wounded by Laertes who has treacherously used a poisoned weapon. In a scuffle they change swords and Laertes is himself wounded by the same deadly rapier. The king had prepared a poisoned chalice with which he determined to end Hamlet if Laertes failed. In the contents of this, the queen, unconscious that it is drugged, pledges Hamlet and is poisoned. Laertes, in the agony of death, confesses his own perfidy and accuses the king, and Hamlet with the sword of Laertes revenges himself by stabbing the infamous Claudius, and the whole concludes with the news of the death of Rosencrantz and Guilderstern through letters forged by Hamlet and a eulogium on



the unfortunate prince by his friend Horatio and the choice of young Fortinbras for King of Denmark.

MORAL.

In this play we see exemplified the proverbial saying "murder will out" for, by introducing the ghost of the murdered king, Shakespeare intended no doubt to intimate that though secrecy may veil the dead of the murderer for a time. Providence that "suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed" will, by supernatural agency, both expose and punish the aggressor.

In the death of the queen we are warned against participating in the fancied success of villainy, and in that of Laertes against suffering our passions perfidiously to lead us



to seek a secret revenge without a regard to either justice or our own honour. He has our contempt, but might have commanded our pity and admiration.

The Reformers,

or,

The Lost Art of Minding One's Own Business.

Biograph Film.

"NOW," said the Mayor, "I believe Sister Wormwood has a proposition to put before the meeting."

Sister Wormwood rose, a thin, sour-faced woman. She had come to the meeting of the League for the Suppression of Innocent Enjoyment with a fell purpose. She believed in *putting things down*. And flirting was one of the things.

The League had recently been running a mission. Its members were possessed by a fiery zeal for reform, and they had convinced the people of the city that they stood in dire need of reformations; convinced them so thoroughly that they had elected Mr. Ephraim Potts, President of the League, as Mayor, and given him despotic power.

Mr. Potts was an even more ardent advocate of *putting things down* than Sister Wormwood.

That amiable lady now began to state the case against flirting. It was, according to her, the chief of the deadly sins, and she had many more than seven in her calendar. Only that morning she had been inexpressibly shocked at overhearing her maid-of-all-work carrying on a flirtation with the butcher's man at the kitchen door. She had soon put a stop to that, she said; but she did not suppose the reprimand had done much good.

"Probably at this moment," she said dramatically, "she is flirting with the baker's man!"

She went on to say that flirting must be *put down*. Remonstrance was of little avail. Warnings would be disregarded. Flirting must be forbidden by law. The police should be instructed to arrest any offenders, who must be punished for the first offence by a fine, and for subsequent offences by imprisonment. Also the police must keep a strict look out and take into custody any person of any age caught giving any person of the opposite sex what Sister Wormwood understood was called "The Glad Eye."

"I am proud to say," she went on, drawing herself up, "that nobody has ever dared to give me a glad eye."

The members of the League, gazing at her, saw no reason to doubt her word. Her eloquence was so persuasive that when the Mayor put the motion it was carried unanimously.

Dancing was next dealt with. The Mayor was great on this subject. He had made a special study of it. It was a favourite temptation of the Devil, he said; a first step on the downward path. He had discovered that there were in the city many dancing-halls to which people went on the Saturday night — people who had been working hard all the week. They went there to forget their troubles and to get a little amusement.

"How people can think of amusing themselves in such a city as this," said the Mayor, "I cannot understand. Dancing on the brink of ruin! They must be prevented in their own interests. Dancing must be *put down*."

This was also agreed to, and the meeting turned to the subject of drinking. On this matter it was necessary to take a poll of the city, and this was ordered to be done forthwith.

"Drink," said the Mayor, with great solemnity, "must be *put down*."

A member of the League ventured to observe that too much of it was put down already, but the remark was considered to be in bad taste, and the Mayor ignored it.

"Now," said his Worship, "is there anything else that ought to be *put down*?"

Sister Wormwood rose once more. "Yes, I want theatres and picture palaces abolished."

There was a general murmer of approval.

Sister Wormwood said theatres and picture palaces took people out of themselves, into an imaginary world, away from the serious realities of life: in short, made them forget their troubles. And troubles, Sister

Wormwood asserted, amid applause, were good discipline, and ought not to be forgotten.

"Then again," she said, "people, I understand, make love on the stage, and I am sure the posters we see on the hoardings—well, it is a painful subject. I move that theatres and picture palaces exercise an evil influence upon the minds of the people and ought to be and hereby are declared illegal."

It was decided that before passing the resolution a deputation from the League should witness a performance at the theatre that very evening, to see whether things were really as bad as they were reported.

With the consciousness of having spent a profitable afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Potts went home. On their way they noticed various other things which sadly needed *putting down*. Whistling was one, and laughing was another. True happiness, they were convinced, consisted in being thoroughly miserable.

They reached their house, and Mr. Potts was hanging his hat up in the hall, when he stopped, with his arm above his head, and his hat in the air, and a look of incredulous astonishment on his face. Mrs. Potts's expression was a reflection of his.

"Was that a laugh?" he asked tragically.

"I thought so," answered Mrs. Potts doubtfully.

From the dining-room came the sound of a voice reading aloud, and then the laugh again. Almost merry it sounded.

Mr. Potts stepped on tiptoe to the door, turned the handle, and looked in. Mrs. Potts peered over his shoulder. In a chair by the fireplace sat their son Samuel, reading aloud from a magazine to his sister, who was sitting on the rug at his feet. He was reading a funny story—actually a funny story! And while they looked the girl laughed again.

Mr. Potts marched into the room, Mrs. Potts following. The boy and girl looked up in alarm. There was no laughing now. They stood sullenly waiting to hear what Mr. Potts had to say.

Both the reformers began to speak at once.

"Is this how you spend your time when we are away?" was Mrs. Potts's inquiry.

"Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you depraved children?" demanded Mr. Potts.

"No," said the boy. "We were tired of doing lessons and reading dull books, so we thought we would have a little amusement."

"Amusement!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Potts together. "Amusement!"

"The very thing we are trying to *put down!* My dear," said Mr. Potts, "we have enemies in our own house! We have nourished vipers in our bosoms! But this shall not go on. Give me that book!"

The boy yielded it sulkily.

"Nothing of the kind shall come into this house again. That reminds me, my dear, we must enquire into the kind of literature in use at the public libraries. As for you, rebellious children," he continued, "you must be punished. We will consider what is to be done. For the present you must go to your rooms and stay there till we give you leave to come down."

The brother and sister retired, crushed and silent, and Mr. and Mrs. Potts took tea, discussing the while the forthcoming visit to theatre.

An austere-looking maid entered to say that a man had called to see the Mayor.

"Show him in," said Mr. Potts, and the man appeared, hat in hand, and evidently nervous.

"Sorry to intrude, sir," he said. "Fact is, I'm hard up—very hard up. I've been out of work for three months, and my wife and children are starving. I have come to ask if you will kindly help me. It's not for myself, but for them at home." The man's voice trembled.

Mr. Potts sniffed. "I don't believe in indiscriminate charity," he said. "You must apply to the Associated Charities Board. Private charity is illegal now. You must go to the Board."

"But, sir," the man pleaded, "I thought you might perhaps give me a helping hand on the quiet like. I don't want everybody to know how badly off I am. It seems like disgrace, sir."

"I can't help that," rejoined Mr. Potts coldly. "You must go to the Board. It's begging," he added to his wife, "and ought to be *put down*."

"Indeed it ought!" Mrs. Potts indignantly agreed, and the man went away to tell his starving wife what the Mayor had said.

The visit to the theatre was a triumphant success. The deputation occupied a front seat, and remained disapproving but silent for some time. It was a pleasant little play, with plenty of sentiment and "human note" about it. The deputation made no sign until the hero took the heroine in his arms, and,



"'Drink,' said the mayor, with great solemnity, 'must be *put down*.'"

declaring that nothing, no, nothing should part him from her, kissed her fairly on the lips.

The Leaguers were horrified. Sister Wormwood nearly went into hysterics.

"There, Mr. Mayor!" she cried. "I told you so. Did you ever see anything so brazen as that?"

"Sit down! Shut up!" shouted several of the audience angrily, and one unruly youth in the gallery threw a partly sucked orange which missed the lady, but took the conductor of the orchestra full in the face as he turned to see what all the noise was about. The lady kept standing and gesticulated violently, though her voice was lost in the din.

The Mayor stood up and called for silence. Then he said, "We have heard complaints of this sort of thing," waving his hand vaguely in the direction of the stage, where the puzzled hero and heroine still refused to be parted. "We came here to see what was going on. We find that it is much worse than we had expected. It must be *put down*," he declared sternly. "Such exhibitions are harmful from every point of view. Kissing, I understand, is an infectious disease. Who knows what fearful epidemic may not result from this? This degrading performance must cease. We, the members of the League for the Suppression of Innocent Enjoyment will give you an entertainment consisting of speeches interspersed with suitable hymns."

He led the way to the stage, followed by the members of the deputation. The hero and heroine parted at last, and fled in different directions. Many of the audience tried to get away also, but the Mayor called out the police to close all exits, and the people had to stay.

The manager of the company, who had engaged the theatre for a week, attempted to prevent the Leaguers from going on the stage, but the police inspector supported the Mayor, and the manager was forced to give in. He and his company declared that they would be hanged if they would stay to the entertainment, and, as they were not residents of the city, the police permitted them to leave. The manager invited the male members of the company to come round the corner for a drink and to talk the matter over.

"I hope," said the Mayor, "the drink will be peppermint or something like that?"

"As a matter of fact, old sport," was the reply, "it will be whisky."

There were cries of horror from the deputation, but the Mayor calmed them with uplifted hand. "Let them go their way," he said. "In a few days the sale of whisky in this city will be stopped."

"In that case," remarked the manager, "we will make the most of our time. Come along, boys."

It was not a lively meeting, except for the disrespectful remarks of some members of the audience, and whistling and catcalls from the gallery. A man who protested against the action of the League as an infringement of personal liberty and the rights of the people was promptly crushed by the Mayor.

"Rights!" said he. "You have no rights, and we are the guardians of your liberties! We are governing you for your good. There will be an entertainment of a similar character to this every week. A collection will be taken for the funds of the League."

The poll of the city showed only a small majority for closing the drinking bars; but it was sufficient, and now the Leaguers felt that they had not lived and worked in vain. The city, so far as they could see, was as orderly and as moral as they could wish, and a model, they fondly assured each other, for all others in the State. Enjoyment was banished. The reformers walked from one end of the city to the other without seeing a smile or hearing a laugh. And their souls were satisfied.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Potts had been so busy that they had had no time to spare for their son and daughter, who during the past few weeks had been pursuing their studies in certain unauthorised directions under the able guidance of a youth who lived next door.

At last there came an evening when the Mayor and his wife returned home rather earlier than usual. The house was quiet. Mr. Potts opened the door of the room in which he expected to find his son and daughter diligently engaged in their studies. He gave a startled exclamation. Only Samuel was there. The boy was in the act of raising a glass to his lips. He saw his father, and set the glass down. Then he got on his feet, and Mr. Potts saw to his horror that the boy could not stand steadily. Samuel grinned foolishly.

"Hallo, old cock!" he said. "Silly old ass! Been reforming the city and leaving Lucy and me to go to ruin. Come and have

a drink. Jolly good stuff this!" He waved a tremulous hand to the bottle on the table.

Mr. Potts was stricken. His lips moved but no words came. Mrs. Potts, speechless also, sank in a chair, with tragic eyes fixed on her son, who rambled on cheerfully.

"Want see Lucy, I s'pose? She's out."

"Out!" Mrs. Potts gasped.

"Yes, out—gone to a dance."

Mr. Potts clutched at the table for support, and his wife looked as though she would faint clean away.

"Yes," pursued the boy, "I s'pose you thought if you closed the dancing-halls you would stop people dancing. Well, Lucy's gone to a dance with George Jarvis. He left me this bottle so that I shouldn't tell you, but I've told you now, haven't I? You don't seem very pleased" he went on with a drunken guffaw. "It's all right. Lucy's enjoying herself, but I don't think the place where she's gone is quite—respectable." He winked evilly, and laughed again. "I shouldn't be surprised if she doesn't come home any more. Silly pair of fools you are. Ought to be ashamed of yourselves, neglecting us as you have. Might as well have no father and mother."

Still Mr. and Mrs. Potts could find no words.

"I am going out," said the boy with drunken gravity, staggering to the door; "I am going out. I've had enough of this rotten house, and you and mother."

"Samuel!" cried Mrs. Potts, finding her voice at last, and stretching out her arms to her son; but he only laughed again, and, resisting his father's attempts to detain him, he went out of the room. They heard the front door close. Then they sat waiting for Lucy. A long time they waited. Midnight struck—one o'clock—two o'clock. At last they realised that Lucy was not coming home. Mrs. Potts's head fell forward on the table and she burst into a passion of weeping.

"Oh, Ephraim," she wailed, "what have we done? What have we done?"

Mr. Potts was quiet a long time. At last he said in a shaking voice, "We have saved the city."

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Potts, "what do I care for the city? We have lost our children."

And the Mayor could find no words to comfort her.



"He stepped suddenly out, a revolver in each hand."

Billy Turns Burglar.

Gem Comedy.

"TWO thousand dollars," says Silas P. Hoskins, firmly: "not a cent less! When you can come to me and show proof that you're worth a clear two thousand you may have my daughter. Till then, my lad, you'd better not let me catch you foolin' around. It won't be good for your health."

Billy pleaded in vain; but he could not move Silas P.

"There ain't no romance about me," he said. "Hard cash is worth all the romantic rubbish in the story-books. You clear out and make that two thousand, young feller. Then you can come back, and if Maisie wants to marry you, I don't mind taking you for a son-in-law."

Billy departed considerably crestfallen. He had about as much prospect of making two thousand dollars as two million. He had hoped to find his sweetheart's father in a melting mood, but somehow, Silas P. did not seem to be a man of that sort. Billy felt like doing something desperate. Without Maisie the world was a wilderness, and life not worth living. Just as well to end it, he thought, and for at least half-an-hour he turned over in his mind various methods of ending his miserable existence.

Then his thoughts took another turn. He could think of no way to earn the two thousand dollars; why should he not turn burglar, and steal them? It would be risky, certainly, but the reward was— Maisie!



Mr. Billy Quirk.
The Renowned "Billy."

The longer he thought about it the more convinced he became that in no other way could he get the money. He decided to pay a midnight visit to the bank, and on the first dark night he armed himself with a brace of revolvers and sallied forth. He found that to sit at home and think about desperate deeds was a very different thing from doing them, and was surprised to find his knees knocking together, and his teeth chattering. The striking of the church clock startled him; it was so alarmingly loud. At every corner he expected a policeman to challenge him, but nothing of the kind happened, and he had nearly got to the bank when two men came in sight. Each was carrying a bag which appeared to be heavily weighted.

"Queer," thought Billy. "I wonder who they are, and what they are doing here at this time of night."

He slipped into a doorway to wait until they had passed, and then the idea suddenly struck him that these really were professional burglars, and that the bags contained their booty.

"By James!" said Billy, softly: 'that's it! I'll hold 'em up!"

He felt very brave now, especially as the two men had all they could do to carry the bags, and with his two revolvers he would have them at his mercy.

By this time they had almost reached Billy's doorway, and he stepped suddenly out, a revolver in each hand.

"Hands up!" he shouted, and hoped they would not see how his hands trembled.

He need not have been afraid. Never were two burglars so badly scared before. They dropped the bags like hot coals, and stood with their hands held straight above their heads.

So far, Billy had succeeded admirably, but what was to be done now? He could not stand there all night pointing revolvers at the two men, and he dared not lower his weapons. Perhaps somebody might come if he shouted.

"Help!" he yelled. "Burglars! Thieves! Fire!"

He heard the sound of running footsteps, and presently round the corner there came—Mr. Silas P. Hoskins, inadequately clad, and very short of breath.

"Don't let 'em go!" he shouted. "Keep 'em like that! I'll fetch a policeman!"

Fortunately, a policeman was already approaching, though in a leisurely fashion. He quickened his pace to a run at Mr. Hoskin's urgent solicitation, and soon, much to Billy's relief, had the handcuffs on the burglars.

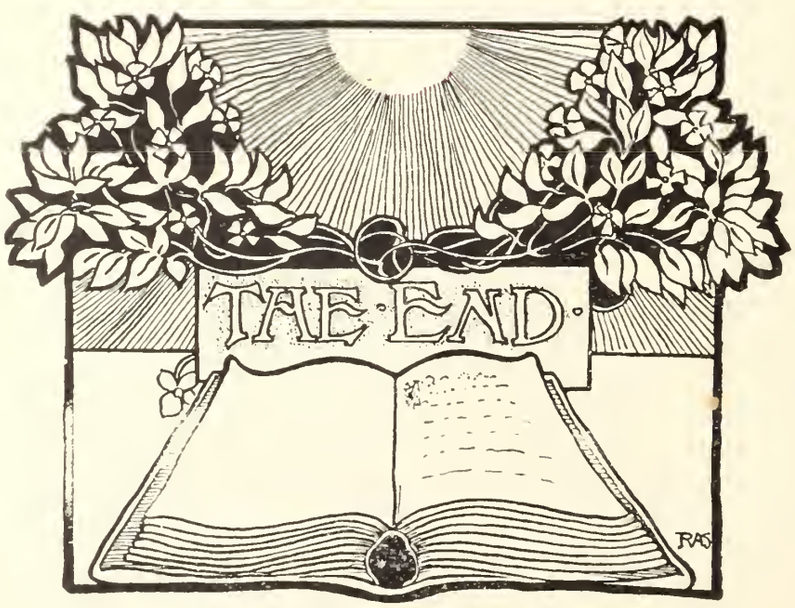
"They've burgled my house," spluttered Silas P. excitedly. "I heard 'em getting out of the window, and I've been chasing of 'em, the scoundrels!"

Not till he had opened the bags and made sure that they contained his property did it occur to him that he had not thanked the man who had stopped the burglars. He turned to do so, and cried out in surprise.

"Why, if it ain't the young feller who wanted to marry Maisie! How did you come here, by all that's lucky?"

"Oh," replied Billy airily, "I was just taking a stroll, trying to think how to earn two thousand dollars. I saw these chaps slinking along, and thought they looked suspicious, so—well, I just held 'em up. That's all."

"Shake!" said Silas P., with enthusiasm. "You're a hero, that's what you are. And you need'nt worry any more about them two thousand dollars. I should have offered a reward of five thousand for the recovery of my property, and the money's as good as yours. You'd better come along with me now and hear what Maisie says about it."



An Arabian Fanatic

Ambrosio Drama.

Chapter I.

"I don't like the look of things at all, Mary. Arizomah means mischief, I fancy. I shan't be sorry to see Warren's gunboat round this way again. When is she due?"

The Rev. Stephen Morrison turned from the window and came over to where his sister was sitting in the pleasant room of the little mission station on the shore of the Red Sea. Mary was engaged in the prosaic but very necessary operation of darning the missionary's socks. She looked up at him anxiously.

"I had a letter from Edgar four days ago," she said. "He expected to be here some time this week. He might come to-day or to-morrow. Has Arizomah done anything fresh? He can't do us any harm, can he? We are too well protected."

"Well, we've got the place guarded, of course; but I'm not sure that all our men can be trusted. These Nubians are not like Englishmen, you know; in their hearts they fear the Arabs, and I've caught Arizomah in earnest conversation with several of them at different times. No," he said, "I shan't feel really comfortable until I know Warren and his bluejackets are in the neighbourhood."

"But Arizomah has never liked us from the beginning," Mary rejoined. "Why are you more worried about him just now?"

"I don't know, to tell the truth," said the missionary. "I've a vague sort of feeling that something is wrong—I've noticed little things—queer looks in the eyes of Arizomah and his Arabs, muttered words as I passed, and so on. Perhaps I'm making too much of it, but the feeling is there. Still, I ought not to frighten you."

Mary laid down the sock she had been darning, and slipped her hand into another.

"I'm not afraid, Stephen," she said quietly. "I do not expect life out here to be as calm and safe as it was in London. I should have been disappointed if I had found it so. I came out to help you, to take my share of the work and the danger, too."

"You're a good girl, Mary, and a brave one," was her brother's rejoinder. "You've been a splendid help to me; I don't know what I should have done without you."

They smiled at one another in perfect understanding.

"You see," the missionary went on, "there are many reasons why Arizomah should hate us. He was a great man before we came: the people looked upon him as a sorcerer or something of that kind, and credited him with all sorts of unholy powers. They stood in awe of him, and he could do as he liked with them. Many are afraid of him and believe in him still, but he feels his power is weakening."

"And a good thing too."

"Of course; but it makes him angry to see the people becoming educated and civilised, and coming to the mission station for help and advice instead of to him. Some of those who were his immediate followers are among our converts. Oh! he has reason to hate us, and unless I am much mistaken, he'll try and rouse the people against us. I wish Warren was here. Hullo! What's this?" he ejaculated, as a Nubian boy entered with a note.

"From Mist' Harrison for Missee Mary," said the boy, his black face one broad grin.

Mary took the note, and opened it in some excitement. "Edgar's coming!" she cried. "Mr. Harrison has had a wireless message asking him to tell me that the "York" will be here this afternoon."

"Thank God!" said her brother, with a fervour that betrayed the extent of his relief.

Two hours later the gunboat had anchored off the village, and Lieutenant Warren was rowed ashore by a crew of British bluejackets. The young lieutenant commanding the "York" had been stationed in this part of the Red Sea for the greater part of a year, and had found the visits to the mission station and to the missionary's pretty sister very pleasant breaks in the monotony of a sailor's life. On his last visit, a month ago,

he told Mary he loved her, and received her assurance that she loved him in return.

Mary and her brother met Warren at the landing stage, and once inside the house, the missionary told him of his fears.

The lieutenant was inclined to be incredulous. "You're safe enough," he said; "Arizomah won't be such a fool as to raise trouble. He knows very well that if he did we should be on his track in double quick time. A dozen bluejackets would make short work of him and his gang."

The Rev. Stephen Robinson was not convinced.

"But he would not wait for the bluejackets," he objected. "He'd get away into the desert after he'd done the mischief, and you could not follow him there." The missionary glanced at Mary as he spoke.

The lieutenant considered a moment. Then he said, "Well, look here, this is only a flying visit. I must be off again almost directly, and I can't spare you any men. But I shall be back in a week, and in the meantime shall never be more than a few hours' steam away from you. Send a wireless if there's any sign of trouble. By George! A good idea!" he burst out boyishly. "I'll teach Mary the code, and she can call me up if anything goes wrong. Come along, Mary."

They went out of the room together to the wireless cabin, which adjoined the mission station. Harrison, the operator, was on duty, and offered no objection when Warren asked to be allowed to initiate Miss Robinson into the mysteries of wireless.

Mary had often seen Harrison take off and send messages, and she proved an apt pupil. Warren showed her how to call up the gunboat and taught her how to click out the word which should tell him she was in danger and bring him at full speed to her aid. The code word was "Mary."

When they return to the house, Warren wrote down his instructions and told Mary to practise and get them off by heart so that that there should be no mistake. Then a kiss for his sweetheart, a handgrip for her brother, and he was gone.

Mary was in her little drawing room an hour later, when Harrison was announced. He was a frequent visitor, and Mary received him cordially. He seemed preoccupied and ill at ease. But he found his tongue presently, and to Mary's amazement and distress, began to pour out a declaration of his love for her. His words came in a torrent, and it was some time before Mary, overwhelmed by his vehemence, could find words to stop him. But she succeeded at last.

"Mr. Harrison," she said, "I can't listen to this. I had no idea——I'm very sorry. I thought you knew I was engaged."

Harrison flushed a dull red. "No," he muttered, "I didn't know. But I see now ——it's the sailor, Lieutenant Warren. Damn him!" he cried, his face twisting with sudden passion. "I've loved you for a year and never spoken, and now he comes along,



"Arizomah means mischief."

and stays a few hours once a month, and you fall into his arms. Damn him!" he cried again, through clenched teeth.

Mary was a little frightened, but she fronted him with a high colour and flashing eyes.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Harrison. I think——I hope you will be ashamed of what you have just said when you are cooler. Now you had better go."

Harrison opened his mouth to speak again, but thought better of it, walked slowly to the door, and passed out.

He had hardly gone when the missionary came hastily into the room.

"Arizomah is coming towards the house," he said excitedly. "I think we'd better see him together here. Show him in," he ordered, as the Nubian servant appeared, manifestly scared.

Arizomah followed close on the boy's heels. He stalked into the centre of the room, a menacing figure in his white burnous, with folded arms, and a scowl on his dark, savage face. Mary seemed to feel in that cool, shaded place something of the burning heat of the desert; something also of its terror and tragedy. She shivered involuntary.

Arizomah wasted no time on preliminary courtesies.

"You must go away," he said. "You cause trouble among my people. They come to your church and your school, and they



"It makes him angry to see the people becoming educated and civilised."

are no more fit to fight. They are cowards. They obey me no longer. Before you came I ruled them; my word was law. Now when I order them to follow me they say, 'No, the missionary forbids us.' They are mad; they forget Allah, and bow the knee to the God of the English"—he spat with contempt—"the God of peace, who turns the blood in their veins to milk! We do not want you and your religion," he went on with rising anger. "You must go—go! And then my people will be cured of their madness. If you will not go, then——" his long brown arm shot out towards the missionary with a threatening gesture, "then you shall die! I myself will kill you, for I hate you. But your sister I will not kill. She is beautiful," he went on in a soft, hateful voice—"too beautiful to die." He cast an evil glance at Mary, and bared his teeth in a horrible smile which froze the blood in her veins.

The missionary rose to his full height, and faced the Arab. His voice was very steady and determined.

"We shall not go," he said. "Our duty lies here, and you cannot frighten us. And remember, Arizomah, if you kill us, the British Government will take a terrible revenge."

"Bah! Your ship, of what use is it against me? I shall be far away in the desert before your sailors can get here, and if they attempt to follow they will be cut to pieces. I have warned you; you must go, or you shall die."

"We shall not go." The missionary's voice took a deeper note as he raised his right hand and said reverently, "We are in God's hands."

"Bah! Dog of an infidel!" Arizomah hissed fiercely. "There is no God but Allah!" And with another hateful glance at Mary, he swept out of the room.

Chapter II.

Harrison was sitting moodily in the wireless cabin when the door opened suddenly, and Arizomah marched in.

The wireless operator knew the Arab well, and shared the missionary's distrust of him. But he was angry and sore at Mary's rejection of his love. He felt now that he hated both her and her brother, and the commander of H.M.S. "York" most of all. He was in the mood to listen to Arizomah. Nevertheless, the chieftain's first words brought him to his feet with an oath on his lips.

"You love the missionary's sister?"

"Damn you!" cursed Harrison. "What business is that of yours?"

Arizomah smiled and sat down. "Be calm," he said quietly. "It is no business of mine, but I have known it for a long time. I have seen you look at her. You worship her; you would like to marry her."

He held up his hand as Harrison burst out once more.

"Hear me. I say you would like to marry her; and she—she thinks no more of you than of her dog: she has eyes and a

heart only for the lieutenant who comes with his ship and his sailors. Is it not so?"

"Yes," growled Harrison, "curse him!"

"Good!" Arizomah lowered his voice till it was almost a whisper. "I also hate the sailor, and I do not love the missionary. We can perhaps be of use to each other. Help me to get the missionary into my power, and I will help you to marry his sister."

Harrison was startled. At another time he would have rejected with scorn the idea of making any such bargain, but passion had him in its grip, and for the time he was not in his right mind. He felt that he would sell his soul to obtain possession of Mary. He had a remnant of commonsense still, however.

"No use," he muttered, "she will not marry me; she loves Warren."

Arizomah laughed. "Warren will not be there," he said. "When she is in our power she will be frightened, and will turn to you to save her. She shall be offered a choice, to marry you or become my property. I think she will know which to choose."

Harrison threw him a quick look of suspicion.

"Oh!" the Arab exclaimed, with a contemptuous gesture, "I don't want the girl. She is good-looking enough, but she is all meekness—she has no spirit; no fire. Take her; I don't care. I only want the missionary out of the way."

Harrison was satisfied, and then for a long time they talked together in whispers. When Arizomah rose to leave they had settled the details of the plot, and Harrison was already a traitor in his heart.

On the next afternoon he called at the mission station. The missionary, who knew nothing of what had happened on the previous day, greeted him as usual, and did not notice that Mary seemed silent and constrained. It did strike him that Harrison's manner was peculiar, but when he heard the news brought by the wireless man he put it down to that.

"I've just seen one of Arizomah's men," said Harrison. "He was coming here; the chief wants you to go to him."

"Wants me to go to him," exclaimed Robinson in surprise. "What on earth for? He was here yesterday afternoon."

"I know," was the reply. "He seems to have met with an accident—fell among some rocks and hurt himself rather badly. In fact, the messenger says he is dying. Shall you go?"

Robinson rose, and took his white helmet. "Of course," he said, "it's my duty."

Harrison rose also. Robinson turned to his sister.

"I don't suppose I shall be away long, Mary. Harrison will be at hand if you want him. Perhaps Arizomah wants to make his peace before he dies."

Mary made no attempt to dissuade him. Her sense of duty was as strong as her brother's. But as the hours passed and he did not return, she grew anxious. She remembered the Arab's words of the previous afternoon, and fear grew upon her. Perhaps this was a plot of Arizomah's to get her brother in his power.



"He found the visits pleasant breaks in the monotony of a sailor's life."

The tropic night fell suddenly, and she rang for lights. Nobody answered. She rang again, and listened. No sound broke the stillness. She supposed the servants were somewhere at the back of the house, and went to see. She went from room to room. Nothing but utter darkness and silence. She was alone in the house. She opened the door and called loudly, then frantically as the knowledge grew within her that there was none to hear. Why, the guard must have gone too! What did it mean? Her

heart beat madly, and she was trembling. She trimmed a lamp as well as she could, lighted it, and carried it to the drawing-room. As she was about to draw the curtain her heart almost stopped beating. She was sure she had seen a face at the window—a dark, evil-looking face—staring in at her. It was not one of the negroes she knew. It was an Arab. With a wild impulse she flung the curtain across the window, and stood there panting. The intense quiet of the room was awful. She wanted to scream, but controlled herself with an effort. Suddenly she fell on her knees with uplifted face and clasped hands and prayed. She prayed for her brother and for herself, prayed that the God they served would protect them now.



"Harrison was already a traitor in his heart."

She rose from her knees somewhat calmer and strove to think what she ought to do. Then—perhaps at that moment her lover, pacing his quarter-deck at sea, was thinking of her—she remembered the wireless. Quick as thought she ran through the house, opened the door and looked out fearfully. There was a light in the wireless cabin, the door of which stood open. She was there in a moment and had closed the door. The cabin was empty. She knew what to do, and rushing to the instrument began to tap out the call to the "York."

Presently she paused, and the instrument clicked vigorously. The call was answered. Eagerly she took the key again, and with feverish haste sent out into space the one word—"Mary." Far out at sea Lieutenant Warren gave the order to go about and proceed at full speed to the rescue of his sweetheart.

Mary left the cabin and had almost reached her own doorstep, when, from the side of the house, four men rushed out at her, and before she could utter a cry she was in their power. She struggled, but a cloth was pressed to her mouth and nostrils, and she felt her senses leaving her. Soon she struggled no more. One of the men swung her unconscious form on his shoulder, and stepped out into the night, the other three following.

Meanwhile, the Rev. Stephen Robinson, who had taken one of the negro servants with him, had not found Arizomah at his dwelling. Some of the Arab's followers directed the missionary to a cavern among the rocks some distance along the coast. Their master, they said, had been found badly injured close to the spot, and it had been impossible to convey him to his home.

Robinson and his servant set out to walk to the place, but they could not find the cavern, and, the missionary's suspicions being by this time aroused, they were making all possible haste to the mission station, when the negro gave a cry and ran ahead of his master. Robinson followed more slowly, and there in the sand, at the foot of the cliff, found Harrison unconscious. They brought him round, and he opened his eyes and looked into the missionary's face.

"Mary!" he gasped. "Where's Mary? Is she safe?"

"Why?" said Robinson, "I hope so, we left her at the house. What do you mean? What has happened?"

"That scoundrel Arizomah!" Harrison jerked out. "He's carried her off—I'm sure of it." He broke off suddenly, and turned his face away from Robinson. "Help me up," he said in a choking voice.

They got him on his feet. He was aching all over, but otherwise unhurt. Still he did not look at Robinson, who waited, full of anxiety, to hear what he had to say.

"I'd better make a clean breast of it," he said at last, and then, with many stumblings, he told the missionary the story of plot, and how, when he had repented, and had gone

to Arizomah to declare that he would have no part in it, the Arab and his men had attacked him and hurled him over the cliff, leaving him, as they thought, dead.

"But, perhaps we shall be in time after all," he cried suddenly. "I know where Arizomah is. Mary was to be taken there, too. We are only three, but I've got a revolver, and anyhow we can make a fight for her."

Harrison lead the way along the beach till they came to a deep gorge, where huge rocks lay scattered about as they had been left after some mighty convulsion of ages ago.

Silently they picked their way. Suddenly the missionary felt a hand on his arm, and heard Harrison's low whisper, "Look!"

There, about twenty yards ahead of them, the head and shoulders of a man showed above a rock. He was looking up the gorge, away from the beach.

"A sentry," whispered Harrison. "The cave is just there. Leave him to me."

The wireless operator slipped down out of sight, and removed his boots. Then, very slowly and stealthily, revolver in hand, he made his way towards the sentry. The man stood as still as a statue, and Harrison crept ever nearer. He was within a foot of him when the sentry turned suddenly, and gave a shout. Harrison's revolver cracked, and the man crumpled up and fell against the rocks. But at the sound of the shot a score of Arabs rushed out of the cave, with Arizomah at their head. Some fell upon Harrison with kicks and curses, while others brought in Robinson and the negro. Soon all three were securely bound and placed side by side on the sandy floor of the cave.

Arizomah stood over them and laughed.

"So Mr. Robinson," he sneered, "you would not go, although I warned you. In the morning there will be an execution. You and this dog," with a vicious kick at Harrison, "and this," indicating the negro, "will be burned at the stake. It is a forgotten fashion in your country, but here we keep up the good old enstoms. I am expecting your sister to visit me shortly," he said with a grin. "She shall see you die in the morning—that is, of course"—with savage sarcasm—"if your God does not work a miracle and save you."

The tortured men said no word in reply.

It was some time before Mary, still unconscious, was carried past them into the cave. Two of the men were set to guard her, and to keep her silent if she awoke.

So the night passed.

Early in the morning the three men were carried outside the cave and bound to three stakes set side by side. The missionary and Harrison, with white faces and firmly set lips, prepared to die bravely, but the negro began to scream piteously, and beg for his life.

"Silence, you dog!" cried Arizomah, striking him across the face with a piece of wood which he caught up from the ground. The negroe's cries trailed away into a frightened whimper.

Heaps of dry wood were piled about the stakes waist high, and then Arizomah said something in a low voice to one of his men, who vanished into the cave, and presently reappeared, bringing Mary between them. The girl went white to the lips and screamed in agony when she saw her brother and Harrison.

"Keep her quiet!" growled Arizomah angrily, and one of her captors put a hand roughly over the girl's mouth. They placed her with her back against a rock facing her brother and held her there.

All was now ready, and Arizomah was himself about to apply a torch to the heap of wood at the stake to which the missionary was bound, when there was a shout, and a sentry who had been posted at the entrance to the gorge came rushing up with a panic-stricken face.

"Sailors!" he shouted, "British sailors! They are on us already!"

There was a ringing cheer, and, in a moment, as it seemed, the rocks around were alive with bluejackets. The Arabs turned to fly, but they saw no way out, and British cutlasses did terrible work among them. Warren leapt from the rocks into open space, revolver in hand. The fight was soon over, and all the Arabs who had not fallen, were securely bound.

* * *

There were grateful hearts at the service of thanksgiving in the little mission chapel that night, and before H.M.S. "York" steamed away again there was a wedding. The Rev. Stephen Robinson performed the ceremony, and Harrison, the wireless operator, was Lieutenant Warren's best man.

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FOREWORD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in the heyday of his literary fame, gave to the English speaking race a number of historical novels which were to be recognised as worthy of classical status in English literature. These novels are almost invariably based on historical facts, but the structures rising upon this foundation are, to carry the metaphor further, purely Scott's literary architecture. Written as novels and not as books of history, they are to be reckoned among the finest in our tongue, combining an intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the times with an exquisite command of language and classic style, and at the same time revelling in exciting incident and lively dialogue.

"Ivanhoe" may be considered with the greatest of his productions, and without doubt among the most interesting, if only from the fact that the period dealt with reveals two prominent men in the history of England, men representing the two races which eventually commingled to effect the Englishman of the present, and each admired—one might even say honoured—to this day for his sterling qualities, hardiness, and keen sense of justice.

When Sir Walter Scott created "Ivanhoe" he created a figure which was to live for ever : the book is to be regarded as a milestone in literature. And what Scott attained with "Ivanhoe" in literature in his day, the Imp Film Company is aiming at in this modern age with the same marvellous story. As the works of Scott mark a period in English literature, so the production of his great work, "Ivanhoe," in pictures, will prove epoch-making in the history of Cinematography in these islands, and over the whole world.

"Ivanhoe" as a story of its kind is scarcely to be excelled ; "Ivanhoe," the cinematograph picture, therefore, as produced by MR. HERBERT BRENON for the Imp Film Company, with MR. KING BAGGOT in the title *rôle*, and a great army of renowned artistes, does not seek to improve on Scott, but to reveal in living action the wonderful pageantry and the exciting and complex life of the days of Richard Cœur de Lion, Robin Hood, and Ivanhoe.

This after all is dramatic licence, and MR. HERBERT BRENON's remarks explain any divergencies from the actual story.

THE DAY OF IVANHOE.

A Brief Survey of the Period.

—By—
J. E. PRYDE-HUGHES.

THERE is no period of English history so interesting, so fascinating, as that age subsequent to the complete conquest of this country by the Normans, while yet bands of independent Saxons roved the land unsubjugated, free as their wild retreats and ready to face death any day rather than submit to the yoke of the oppressors. There are many outstanding figures of this time, but if we would mark the most romantic and most popular person of the period we must lay our finger on to Robin Hood.

The Feud between Norman and Saxon.

Whatever historians may say, Robin Hood and his merry greenwood men will ever be regarded as the most romantic figures in the story of the English race. They were a small band and comparatively weak, hence our sympathies are with them, though we have long outgrown distinction between Norman and Saxon. They waged a long and cruel war against oppressors, avaricious adventurers, and brutal overlords. Ostensibly it was a feud between Norman suzerainty and Saxon independence, but in reality the enmity between the two races was created by the harshness of the conquerors to a people who had enjoyed and regarded freedom as their birthright.



Mr. King Baggot as "Ivanhoe."

To understand this remarkable epoch it is necessary to know a little of the peculiar situation created in England by the movements of the times, and one can scarcely do better than study the various personages portrayed by Sir Walter Scott in his historical novels, their characteristics and their doings.

The Feudal System.

At this time the country had been parcelled out to Norman barons who maintained tiny kingdoms, so to speak, while yet owing allegiance to the King in fief of their territories. The conquered people were oppressed and compelled to serve the overlords in the lowest menial offices, while the Saxon nobility had no standing in the country. Kicked from spittle to mount, harassed and degraded, little wonder the proud, though slow and sullen Saxons groaned and murmured while looking for a leader to marshal and direct them against the oppressors. But the man who should have led them, though he, too, nursed a sound hate of the Normans, and for good reason, Athelstane, descendant of the Saxon Royal house, was too lethargic, too lazy to rouse himself to the tremendous task of attempting the overthrow of the conquerors.

The absence of King Richard I, Cœur de Lion,

with the flower of Norman chivalry, in Palestine, fighting against the Saracen in one of the futile Crusades, gave Prince John, the King's brother, rope to display his cruelty, treachery and arrogance. With Cœur de Lion in England, the outcries of the Saxons might have had a hearing ; with Prince John in his stead, and endeavouring to usurp his throne, the subject race was down-trodden, kicked and battered, and treated as dogs and swine.

The Greenwood Men.

What more natural then than the appearance of Robin Hood, and such men as Allan-a-Dale, Little John, Friar Tuck, and the small band of determined freedom-loving men, who surrounded Sherwood Forest? The Normans had, by their contemptuously brutal attitude towards the men they robbed of heritage and liberty, alienated all



Mr. Wallace Widdicombe as "Front de Bœuf."

good will, and the archer of greenwood came to deem it a virtue to transfix a Norman with his shaft, nor was he happy unless continually stretching his bow and directing his deadly arrow at representatives of the cursed alien race.

The machinations of John, and the unrestrained licence of the Barons tended to render the position of the Saxon worse and worse, and, unfortunately, Richard, the one man who could have improved matters, fell into the hands of an enemy who bore him a grudge, the Duke of Austria, and was incarcerated in a stronghold on the banks of the Danube. This when he was returning to England from the Crusades. Had this misfortune not befallen him many subsequent happenings in England would not have taken place.

Norman Barbarism.

The Crusaders who returned were not men to sympathise with those under their feet or to waste a moment's consideration on them ; on the contrary, even the Knights Templars, whose very oath should have led them to assist the oppressed, turned their hand heavily against them. Outrage on the Saxon, and on the Jew, too, by the way, was the order of the day ; all the Saxon had was taken from him, he was branded as a slave, and his womankind suffered terribly from the licentiousness of these rapacious warriors. This in the age of chivalry! Jews, if thought to possess wealth, were horribly maltreated and tortured—indeed, if "God and His Angels slept" ever, it was at this period of history.

The cruelties practised on the Jews beggar description. To force them to disgorge their hoarded wealth their teeth were knocked out one by one, red hot needles were thrust under their finger nails, tongues were slit, and ears cut off, and still more barbarous treatment was meted out to them by the Normans.

What would have happened short of extermination of the Saxon is hard to conceive, had not Blondel, the King's musician, found his master, as the story tells, and hastened to procure money for his ransom. The Saxons were seething with rebellion, but still their hereditary leader hung back, and the spasmodic, isolated risings were easily suppressed. Only Robin Hood and his men were able to inflict injury on the Normans, and their sting was not drawn until the return of Richard. Many are the brave stories of this gallant handful of desperate men, stories which delight us in boyhood and over which we linger in advancing years. Much we read is mere accretion of time, a great deal is totally untrue, but the central figures we realise to have been essentially men of the age, and we accept the tales woven round them because we as a nation uphold and admire the impulses which prompted them.

The Return of Cœur de Lion.

Richard, we are told, returned to England in disguise and roamed the country seeking to discover the source of the evil within his realm. He met Robin Hood, enlisted the sympathies of the Saxons, and, unveiling the treacherous intent of John and the disaffection of the Barons, drew on the support of the subject people to re-assert his power.

Norman oppression did not pass away with the reappearance of Cœur de Lion, but from about that date may be witnessed the gradual intermingling of the two peoples, which in time made the oppression of one section out of the question ; that is to say, the pure Norman or Saxon blood was difficult to trace, except in isolated instances.

Scott's Creation.

"Ivanhoe," though of this period, does not enter into history. He is a creature of Sir Walter Scott's imaginative mind ; but that such a person might have existed and encountered adventures such as Ivanhoe met with in this stern chapter of our history, is not hard to conceive on reading the story of the times. In Scott's novel several of the characters are meant to represent a class, and in this way must they be read : thus Gurth is typical of the Saxon serf ; Front de Bœuf, the heartless Norman baron ; Ivanhoe, the chivalrous Saxon Crusader ; and so on.

The Story of Ivanhoe

(As told in the Film)

By LEWIS ROACH.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the days when Richard I.—known as Cœur de Lion, or the Lion Heart—was King of England, there lived at the mansion of Rotherwood, not many miles from where Sheffield now stands, a Saxon nobleman named Cedric.

He was one of the fast dwindling race of ancient Saxons, who, though conquered by the invading Normans, yet took pride in his ancient lineage of race, and took no pains to conceal his defiance of the tyranny to which all who were of Saxon blood, whether high-born or low-born, were subjected by the French invaders.



Wamba the Jester.

These were troublous times, for Richard the Lion Heart was absent from his kingdom, being the prisoner of the cruel Duke of Austria, and in his stead the evil and dissolute Prince John held the reins of government. John's greed was greater than his fraternal affection, and every day he sought fresh means and supporters to assist him to secure and retain the Crown of England even when his brother Richard should return from his captivity.

Cedric the Saxon had had troubles enough during his stormy life, but never had he been known to bend the knee before the Norman tyrants. One of the greatest sorrows of his life had been that his son, Wilfred, had not shown the same aversion to the customs and manners of the foreigners.

Wilfred, indeed, had shown himself such an apt pupil of the Normans and such an assiduous attendant at the Court of King Richard that that monarch had rewarded him with the gift of the manor of Ivanhoe.

All this much irked Cedric, who, however, contented himself with remonstrances, until one day, that happened which compelled the old Saxon to banish his son from the house of his fathers, and bid him never to darken its doors again.

It befell in this way. With Cedric there dwelt a beautiful Saxon girl of the blood-royal of England. Her parents had died in her youth, and Cedric had taken her in and cherished her as his own daughter. It was his dream that one day she should be given in marriage to a Saxon of blood as pure as her own, so that when the land should be rid of the cursed Norman tyrants, there should be once more established a royal stock of the ancient English blood to rule the destinies of the English people. But it chanced that Wilfred, come to the age of manhood, looked with eyes of love upon the fair Rowena, and Cedric, resolved that the fair Saxon pearl should mate with none who had knelt to the Normans—son of his own though he might be—bade Wilfred begone and trouble him no more.

These were the days when Christian Knights were fighting for the true Cross in

the Holy Land, and thither repaired Ivanhoe to join the standard of Richard the Lion Heart.

* * *

The Story of the Film.

Years passed by, and Cedric, sickened with the insults to which the Saxons were subjected, and brooding over the disappointment he had had in his son, grew daily more morose, his only comfort being his gentle ward, Rowena, who increased in beauty as she increased in years.

Now his joy was brought to consummation by the knowledge that Athelstane, the noblest Saxon of them all, desired her hand in marriage.

Of Wilfred, or Ivanhoe, as he was more popularly known, there had been no news, and in his absence Prince John bestowed the barony of Ivanhoe on Reginald Front de Bœuf—Reginald Bull's head, so named on account of his tremendous neck and head. This man was one of the worst types of Norman nobility. His licentiousness, greed, and cruelty had made his name a thing to shudder at far and wide, and many and horrible were the tales of unspeakable cruelties practised upon the weak and defenceless in the dark and noisome dungeons of his castle of Torquilstone, from which he governed the barony of Ivanhoe which bordered on the estate of Cedric the Saxon.

* * *

Athelstane arrives and with the connivance of Cedric, who well approves his cause, urges his suit with Rowena, who, however, still cherishing the memory of her old playmate, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, rejects his proposal. This interview is witnessed by a Palmer, a holy man, licensed by the Pope to bear arms in defence of the Cross.

A smile of delight passes over the face of the Palmer as the Saxon lady refuses the suit of the noble Athelstane, for the priest's hood and gown conceal no other identity than that of the banished Ivanhoe, who, returned from his adventures in the Holy Land, has chosen this disguise that he may once more be near his father and his sweetheart, and learn their present feelings towards him.

After this interview, the Palmer approaches Rowena, who, unable to penetrate his disguise, but knowing he has just returned from Palestine, asks him for news of her lover Ivanhoe, whereupon the *soi-disant* holy man



Miss Evelyn Hope as "Lady Rowena."

hands her a scroll in the handwriting of Wilfrid which gives her great joy.

Meanwhile, Prince John, who sees in Cedric an undoubted partisan of Richard Cœur de Lion, whose throne the prince is seeking to usurp, is seen approaching the castle. In his company are Richard Front de Bœuf, Cedric's evil neighbour, and Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, a Knight Templar, and a libertine of the lowest order. Their intention is to capture Cedric and his ward Rowena, and bear them to Front de Bœuf's castle of Torquilstone, there to extinguish the last dying ember of Saxon chivalry, and wipe out one of Richard's most powerful allies.

Their arrival is announced by Gurth, the Swineherd, to his master Cedric, who bids them welcome to his table, trying the while to conceal his hatred of these Norman libertines.

The scene again changes to the forest where are seen two weary travellers using what remaining strength they have to gain shelter before sunset. These are the wealthy Jewish money-lender, Isaac of York, and his beautiful daughter, Rebecca. The former is disguised as a poor pedlar, the better to ply his trade of usury, without revealing evidence of his wealth. For Jews in those days were despised of all men, and it was the practice of the Norman barons to imprison such of the Jews as fell within their power, and by means of fiendish torture, extract from them a portion of their wealth.

Seeing Cedric's mansion in the distance, the two hasten to its portals and crave food and shelter for the night. They are admitted, and, while everyone shrinks in disgust from the Jew, who is forced to eat his meal with the Palmer at the fireside, Rebecca, whose superb beauty has aroused the sensual passion of Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, is conducted by that Knight to a seat by his side at the table

While de Bois Guilbert is seeking to make the virtuous Rebecca succumb to his evil blandishments, Front de Bœuf is thinking of the probable wealth of her father Isaac, and resolves that he also must be captured with the Saxons, that some of his wealth may be extracted from him. Meanwhile de Bois Guilbert, flushed with wine, becomes insulting in his attentions to Rebecca, who is, however, protected by the Palmer, whom we know to be Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The Knights retire to complete their plans for the capture of the Saxons and the Jew and his daughter; Ivanhoe, overhearing this latter part of the plan, hastens to advise Isaac and Rebecca of their danger, He urges them to escape, and conducts them to the gate of the castle, where, however, the party is met by Gurth, the Swineherd, who refuses to unlock the portal. The Palmer, seeing further concealment to be useless, throws aside his hood and gown and reveals to the astonished gaze of the Swineherd, the figure of his beloved young master, Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

Immediately the gate is unlocked and the Jew and Jewess pass out in safety, but hardly has this happened when shouts are heard



The Fight before the Castle.

in the passage, and Ivanhoe finds himself attacked on all sides by Front de Boeuf, Brian de Bois Guilbert, and de Bracy.

Drawing his sword, Ivanhoe, with his back to the wall, fights like a fiend against the overwhelming odds. Many and fierce are the blows exchanged, but Ivanhoe fights on, till, stunned and weakened by loss of blood from his wounds, he sinks fainting to the floor.

* * *

When he recovered consciousness it was only to see his father Cedric and his sweetheart Rowena, being borne off captive by the villainous Norman Knights. Unable to follow or succour them, he dragged himself painfully into the forest and fell fainting at the feet of Isaac and Rebecca whom but

lately he had rescued from the possibility of both death and dishonour.

Rebecca, seeing his sorry plight, and her heart moved strangely by a new-born love for the handsome and valiant stranger, made speed to render him such succour as she could.

Ivanhoe again swooned away from loss of blood, and Rebecca and Isaac left him to fetch water to bathe his wounds. While thus engaged, they were espied and captured by Front de Bœuf and his men, who, having safely bestowed their prisoners, Cedric and Rowena, in the castle of Torquilstone, had sallied forth again to seek the Jew and Jewess who had escaped their clutch.

So that, when our hero recovered from his swoon, he discovered that his new found friends had vanished, and the sight of a troop of armed men disappearing in the distance told him but too plainly that they had fallen victims to their worst and cruellest enemies.

He had almost fainted with the sense of his impotence and despair, when through the woodland glades there rang upon his ears the sound of jovial laughter.

* * *

Who is there amongst us who has not read of and admired the exploits of the famous Robin Hood, who robbed the wealthy to enrich the poor, and who held in the fair forest of Sherwood a sway as absolute as that of any monarch, though less despotical and more beloved withal.

Indelibly associated with the name of Robin Hood is that of Friar Tuck, the foremost of his merry men, who could sing a mass, drink his flagon, and crack a skull with equal ease. And it befell that upon this summer day when all these deeds of violence were enacted, these two, Good Robin and the jovial Friar, were engaged in a bout of quarter-staff play to the huge amusement of a crowd of Robin's trusty green-clad followers.

In the midst of their amusement they suddenly became aware of the presence of a knight of noble stature, clad from top to toe in armour of shining black. In a tone of authority the stranger bids the combatants give pause and telling Robin Hood he has to say to him that which is of a



Mr. Herbert Brenon as "Isaac of York."



Before the Castle.

private nature and will not brook delay, he commands him to dismiss his followers.

When he is left alone with Robin and the Friar he raises his vizier and reveals to the gaze of the astonished couple the features of the long exiled King of England, Richard the Lion-heart.

Amazement soon gave place to joy, for Robin was of those who hated the rule of Prince John and had looked to the return of his rightful sovereign.

Richard was in despondent mood, for, though a king he had yet to regain his throne, and the treachery of his brother John had for the moment alienated nearly every powerful noble from his loyalty. Robin and the Friar, however, soon revived the spirits of the moody monarch, and full soon was the Black Knight boisterously laughing at the quips and cranks of the jovial priest.

It was this laughter which reached the ears of the wounded Ivanhoe, who, crawling to the spot, was overjoyed to find himself in the presence of his king, under whose standard he had fought in the Holy Land.

Quickly he poured out his story of the capture of Cedric and Rowena, and the Jew and Jewess. An attempt at rescue was at once resolved on. Robin blew a blast on his horn and instantly the forest was alive with hundreds of hurrying forms of Greenwood men responding to their leader's signal. Their mission was explained to them and at once the march on the castle of Torquilstone was begun.

* * *

In the meantime, the Normans were beginning to work their wicked will upon their helpless captives.

Rowena and Cedric were left more or less in peace, but Isaac of York was not so fortunate, for the avaricious Front de Bœuf was preparing to extract, by means of torture, a goodly part of the fortune of the miserable Jew. In another part of the castle Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert was endeavouring to force his odious attentions on Rebecca.

"Wilt thou disgorge thy fortune, Jew?" thundered Front de Bœuf, pointing the while to the white hot iron held aloft by a gruesome attendant.

"Nay, not one single sequin," whined the Jew.

Instantly the white hot iron was plunged into Isaac's quivering flesh, and the stench and smoke of burning flesh, and the screams of the unfortunate victim told only too well how the torture was doing its loathsome work.

Meanwhile, de Bois Guilbert advanced with open arms to the defenceless Rebecca.

"Thou art the conquest of my bow and spear," he cried, "and subject to my will by all the laws of nations. Yield to thy fate."

"Yield to my fate—never!" she made answer. "The God of Abraham hath given



Rebecca at the Stake.



Miss Helen Downing as "Elgitha."

me means of escape even from such as thou." So saying, she rushed passed the passion-blinded Templar and fled up the narrow stairs to the topmast turret of the mighty castle.

Once more Front de Bœuf demanded of the Jew his fortune, and once more, the Jew, though failing in courage, refused. And, alas, once more the heated iron sunk into Isaac's naked breast.

De Bois Guilbert pursued Rebecca and found her standing on the edge of the battlements, a clear hundred feet from the ground.

"Remain where thou art, proud Templar," cried the Jewess, "or advance at thy choice. One foot nearer, and I will plunge myself from this precipice. My body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that courtyard ere it become the victim of thy brutality."

She lifted her arms as if to make the final plunge. In the other dungeon, the heated iron was again uplifted to fulfil its deadly mission, and the Jew, unable to face the torture any more, called for quills and parchment that he might sign away the sum demanded.

But Rebecca's leap was stayed: The attendant paused in his errand for the writing materials, for thinly on the woodland air was born the faint notes of the horn which announced the approach of Robin Hood and his merry men to the rescue of valour and beauty in distress.

Nearer and nearer marched the band of rescuers, and now might be discerned the glistening armour of the Black Knight, and the coat of mail of Wilfred of Ivanhoe. De Bois Guilbert and Front de Bœuf left their prisoners, and rushing to the main courtyard, leapt to horse and sounded the call to arms.

Shortly afterwards the Norman knights poured in hundreds from the portals of the castle.

Then ensued a bloody battle. What pen



Mr. H. Holles as "Friar Tuck."

shall describe the valiant deeds of derring-do that distinguished that day's fight?

In the thickest of the press, was ever to be seen the stalwart form of Ivanhoe, while almost equal in prowess were the feats of the Black Knight.

The terrific onslaught of the brave Greenwood men forced the Normans to take refuge within the castle walls. The door was speedily broken down by the attacking force, and another fierce fight took place in the first, and then the second, courtyard.

Meanwhile Rebecca, seeing that the victory of her friends was now assured, went in search of her father, when suddenly she found herself face to face with her persecutor, Sir Brian de Bois Gilbert, who, seeing defeat inevitable, had forsaken the fray.

With a yell of triumph, he seized her in his iron arms, and throwing her across his saddle, sped off with his prey.

The day was now decided in favour of the attacking party, and quickly the captive Cedric and his daughter and the Jew, Isaac, were released. And hus for the first time since Ivanhoe's banishment, Cedric looked upon the face of the son whom he had disinherited, but whom he now took into his arms and pardoned.

There is still more work, however, for the valiant arm of Ivanhoe, for Isaac tells of his daughter's capture by de Bois Guilbert.

A fruitless search is made for her in the forest, after which the rescuers and the rescued camp for the night in the leafy glades of Sherwood.



Lady Rowena and the Palmer. GRANDIR 8

It chanced, however, that there was one witness to the abduction of Rebecca, and this was none other than our old friend Gurth, the Swineherd. He followed the knight and captive to the castle which formed the headquarters of that branch of the Good Templars to which de Bois Gilbert belonged.

Here, finding his advances still repulsed, and filled with feelings of hate for the defeat his arms had sustained, de Bois Gilbert causes Rebecca to be brought before a tribunal of the Order of Good Templars on a charge of sorcery.

The trial is brief. Rebecca is found guilty and is sentenced to be burnt at the stake in three days' time.

There remained but one chance for Rebecca to escape with her life, and that was to find a champion to do battle with one of her accusers and establish by his victory or defeat, her innocence or her guilt. This chance she adopts, and taking a mailed glove, she flings it down as a sign of challenge.

Gurth, who had been witness of the scene, thrust himself forward and asked to be allowed to seek her a champion. This privilege was granted, and he set off on a journey which resulted in his finding the sleeping forms of Ivanhoe and Robin Hood and his merry men.

Hearing of Rebecca's danger, Ivanhoe decided to champion her cause, and promised to appear in time to save her from her awful fate.

The day of doom arrives. A big dais has been erected, which is quickly filled by a

throng of Knights Templars eager to see the dying agony of the Jewish maiden.

Rebecca is bound to the stake, and the faggots lie piled round her feet.

A blast is blown on the trumpets of the heralds to demand if there be a champion who will come forward to do combat to prove the innocence or guilt of the prisoner.

There is no response.

A second blast is blown, and the crowd seems a-tip-toe with expectation.

Still there is no response.

But stay, there is a stir amongst the crowd. A short, slight, grey-bearded figure forces its way through the throng and rushes to embrace the doomed maiden. It is Isaac of York, come to see if gold or the promise of gold, will save his daughter from the fearful doom designed for her.

Rudely he is torn away and held in custody.

Again the trumpet blows.

Still there is no response.

The Grand Master of the Templars gives a signal, and the torch-bearers approach and set fire to the faggots.

The vicious flames lick upward and upward, and an ill-suppressed groan of pleasureable anticipation arises from the spectators.



Mr. W. Thomas as "Robin Hood."

But suddenly, like a thunderbolt from heaven, a mighty armoured form shot into the centre of the scene. Right and left amidst the amazed crowd flew the burning faggots as the knight kicked them aside.

Then came a pause.

The knight uplifts his vizier and discloses the features of Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

Straightway, the son of Cedric challenges de Bois Guilbert to mortal combat. Thereupon ensues a fight, the like of which in fierceness and fury had never before been witnessed even in those days of rapine and merciless slaughter.

Soon, however, this combat is decided in favour of Ivanhoe who forces his adversary to bite the dust.

He is adjudged the victor by the Grand Master of the Templars and Rebecca is set at liberty.

Now arrives the Black Knight, who has cast off his disguise, and appears as Richard, King of England. He causes the arrest of the treacherous and cruel Knights Templars.

Wilfred of Ivanhoe receives his reward for his prowess in arms and his loyalty to his sovereign in the form of knighthood and the restoration to his possession of the manor and lands of Ivanhoe.

Cedric, happy in his reconciliation with his son, repairs with Ivanhoe and the lady Rowena to the forest, where they are soon joined by Isaac of York and Rebecca who come to express their gratitude and bid a last farewell.

Although herself aching for the loving caress of the gallant knight Ivanhoe, who has twice saved her life at the peril of his own, she joins his hand in that of Rowena—and, with her father, departs.

In the very last scene of the film, we have a sight of Isaac embracing the daughter with whom he has endured so many perils. She, however, seems not to notice his caresses. Her eyes are turned towards the setting sun.

Before her arises the vision of Ivanhoe in the arms of his affianced bride. She thinks of the love she bears him and the happiness that might have been hers had he but returned her love. She reflects on the happiness which shall be his in the arms of her whom he has chosen, and thus in that bitter-sweet joy which only self-sacrifice can give, we leave her.

Bunny's Birthday Surprise.

Vitagraph Comedy.

MR. JOHN BUNNY let himself in with his latchkey, hung his hat up in the hall, and looked ruefully at the stairs up which he must climb to reach his room. His figure was not precisely sylph-like, and a worrying day at the office had tired him out. He thought wistfully of bed, and longingly of dinner. The road to both lay up those stairs, for his wife insisted on his dressing for dinner every night. There was no help for it; up he must go. Wearily he dragged himself up step by step, and reached the top at last.

In his bedroom he subsided luxuriously into an inviting easy-chair and recovered his breath. It was very comfortable there, and peace and contentment began to enwrap Mr. Bunny's soul. But for one thing he would have been completely happy. That one thing was an uneasy feeling which he was accustomed to take as an indication that dinner-time was approaching. He was very tired, but there was no doubt that he was also very hungry. He thought the matter over, and presently remembered that this was his birthday, and his wife had begged him to be home in good time for dinner.

That settled it. He rose with a sigh, and began to remove his clothes preparatory to donning evening dress. But as he proeeeded, the thought of dressing all over again was too much for him. Instead of putting on his dinner clothes he put on pyjamas.

"Bother dinner!" he murmured drowsily. "I'm going to bed."

And he did.



"Bunny."

Downstairs in the dining-room Mrs. Bunny waited impatiently. She had planned a little surprise for her husband. In honour of his birthday she had invited a dozen guests to dinner. They were all assembled, and she had arranged for the lights to be extinguished just before Mr. Bunny opened the door. Finding the room in darkness he would switch on the lights, and the guests would rise in their places and cheer the hero of the occasion.

Everything was ready, but the servant who was to bring warning of Mr. Bunny's approach did not appear. Mrs. Bunny rang impatiently.

"You are sure your master is in, Jane?" she asked, when the maid answered the bell.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. He went upstairs half-an-hour ago."

"Well, just run up and tell him I want him. Tell him to hurry."

Mr. Bunny, slipping peacefully into dreamland, was jolted suddenly back to the realities of life by a brisk tapping at his bedroom door.

"Hullo!" he called out irritably. "What is it?"

Mr. Bunny did not hurry. He descended the stairs in a leisurely fashion. His wife counted his steps in a loud whisper.

"Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen! Get ready!"

The door opened and there was an exclamation. Then Mr. Bunny put his fingers on the switch.

"Hip! hip! ——" cried Mrs. Bunny, shrilly, and then stopped aghast, for there in the brilliant blaze of light stood a ludicrous figure, Mr. Bunny, open-mouthed, with a comically bewildered look on his usually cheerful face, and arrayed more wonderfully than Solomon in all his glory ever was.



"She had planned a little surprise for her husband."

"Mistress wants you, sir," said the maid's voice. "She says, will you please hurry."

"Oh, all right, I'm coming," was Mr. Bunny's reply, and to himself he muttered, "Wonder what's up now? Burglars—a mouse—or what?"

He got out of bed and walked towards the door. His room was above the dining-room, and the guests started up in alarm as the chandelier shook and rattled under his tread.

"It's all right," said Mrs. Bunny, reassuringly. "He's coming now. Put out the lights, Jane."

The room was plunged in darkness, and the guests stood ready and waiting.

Mr. Bunny's portly form was clad in pink pyjamas!

It was a thrilling spectacle, and for an appreciable space of time the guests stared in utter astonishment. Then they all began to speak at once.

"Disgusting!" said one. "Disgraceful!" sniffed another. A third remarked that the Bunnys seemed to have a quaint idea of humour; and several declared that they had never been so insulted in all their lives, and that they would certainly not stay in the house another moment.

Paying no heed to their hostess's tearful protests, they filed out of the room, the ladies with their heads in the air, and the

men jostling rudely against their host as he tried to explain that it was all a mistake.

Soon Mr. Bunny and his wife were left alone in the dining-room.

"Well," wailed the lady, "a pretty mess you've made of things, haven't you?"

Mr. Bunny professed abject shame and repentance.

"But, my dear," he said, "why didn't you let me know."

"Oh,"—sobbing—"I wanted to—surprise you—and——"

"And I surprised you," finished her husband.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bunny, breaking into laughter against her will, "you certainly did. But, for goodness sake, go and dress yourself. Dave and Ethel have not come yet, and what will happen if she sees you like that I can't imagine. Oh, here they are now."

Mr. Bunny's son and heir held the door open for his sweetheart to pass in. His father made a frantic dash for the window, with a wild idea of finding shelter behind the curtain. But he was too late. Ethel caught a vision of the pink pyjamas, and with a horrified shriek turned to fly from the room.

Dave caught her, however. "It's all right," he cried, laughing. "It's only father in fancy dress. Don't look round. Now then, father, upstairs, quick!"

And, for a man of his figure, Mr. John Bunny moved with astonishing celerity.



The Labour Struggle.

A Great Kalem Drama.

Chapter I.

MR. JOSEPH MASTERSON sat in his private room at the Masterson Iron Works, thinking. He was a man of fifty, big and strong, with a dark, indomitable face upon which years of hard and unremitting toil had set their indelible mark. For twenty years he had known no respite from work. In the early years he had told himself that he could not afford a holiday, and after that, though he was making more money every year, he had never been able to tear himself away from his beloved works even for two or three weeks. Other men might find their pleasure in yachting, big-game-shooting, globe-trotting, or any other of the thousand and one joys which possession of unlimited wealth makes possible, but Joseph Masterson's life was filled with the thing that he himself had made—the Masterson Iron Works, and nothing else had any attraction for him. It was his world, and he found it all-sufficient.

Joseph Masterson had risen from the ranks. He had worked hard from boyhood, for a master. By the time he was thirty he had come to the conclusion that the only master for whom he could work with any satisfaction to himself was—Joseph Masterson. He had no fancy for slaving year in and year out with no prospect of earning more than the Union rate of wages, unless he was lucky enough to be made a foreman or a deputy-manager. He was clever, something of a genius, and had already attracted the notice of his employers by one or two small but useful inventions. Then he hit upon a big thing, a new process which his practical knowledge told him must certainly cheapen production to such an extent as to revolutionise the whole steel industry. He thought long before he decided what to do. If he told his employers of his discovery they might take him into partnership; it would be worth their while. On the other hand he had known of cases where employers had made huge fortunes while the men to whose genius they owed their success had lived and died poor. Joseph Masterson did not mean that that fate should be his. He decided to apply his discovery to his own advantage, and, if there was a fortune in it, as he believed, to see that nobody else should win it.

His chance came before long. There was a small ironworks in the neighbouring town of Barchester which had fallen on evil days. Owing to unintelligent and unenterprising management, the business had declined almost to vanishing point, and the owner had filed his petition in bankruptcy, with an alarming total of liabilities and assets that were infinitesimal in comparison. Joseph Masterson had a little money of his own; and, better still, he had brains and a tongue in his head. He told the story of his discovery and what it would do for the steel industry to one or two men who had a great deal of money, and so impressed them with his enthusiasm and earnestness that he had no difficulty in borrowing a sum sufficient to make him master, at any rate in name, of the bankrupt business.

It was a small concern, but he had big dreams, and failure found no place in them. He rechristened the works in his own name—"The Masterson Ironworks," and he intended that before very long they should be the biggest in Barchester, nay, in the whole country. With dauntless courage and a fiery energy that communicated itself to the men around him, he tackled his job, and very soon the Masterson Ironworks began to be talked about. The new process was a success, and it was not long before contracts began to come in; small ones at first, then larger and more important, for no job was too big for the little firm to undertake. Then had come extensions of the works, and before ten years had passed, Joseph Masterson found himself proprietor of the biggest ironworks in Barchester—sole proprietor, for he had paid back with generous interest the loans which had enabled him to start

business. He was on the way to becoming a very wealthy man.

The second ten years repeated the tale of the first, in an increasing degree. Under his personal supervision the Masterson Ironworks throve amazingly, until now they provided employment for half the male population of Barchester.

Joseph Masterson was that very rare phenomenon in these days: an employer beloved by his workpeople. It was not only because he paid good wages and made the conditions of their labour as pleasant as possible—they appreciated these things; but what won them completely and made them enthusiastic in his praise was the friendly interest he manifested in them personally. They felt he regarded them as men, with minds to think and souls to feel, instead of as so many "hands" created only to earn money for him. Any man who thought he had a grievance was always sure of a fair hearing from "the boss," who only needed to be convinced that injustice was being done to order its instant redress. This kindly consideration for his employees was not by any means the least important factor in Joseph Masterson's success. His men never scamped or shirked their work, and they served their employer with a loyalty and devotion which, though it did not show in his ledgers in pounds, shillings, and pence, was yet one of the most considerable assets of the firm. And in all the twenty years there had never been any labour troubles at the Masterson Ironworks.

"The boss" was thinking that the twenty years had been a splendid time. It had been an uphill job to begin with, and all through the work had been hard. But hard work, when a man's heart is in it, is a pure joy, and Joseph Masterson's heart had been in the Masterson Ironworks. He had loved the place and the business, and had exulted in its success. He had enjoyed every minute of those twenty years. And now he was going to take a holiday. He was going to see what it felt like to spend money instead of making it. He was going to be a gentleman of leisure, for a time at any rate. He was going to see whether it was possible for him to enjoy life without going down to the works every day. He had bought a fine estate and a splendid old house away in the country, and he was going to see if the life of a country gentleman was anything to his liking. He touched the bell.

"Tell Mr. Mooney I should like to see him," he said to a clerk.

Presently the works manager stood in the room.

"Sit down, Mooney," said the ironmaster. "I've something important to talk to you about."

The manager sat down, and Mr. Masterson came to the point at once. "The fact is," he said, "I'm going to take a holiday. It's twenty years since I had one, and I'm curious to know what it will feel like nowadays."

"Very good, sir," said Mooney, respectfully.

"It will probably be a long holiday," continued the ironmaster. "The business is well established now, and I think I can safely leave it to your management."

Mooney started and flushed.

"Yes," said Mr. Masterson, "you've worked well for me, Mooney. You've been my right hand for years, and I feel that I can trust you. You've taken almost as much interest in the business as I have myself, and I've been thinking it would not be a bad idea if you had a little financial interest in it as well. What do you say to a partnership, eh, Mooney?"

Mooney began to stammer out something, but his employer cut him short.

"There, there, man; you deserve it. You've helped to make the business. But we'll talk about that latter on. I'll give you a chance. I shall leave the management of the place to you, and if you do well, as I have no doubt you will, you shall have a share in the profits. See how you get on during the next three months. I shall leave at the end of the week, and you'll take command on Monday. I think that's all. No, don't thank me. Everything depends on yourself."

The news was not long in going round the works that "the boss" was going away and that Mooney was to take control. It aroused misgiving, for the works manager was not popular. Like Masterson, he had risen from the ranks, but he was a very different type of man. He was of a bullying, domineering disposition, and only the constant supervision exercised by his employer had prevented his displaying it in the works hitherto. How would his newly won power and position affect him? The older men in the works shook their heads when they heard the news. They feared that the good

times at the Masterson Ironworks were over.

It was not long before they began to find their worst fears justified. Power went to the new manager's head like strong wine. He saw himself practically master of the works, and of the lives and labour of all the men employed. He meant to win that partnership, and it appeared to him that the surest way to it was to make the business show a bigger profit in the three months than in any like period since it had been established. He developed into a veritable slavedriver, and ground the very last ounce of work out of the men. He organised an army of spies, who carried to him reports of everything that went on in the works, even of the conversation in the men's mess-rooms. Any man who spoke disrespectfully of the manager, or grumbled too loudly at the changed conditions, was visited with his displeasure and sooner or later had to go. Spoiled work, even in the most trivial cases, was punished by a fine. There was no appeal from the confidential reports of his spies, and any man who protested was told that if he was dissatisfied he might seek work elsewhere. Mooney was a master of the pin-pricking policy, and by these and a hundred like methods he succeeded in transforming the works into a hell upon earth, and the once happy and contented men into a gang of slaves, who went about their work with rage and bitterness in their hearts. And the manager, going through the accounts in the office, already felt sure of the partnership.

But there came a day, about a month after Mooney had been placed in charge, when the smouldering discontent of the men burst into a raging flame.

Work had been resumed after the dinner-hour, and the manager was in one of the workshops watching a gang of men fixing some heavy machinery in place by means of a crane. He had been looking on for some minutes when a lad of about fourteen came whistling into the workshop. Catching sight of the manager, he stopped whistling, stuffed his cap into his jacket pocket, and was hurrying to the other end of the shop when Mooney called him.

"Here, boy! What do you mean by coming to work at this time of day?"

"Please sir," said the boy nervously, "I ain't late. I've been on an errand over to the foundry."

"You young liar!" roared Mooney "You've only just come in, and you'd better go out again quick! I don't want boys here who come to work a quarter-of-an-hour late."

The boy looked as though he would burst into tears. He put his hand in his pocket for his cap and turned to go, but he did not move quickly enough for Mooney. Reaching out his powerful arm, the manager shouted, "Now then, get a move on!" and pushed the boy so violently that he stumbled and fell directly beneath the crane. At that moment something snapped, and a huge iron beam crashed down, one end falling across the boy's thigh.

With cries of horror, the men rushed to the spot, and, elbowing the manager unceremoniously aside, removed the beam, and tenderly examined the boy. His face was white as paper, and they thought he was dead.

"Go for a doctor, Joe!" cried Bat Thomas, a handsome young fellow, who had been the first to reach the boy. Then, turning to Mooney, who stood by with a scared look on his heavy face, he cursed him for a bully and a coward.

"You damned scoundrel!" he said in a voice trembling with passion, "to hit a little chap like that. You've killed the boy, that's what you've done, and you shall swing for it! No, you don't!" he shouted, as the manager turned to leave the place. "You'll stop here till the doctor comes, and while you are here you may as well hear what we think of you, you dirty slave-driver. We've had about enough of you, haven't we, lads?"—turning to the crowd of men.

There was a chorus of "Ay, we have that!" and some of the men seemed inclined to make a rush at Mooney, but Bat waved them back.

"No," he said sternly, "let's have no more violence. We'll do the thing properly. Now, Mr. Mooney," he went on, "you've been master here a month, and it's been a month too long. Masterson doesn't know what's been going on here. He treated us like men, but you want to make slaves of us, and we're not going to stand it any longer. We're going to strike."

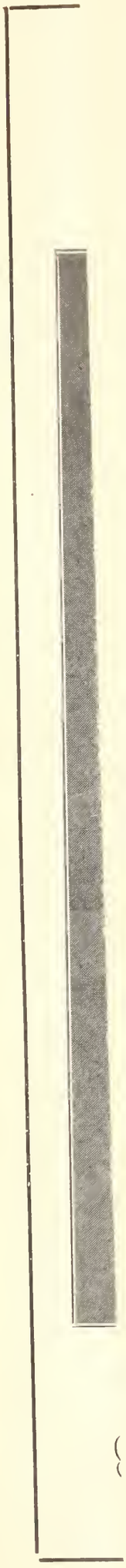
"Strike!" cried Mooney, aghast. "You can't strike without notice. The Union——!"

"Damn the notice!" Bat struck in. "We are going to strike now, notice or no notice. The Union doesn't expect us to see boys killed before our eyes and say nothing about it. I tell you we are going to strike.



At the Trade Union Hall.





And we are going to tell Masterson that we'll come back to work when he appoints a new manager, and not before. Am I right, lads?"

"Yes, yes," they shouted, "you're right. Mooney's got to go."

The workshop was filled by this time with men who had poured in from other parts of the works. Many of them had already put on their hats and coats, and were preparing to leave.

Before Mooney could reply there was a commotion at the door. There was a cry of "Here's the doctor!" and the men made a lane through which he passed to the boy's prostrate body.

There was a tense silence while he knelt down and made his examination. To the waiting men it seemed hours before he rose.

"He's not dead," he said slowly, "but he's very seriously hurt. He ought to be taken to the hospital: but it's a long way, and time is important. Is his home near here?"

"Yes," answered Bat Thomas, "we could carry him there in ten minutes."

"Very well," said the doctor, "that will be best. Is there a stretcher handy?"

Very tenderly they raised the unconscious boy and placed him on the stretcher. Bat and three others carried it, and the men followed them in a body, crowding out of the workshop, through the yard and into the street, leaving Mooney alone in the works. Even his spies had deserted him, and gone with the crowd. He made his way to the office, and, without a word to the excited clerks, went upstairs to his own room.

Chapter II.

In a tiny house in one of the dingy streets which surrounded the Masterson Ironworks lived Jimmy Blake and his sister Maggie. They were orphans, and very poor. Maggie earned a few shillings a week by "taking in" dressmaking, and Jimmy, though only fourteen, earned a few more at the works. They were devoted to one another, and they were happy. The street, as had been said, was dingy, but the little house was very neat and clean, if the furniture was poor. Maggie was nineteen, and in all Barchester there was no prettier girl. Bat Thomas thought so at any rate. Maggie and he had been engaged for three months, and he generally managed to be somewhere about when the girl carried Jimmy's dinner to the works.

To-day Jimmy had been home to dinner. Maggie cleared the things away, made the room tidy, and put the finishing touches to some work she had in hand, which was to be taken home this afternoon. Then she folded up the work, made it into a neat parcel, put on a smart, close-fitting hat over her pretty brown hair, and went out.

She was in the act of locking the door when something made her glance along the street. About a hundred yards away a little crowd was approaching—a number of men and women curiously following something which was being carried very slowly by four men. She saw that one of the foremost men was Bat, and then she realized that the something they were carrying was a stretcher. There had been an accident at the works. Someone was hurt. With a quick throb of sympathy she wondered who it could be. They were coming along very slowly, and now Bat saw her. He made a sign with his disengaged arm. For a moment she could not tell what he meant. Were they bringing their burden there? Suddenly she knew! It was Jimmy on the stretcher! Her brother had been hurt—killed perhaps; and they were bringing him home. The blood left her face, and she opened the door and stumbled blindly into the room, white and trembling. She stood there when they came in, but she dared not look at the body on the stretcher; she fixed imploring eyes on Bat's face.

"Is he—dead?" she whispered, her hands tightly clasped.

"Not he, lass," said Bat, speaking cheerfully to hearten the girl. "He's hurt a bit, and he's unconscious, but he'll soon pull round. We'd best get him to bed. Doctor'll be here presently. Show us the way up."

Wonderfully relieved now that she knew Jimmy was alive, Maggie led the way upstairs. The doctor had already arrived with an assistant, and under his direction they laid the lad gently on the bed.

"Now then," said the doctor briskly, "you must all go, please, while I make a thorough examination."

They went downstairs, and with many rough but heartfelt expressions of sympathy the other men departed, leaving Bat alone with his sweetheart.

Now that the first shock was over, Maggie's pent-up feelings found relief in

tears, and with his arm round her and her head on his broad shoulder, Bat let her cry a little while. Then he said, "There, there, lass; don't take on so much. He'll pull round all right."

"But"—sobbing—"he looked so white, so still——."

"Well, he's unconcious, you see; he's hurt above a bit. But you must be brave, lass. Happen he'll come round all right. Let's wait and hear what doctor says."

Maggie dried her tears, and then, very quietly, but with indignation in his tones, Bat told her all that had happened at the works, and that all the men were now out on strike.

"Mooney's got to go!" he said. "We've made up our minds about that. We'll starve sooner than go back to work under him. But here's the doctor. Is he very bad, doctor?"

"Yes," was the reply, "he's very badly hurt, but I think with careful nursing he'll pull through. You're his sister, I suppose?" he said, turning to Maggie. "Do you think you can look after him for a bit until I can determine what is best to be done?"

Maggie was calm and brave now, and listened carefully while the doctor gave her his instructions. Then he went away with his assistant, promising to return before long. Bat, too, left, saying that he must go to a meeting of the strikers, so that they might agree upon a plan of campaign.

"Be a brave lass," he said, as he kissed her goodbye; and she promised.

The girl went up to her bedroom. The doctors had taken Jim's clothes off and placed him in bed. His still face frightened her. She could not believe he was not dead, and her heart was hot with anger against Mooney, and against Masterson, who had handed over the works and the lives of the workers into the keeping of such a fiend.

She wanted to do something, but there was nothing to be done except to wait for the doctor. It seemed long before he came, but it was not more than half-an-hour. This time the assistant was carrying a business-like looking case, and she shuddered at the thought of what it might contain. They went upstairs at once, and she sat below, waiting, listening, with her face turned towards the open door which led to the stairs. She heard the doctors moving about the room, and for a long time there was no other sound. Then suddenly she started up, panting, her hands clutching at her heart. She had heard a moan of anguish. Hurried footsteps sounded on the stairs, and the doctor came into the room.

"Your brother is conscious, Miss Blake," he said. "He will live, but I am sorry to tell you he is very badly hurt; he may be a cripple for life—unless——."

"Oh! no, doctor," she gasped—"not a cripple! Can't anything be done? Unless what?"

The doctor looked grave, and thought awhile. At last he said, "Well, there is just a chance, but it means a very expensive operation. Only one man in England can perform it, and it will cost a lot of money."

Maggie held out her hands in a hopeless gesture. "And we have not five pounds in the world."

The doctor was sympathetic. "Well," he said, "don't despair. Perhaps you have friends who will help you?"

The girl shook her head sadly.

"Think it over," the doctor went on. "Perhaps you may find a way. I'll do all I can, of course, but if your brother is to be made well and strong again the operation is necessary, and there's only one man to do it."

Before he and his assistant left the house they dressed Jimmy's injuries, and made him as comfortable as they could. The boy was in dreadful pain, and they gave him an opiate.

"He'll sleep now for some hours," remarked the doctor as he went away.

Maggie sat in the lower room, thinking over what he had said. She knew nobody whom she could ask to lend the money which would save Jimmy from becoming a cripple. Poor Jimmy, her bright, happy, active brother, to live the rest of his life a twisted, misshapen thing. Oh, it was horrible! Bitter rage filled her heart against the ironworks and against Mooney who had done this thing. A sudden thought came to her. Masterson had plenty of money, and he ought to pay. But he was away; she could not apply to him. Why should she not take it without asking? There would be money—plenty of it—in the safe at the office. The place would be disorganised owing to the strike. Perhaps she could get to the office, take enough money for her needs, and get away again without being seen. The thought that she would not be able to open the safe did not occur to her. She thought only of Jimmy and the justice of making Masterson pay. It

was growing dark now, and the doctor had said Jimmy would sleep for hours. She put on her hat and went silently out of the house.

She was within sight of the works in a few minutes. A great crowd had gathered at the big entrance gates. She heard wild shouts and curses, saw stones thrown, and here and there, above the swaying, fighting mass, caught a glimpse of policemen's helmets.

She wondered if Bat was there, and then remembered that he had said he was going to a meeting. He would be at the Trade Union Hall, she decided.

The rioting seemed to be growing fiercer. Evidently she could not pass that way. There was an entrance to the office by a door in another street, and she turned her steps swiftly in that direction.

She found the street deserted and quiet. The noise of the rioting sounded far away. Fearfully she tried the office door. It was unlocked, and she was inside in a moment. There was no safe to be seen. She went up a long flight of stairs to the manager's room, and there, in a corner, saw what she was searching for. Now for the first time she wondered how she was going to open it. She tried the handle, but the door remained fast closed. The safe was locked, and her last hope died. She sank in a chair, to spring up in a fright at the sound of footsteps ascending. They were stumbling, noisy footsteps, and there were other sounds, as though someone was dragging a heavy weight up the stairs.

Quick as thought, Maggie ran across the room and hid in a cupboard, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Chapter III.

The accident and the strike had brought Mooney to his senses. He was like a man who had been drunk and is suddenly sobered by the shock of a terrible tragedy. He realized that he had gone too far. It was characteristic of the man that he thought first of how the disaster would affect him. He had lost the partnership, that much was certain. Joseph Masterson would not want a partner who could not manage the men and goaded them into a strike. The thought reminded him of his duty. He must wire for his employer to come back. He wrote the telegram and sent one of the clerks out with it. There was nothing to be done now but to wait until Mr. Masterson came, which could not be for some time. He did not notice how time was passing as he sat there, miserably brooding.

At last he realized that the room was growing dark, and that he must have been sitting there for hours. He pulled himself together and went downstairs. There was nobody in the office. He thought he would go to the station and meet Mr. Masterson, and went out through the yard towards the great gates. As he approached he saw that a number of policemen stood on guard outside, and that little groups of men were lounging about. Mooney knew that they were some of the strikers, and his first thought was to turn back and leave the works by another exit. Then seeing that the men appeared peaceable enough, he decided to go on.

He had opened a small side gate and was in the street before anybody saw him. Then a policeman caught sight of him, and started forward, shouting, "Go back!" At the same moment a stone whizzed passed the manager's head and struck the wall. In terror he turned to fly, but he was too late. Before the police could release him, three or four of the strikers rushed forward, and one of them, raising a heavy cudgel, brought it down with a crash on Mooney's head. He fell with his body half inside and half outside the gate.

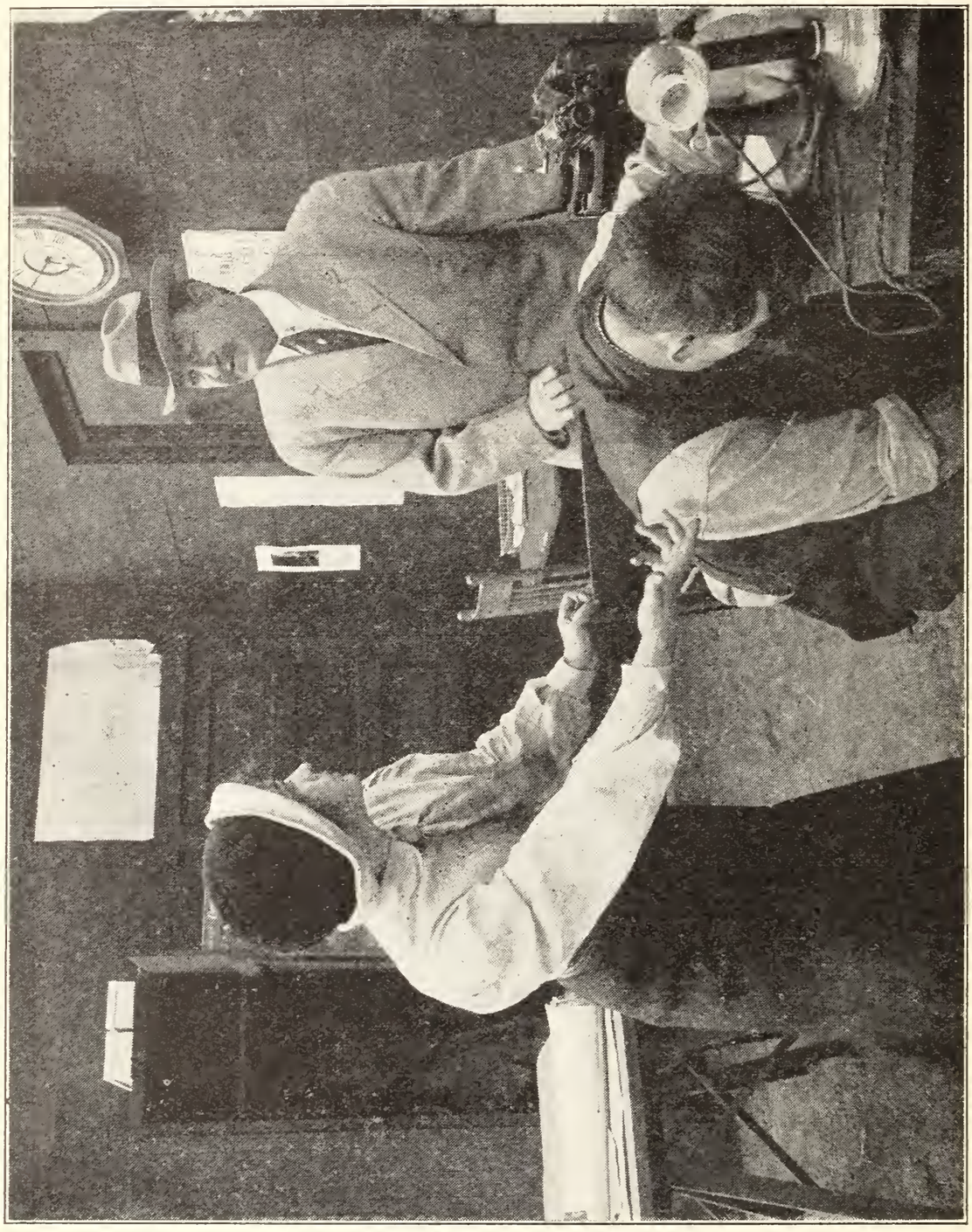
The police had barely time to bundle him into the yard and secure the gate, before the strikers were upon them, led on by half a dozen hooligans who cursed the police, Mooney, and Masterson alike. Stones and sticks were their weapons, and matters looked ugly for the police, when there was a shout from the back of the crowd.

"Here's old Joe!"

A motor car had driven up, and from it stepped Mr. Masterson. The fighting stopped as if by magic, and the ironmaster elbowed his way through the crowd, none molesting him, though muttered curses reached his ears. He paid no heed, but walked straight up to the inspector in command of the police.

"What's wrong here?" he asked shortly.

"There's been a bit of a riot, sir," was the answer. "If you hadn't come when you did, it might have been bad for us. They showed an ugly temper. As it is, they've



"She told him an incoherent story of having fled to the office to escape from the strikers."

given Mr. Mooney a nasty dose. He's inside the gate here."

Mr. Masterson set his teeth grimly as he entered the gate with the inspector, and knelt down by the side of his manager, whose groans proclaimed him still alive.

"All right, inspector," said Mr. Masterson, "you'd better get back to your post. I'll see to him. Help me to get him up first."

Between them they raised the injured man, and the ironmaster half led and half dragged him across the yard to the office. It was a difficult matter to get him upstairs, but Mr. Masterson had a giant's strength, and he managed it. As he placed Mooney in a chair, the manager fainted and his head fell forward on the table. Mr. Masterson saw that his head was bleeding, and looked round for something which might be used as a bandage. He opened a cupboard door, and jumped back in alarm as Maggie stepped out and confronted him.

"What's this?" he cried. "Who on earth are you, and what are you doing here?"

The girl recognised the ironmaster instantly. She was half mad with misery, her sense of justice was distorted, and she saw in him the only man who was responsible for the accident which had made her brother a cripple for life. She longed to make him suffer as Jimmy was suffering. But for the present she must temporise. Her revenge would come later. She told him an incoherent story of having fled to the office to escape from the strikers, and he was too much preoccupied to make very close enquiries.

"Well," he said, "as you are here, you may as well help me. Mr. Mooney has been hurt, and has fainted. See if you can find something to bandage his head with while I get some water."

He went out of the room and down the stairs, and Maggie crossed the room to Mooney. The sight of the telephone on the table near the unconscious man's head gave her an idea. She snatched up the receiver and asked to be put on to the Trade Union Hall. The connection was made immediately.

"I want Mr. Thomas—Bat Thomas," she called. Then after a pause, "Is that you, Bat? I'm Maggie—Maggie Blake. I'm at the works, in the manager's room. Mooney is here—fainted. Masterson has just gone downstairs. He's keeping me a prisoner. If you are quick, you can trap him and Mooney, too."

There was no time for more. She heard Masterson coming upstairs, and replaced the receiver hurriedly.

As she helped the ironmaster to bathe and bandage Mooney's head, Maggie found herself wondering whether she had not acted too hastily in sending for Bat. She noticed his look of sorrow and sympathy, and the almost womanly tenderness of his touch as he bound up the wound with skilful fingers. She remembered the stories of his kindly interest in all his employees. And she had betrayed him! Suddenly she burst into tears.

Mr. Masterson looked up in dismay. "Why," he said, gently. "What's the matter? Has it been too much for you? There's nothing to be afraid of; the strikers won't come here now."

"Oh!" she burst out, "But they will! And it is not for myself I fear, but for you."

"For me!" Mr. Masterson stared.

"Yes," sobbed the girl, "I telephoned for them when you were out of the room."

And then she told him all her pitiful story. He did not reproach her. He treated her with a grave and gentle courtesy and sympathy which were much harder to bear.

"Oh," she cried, "I've been wicked—wicked! I was mad, and I wanted them to kill you." She sprang to her feet in strong excitement. "They'll be here in a few minutes. We must keep them out. What can we do?"

They barricaded the door of the lower office by piling heavy desks and other furniture against it. Having made it as secure as they could they went upstairs again. They had not long to wait. Soon the street below was filled with men, shouting and clamouring in wild excitement and fury. There was a thundering knock at the door and angry shouts for Masterson.

The ironmaster threw up the window and looked down at the rioters. He was as calm as though the occasion was nothing out of the ordinary. But his calmness only infuriated them the more. He held up his hand and began to speak, but they refused to listen. Threats and curses were hurled at him, and his words were lost in the tumult. At last he gave up the attempt and closed the window.

A sudden silence fell on the shouting crowd, and while the ironmaster and Maggie were wondering what it portended, a head

appeared above the window-sill. Maggie screamed, but Mr. Masterson stood still in the centre of the room. The window was thrown open and a man scrambled through. Maggie saw that it was Bat Thomas. With a curse he rushed straight at Masterson.

"Bat!" screamed Maggie—"Bat!" She sprang at him with wild cries, but he was mad with rage and did not hear her. Fiercely he grappled with the ironmaster, and the two men swayed and swung about the room in a life and death struggle. Bat had the advantage of youth and training, but his strength was nothing to Masterson's, and at last the older man got the mastery. He forced himself free, and let drive with a mighty fist which caught Bat full in the chest and sent him staggering across the room. In a frantic effort to save himself he upset a big oil-stove, and immediately the whole side of the room seemed to burst into flame. Masterson dashed forward and hauled Bat into safety, and then the three of them stared at one another in consternation. There was no further thought of fighting, and the concern of the two men was only how to ensure Maggie's safety. For the moment they had forgotten Mooney. It was the girl who drew their attention to him. He had recovered consciousness and staggered to his feet, hardly yet realising the terrible peril menacing them. Masterson led him to the window. Escape by the door was cut off. There only chance was by the window.

Bat looked out. The strikers were quiet enough now, their seared faces turned upward. He shouted to them to stand close up to the building, and without knowing why, they obeyed. Then he gave a few rapid directions to his companions, and started to scramble out of the window. He held out his wrists to Masterson, who gripped them like a vice and, leaning forward, lowered Bat until he swung only four or five feet above the heads of the crowd below.

"Ready!" called Bat, and Maggie, trembling, but brave enough, climbed through the window and slid down the living ladder into the arms of the men below.

It was more difficult matter to save Mooney. He was a heavy man, and, moreover, was in an agony of fear. But he, too, descended safely, though the strain on both Masterson and Bat was frightful.

The fire was gaining rapidly, and when Mooney was being lowered the ironmaster could hear it roaring behind him like a furnace. But he never faltered. He saw Mooney safe, and shouting, "Catch him!" let go of Bat's wrists. Then, turning his face to the blazing room, he swung himself out, hung for a moment on the window-sill, and dropped.

Hardly a moment too soon. The men who caught him in their arms had scarcely got clear of the building when the outer wall fell in with a crash, sending a shower of sparks up into the night.

Fortunately the offices were in a separate building, and the works were untouched by the fire.

There was not much time for explanation that night, but next morning Mr. Masterson met the strikers at the Trade Union Hall. Bat was their spokesman, and he told the ironmaster many things which astonished and angered him.

When Mooney recovered his health he found that his old place had been filled. Bat Thomas had been installed as works manager, and was giving entire satisfaction. Bat is to be married very soon, and Mr. Masterson has decided to give his bride a very handsome wedding present. And thanks also to Mr. Masterson little Jimmy will soon be well and strong again.



The Still Voice.

Vitagraph Drama.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Arthur," said Mrs. Rimington, "what do you think of her. Pretty, eh?"

Arthur Ferriss did not appear to hear the question. He was watching a couple who had just passed the place where he was standing. They were waltzing, and as the girl caught sight of Ferriss she flashed him a smile over her partner's shoulder. He returned the smile, and felt a tinge of jealousy of the other man. He followed them with his eyes.

Mrs. Rimington tapped his arm with her fan.

"My dear Arthur," she laughed, "you are not very polite to your hostess."

"Oh," he said, with a start, "I'm sorry. Had you spoken to me before?"

"Yes, I had, and perhaps your eyes have told me what I want to know. I asked if you thought Miss Morton pretty?"

The young man flushed slightly. "Pretty! Well, no, I should not call her pretty. She's lovely! She's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Why have you never introduced me to her before? Who is she?"

"What enthusiasm!" mocked Mrs. Rimington. "My dear boy, I do believe you've fallen in love with her."

"Seriously," said Arthur, "I believe I have. Don't laugh—I mean it. Now sit down here and tell me something about her."



Mr. Tefft Johnson as "Lindsley Ferriss, the Banker."

Mrs. Rimington sat down.

Arthur Ferriss was rather a favourite of hers, and, matchmaker as she was, she would have married him off before this to one or other of the many nice girls of her acquaintance; but he had hitherto been proof against all feminine fascinations. This time, however, he seemed to be hard hit, and Mrs. Rimington was glad, for she approved of Miss Morton.

"Well, now, to answer your questions," she said. "I couldn't have introduced you before because I have only known her a fortnight. As to who she is, doesn't her name tell you anything?"

Arthur looked puzzled. "I know she's Miss Morton: that's all."

"Miss Marjorie Morton," prompted Mrs. Rimington. "And she has a father—Mr. Matthew Morton."

Arthur stared. "Not—not *the* Matthew Morton?"

"Yes, *the* Matthew Morton, the man of many millions—more millions than he can possibly count. They say he controls railways and mines and goodness knows what besides."

"Good Lord!" Arthur groaned. "Why, he's the most powerful financier in the world. He'll want his daughter to marry a duke or something. There's no chance for me."

"You silly boy," said Mrs. Rimington, sharply, "there's an excellent chance for you. You are rich yourself; or a rich man's heir,

which is the next best thing. Your father is not as wealthy as Mr. Morton, of course, but he'll be able to give his son quite a respectable fortune on his marriage. They can't call you a fortune-hunter. Then you are a handsome boy, and you have charming manners. It's nice of you to blush. I should not be at all surprised if Miss Morton falls in love with you, and if she does, I fancy her father won't oppose the match. He loves her more than he loves his money, and her happiness is the desire of his heart."

"And now," said Mrs. Rimington, "I mustn't sit here all night talking to you, and neglecting my other guests. Did you say you were to have the supper dance with Marjorie? Very well, then, make the most of your chances, and remember that faint heart never won fair lady."

Arthur danced again with Miss Morton, and took her in to supper. She left soon after, and with her departed all his interest in Mrs. Rimington's ball. When he said good-night to his hostess, she smiled significantly at him.

"What! going already? I hope you've enjoyed yourself?" Then she added casually, "I'm expecting Marjorie to call to-morrow afternoon."

Arthur walked home. He wanted to think about Miss Morton—her eyes, her smile, her loveliness. A few hours ago he would have laughed at the idea of any woman so filling his thoughts. He found himself looking eagerly forward to seeing her again, and blessing Mrs. Rimington for her kindly hint. He would certainly call to-morrow. Would Miss Morton be glad to see him? They had seemed to get on very well together. Perhaps she——. He pulled himself up with a jerk at the disagreeable thought of her father. He had heard of Mr. Morton, the genius who by a series of brilliant and sensational coups had made himself a king of finance, the power behind half-a-dozen thrones, and one of the real rulers of the world. It was only during the last few years that he had become famous. Nobody seemed to know anything of his early history.

Such a man must be ambitious, Arthur thought, ambitious for his daughter as well as for himself. Why, with old Morton's influence and millions, she might marry a prince! Such things had happened. Still, Mrs. Rimington had seemed to think there might be a chance for him. He recalled her words, "Faint heart never won fair lady." Well, Marjorie was the only fair lady in the world for him, and he would not be faint-hearted. And he would see her to-morrow.

It was the first of many to-morrows. Mrs. Rimington was a good friend to Arthur during the weeks that followed, and provided him with many opportunities for meeting Marjorie Morton. Each meeting found him more deeply in love than before. And the girl herself? He hardly dared to hope; but he did hope, nevertheless. Sometimes he thought he could read a welcome in her eyes, and he had seen her flush slightly when he held her hand rather longer than was strictly necessary, but she showed no resentment. In his more confident moments, he felt certain that she was not indifferent to him.

It was one afternoon at Mrs. Rimington's that he determined to put his fate to the touch. Mrs. Rimington had gone out of the room on some pretext and left them together. They continued talking for a few minutes, and then gradually fell into silence, which was broken at last by the girl.

"I think you are rather dull this afternoon, Mr. Ferriss," she said, gaily, "It must be at least ten minutes since you said a word."

Ferriss roused himself.

"Please forgive me," he begged. "The fact is I have something to say to you, and I've been trying to think how to begin."

"Oh," said Marjorie, with a little laugh, "I hope it's nothing very serious?"

"It is serious for me—very serious," was the reply. "I——. Oh, Miss Morton—Marjorie, I love you. You must have seen it. I've loved you ever since that first dance we had together."

Arthur had risen now, and stood looking down at Marjorie. "I can't keep silent any longer," he said. "I've never really believed in love before, but now I seem to have loved you all my life. You are the only woman in the world for me, and I want you—I want you badly."

Marjorie hung her head. He could not see her eyes.

"Marjorie," he whispered, "look at me." He had her hands imprisoned.

She raised her head and looked at him bravely, with shining eyes and glowing face.

Even now he could not believe. "Marjorie," he said huskily, "I love you. I want you to be my wife. Will you?"

"Yes," she said. It was the merest whisper, but he heard it, and in a moment she was in his arms.

When Mrs. Rimington returned a few minutes later she smiled; Marjorie blushed, and Arthur burst out, "By Jove! I'm the happiest man alive. Congratulate me!"

"And you are the man," said Mrs. Rimington, laughing, "who thought he hadn't a chance!"

It was agreed that Arthur should call on Mr. Morton next day. Marjorie was certain that her father would consent, and her confidence infected Arthur, so that he went bravely enough to ask the millionaire for his daughter.

"But——," the young man was beginning, when Mr. Morton again broke in.

"Nothing can be gained by discussing the matter. It is quite impossible."

"But you don't know anything about me—my position. Won't you let me explain!"

"No," said the millionaire. "No explanation is necessary. I know who you are and all about you. I may as well say that your position has nothing to do with it. My objection is to you personally."

Arthur tried again, but with no better success. He could not move Mr. Morton. The millionaire's words and manner seemed vindictive, and Arthur left the house puzzled and crestfallen.



"He pleaded well in a frank, manly fashion which might well have moved a heart of stone, but had no effect upon Morton."

He was shown into the library, and presently Mr. Morton entered—a little white-haired man, with a stern, strong, impassive face, in which were set blue eyes as hard as steel and as cold. The millionaire did not sit down, and Arthur rose, and began to speak, but Mr. Morton cut him short.

"You are Mr. Arthur Ferriss," he said in a cold, cutting voice. "I know why you have come, and it will save time and trouble if I tell you at once that my daughter shall never marry you. I have just forbidden her to see you again or to hold any communication with you."

There was something behind all this, some mystery that he could not understand.

His father, to whom he told the story of the interview, could throw no light on the mystery. Head of a great banking house, a man of wealth and importance, Lindsley Ferriss could think of no reason why Mr. Morton should hold his son in special aversion.

"I'll call and see him myself," he said. "Perhaps he'll tell me more than he has told you. It may be only a question of money after all."

Arthur shook his head. "It's something more serious than that. I could swear he hates me."

"Oh, nonsense! Why should he hate you? Well, anyhow, I'll just run along and see him. Don't give up hope, my boy."

Mr. Ferriss put on his hat and went out, leaving Arthur torn by doubt and anxiety, yet hoping that his father's intervention might be successful.

Mr. Ferriss had never met Mr. Morton before to his knowledge, but somehow, when he sat facing him in the library, the millionaire's face and eyes seemed familiar, especially his eyes.

The preliminary courtesies over, the banker explained that he had come to plead his son's cause. He told of Arthur's love for Marjorie, and stated the amount of money, a substantial one, which he proposed to settle upon him if Mr. Morton would consent to the marriage.

Morton heard him out with no sign of impatience. But when the banker had finished, he rose and said, in a voice whose accents cut like a knife.

"My answer, Mr. Ferriss, is NO, and it is final. If you could give your son the wealth of the world, I would not give him my daughter. I would rather see her dead!"

"But why?" demanded Ferriss. "You are unreasonable. What objection have you to my son? Really, Mr. Morton, I think I am entitled to an explanation."

Suddenly the millionaire's manner changed. He came close to Ferriss, who had also risen.

"Look well at me," said the millionaire. "Have you ever seen me before?"

Ferriss stared in astonishment. Was the man mad. Those keen blue eyes affected him unpleasantly. Had he seen them before? Suddenly he remembered.

"My God!" he gasped, clutching at the table. "*Steele! Matthew Steele!*"

"Yes," cried Morton, "Matthew Steele, the man you tried to ruin. For fifteen years I have looked forward to this meeting. I've hoped for it; prayed for it; lived for it. Your son marry my daughter! Your son! I'd strike her dead with my own hand sooner!" His voice rose almost to a shriek. "You cur! You had your turn fifteen years ago, when you got me accused of stealing an important document, and induced the directors to discharge me. Now my turn has come, and by God! I'll crush you; I'll stamp you into powder—you and your precious son!"

"But look here, Steele," Mr. Ferriss said, when the millionaire paused, "I did not try to ruin you. I did not even accuse you. It was the directors who insisted that you should be discharged. I was to blame, I admit. I found the paper months afterwards among my papers, and I moved heaven and earth to find you, but you had disappeared."

"A pretty tale!" sneered Morton. "I don't believe a word of it. You threw me out into the street, to starve for all you cared. You killed my wife as surely as if you had thrust a knife into her heart. You made me suffer the tortures of hell. And now it's your turn to suffer, and mine to laugh. Oh, I'll show no mercy; you shall pay—curse you!—you shall pay! Now go!"

He threw open the door of the room, and the banker passed out, with blanched face, and walking like an old man.

Chapter II.

Left alone, Morton paced up and down the library, muttering fiercely to himself, his face working, and his fists clenched. Presently he grew calmer, sat down at the table and touched an electric bell-push. When his secretary appeared, Morton was the cool, clear-headed man of business. He gave his orders in sharp, incisive fashion.

"Parkes, the man who was here just now is Lindsley Ferriss, president of the biggest banking corporation in this city. I want you to find out the companies his house is connected with, and buy up all the stock you can get hold of. I don't care what it costs—this isn't a matter of business. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the secretary, quietly. "I take it you want to get control."

"Right!" rapped out the millionaire. Then he added, looking keenly at the secretary, "there are rumours that Ferriss's bank is shaky. You might drop a hint here and there in the city—something about risky investments—wild speculations—you know how these things are managed."

"Very good, sir," said the secretary.

"That's all at present. See about it at once."

The secretary vanished, and Morton smiled grimly as he said to himself, "At last—after fifteen years."

His thoughts went back to that time, and the memory of his wrongs came back upon him in a flood. But Ferriss should pay—pay to the uttermost. He should come and beg for mercy—and find none. Oh, it would be sweet to see his enemy grovelling before him. Such a passion of hate swept over him that he could not sit at the table. He paced excitedly up and down the big room, unsteadily, as a man not quite sure of his steps.

Of a sudden he stopped, with staring eyes and a face from which every vestige of colour had disappeared. God! What was that! Somebody—some presence was in the room with him. He saw his wife as she had been fifteen years ago. She stretched out her arms to him, with such a look of love and tenderness on her face that he held out shaking hands and staggered towards the vision.

"Mary! Mary!" he whispered in an agony. But the apparition had vanished. As he stood there trembling, he heard a voice out of the stillness saying:

"Forgive—oh, forgive, as you hope for forgiveness!"

For an instant he stood groping with his hands, his face working painfully, then, "No! no!" he shouted with extraordinary vehemence, and fell prone to the floor.

Marjorie found him there an hour later, and with the help of the servants got him to bed. She sent for a doctor, who after an examination, assured her that her father was suffering only from overwrought nerves.

Morton was about again in a day or two, pursuing his plan of vengeance with a cold vindictiveness which appalled even the secretary, accustomed as he was to the financier's heartless and unscrupulous methods.

Morton was not one whit softened by the vision of his wife which had appeared to him in the library. He put it down to overwork, and decided that as soon as his vengeance was complete he would take a holiday. Meanwhile his plans were beginning to bear fruit. The rumours which his secretary had started about Ferriss's position gathered substance and grew alarmingly.

One morning the secretary came to him and said that a run on the bank had begun. Hundreds of people had been in the street all night waiting for the doors to open. The police had marshalled them in a queue, and now they were being admitted to the bank a few at a time. As yet all had received their money, but Ferriss and his son were already making frantic appeals to the other banks of the city to come to their assistance.

"Well," interrupted Morton sharply. "Will they help?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "I think they are afraid of it—or of you. They know something."

"Very well, Parkes," said the old man, "you may go. Bring me news as soon as you hear anything more."

Very grim Morton looked as he sat there, his thin lips set in a cruel, merciless line. Soon the time would come for the final blow. Ferriss should not escape him now.

He was sitting thus when his daughter came in, hurriedly, with an open letter in her hand. Her face was white, and her eyes had a look of terror.

"Father!" she cried. "Father!"

"Well, what is it?" he asked, frowning.

"This letter," she said, speaking with difficulty—"it's from Arthur. He says—oh! it can't be true, I won't believe it—he says you are deliberately ruining his father and himself—that this run on the bank is all your doing. Oh, it's horrible! He says the bank can't stand it, and if you don't hold your hand they must close the doors—and he's afraid—for his father—he's——"

The girl's voice faltered. Her father's silence, and above all the steely glitter of his eyes frightened her. "Say it is not true," she whispered.

"But it is true," said the old man, in accents that cut into the girl's heart. "Lindsley Ferriss is my worst enemy. He did his best to ruin me fifteen years ago: he brought me to poverty; he killed my wife and your mother. All these years I have lived for revenge, and I am not going to forego it now. Curse him! So he's begun to whine already! He told his son to write to you to ask me to have mercy—me! No!" he shouted, "no! He shall go down in the gutter! I'll strip him of every penny! I'll put him on the rack! I'll torture him—I'll——."

Marjorie broke out in a passion of weeping, and rushed out of the room.

Morton sat down at his desk for a few minutes, deep in thought; then he opened a drawer, and took out a cheque-book. The moment had come to play his trump card. He filled in a cheque, and rang for his secretary.

"Parkes," he said, "I have a fairly big sum in Ferriss's bank. Here's a cheque for £50,000: I want you to take it round there at once. Don't go in with the crowd—get admittance some other way, by a private door. Demand to have the cheque cashed."

Parkes went off at once.

"I think," said Mr. Morton to himself, as he returned the cheque-book to the drawer, "that will about finish him."

* * *

In his private room at the bank sat Lindsley Ferriss, with his head bowed in his hands. All the morning he had been making despairing efforts to stave off disaster, but all his appeals had been in vain, and ruin stared him in the face. He looked up as the door opened, and his son Arthur entered. His face was drawn and haggard, and he held a slip of pink paper in his hand. He gave it to his father without a word.

It was Mr. Morton's cheque.

"My God, what a fiend!" cried the banker, clenching his hand convulsively over the cheque. "It's all over—this is the end." He broke down and sobbed.

But Arthur was not yet beaten. "Look here, father," he said, "I'll have another try. I'll see Morton and make one more appeal. I'll go on my knees to him. Perhaps that's what he wants—to see us grovel to him. Well, I'll grovel," he went on bitterly. "Perhaps then he'll be satisfied. He can't be altogether without feeling—no man is."

Lindsley Ferriss looked up. "He's not a man, he's a fiend—a devil, and he'll finish his devilish work."

"Well," Arthur said, "I can but try. It's our only hope."

The banker watched him go. Then he drew his chair up to the table, and took from a small drawer on his right hand—a revolver.

* * *

Once more Arthur faced Mr. Morton in his library. On his last visit he had asked the millionaire for his daughter, and now he came to plead with him to save his father's honour, perhaps his life. He pleaded well, in a frank, manly fashion which might well have moved a heart of stone, but had no effect upon Morton.

"No," he said, "you'll get no mercy from me. Why should I have pity? Your father had none for me. Let him give me back my wife and my happiness that he robbed me of fifteen years ago!"

The old man was working himself into a frenzy. His eyes gleamed with hatred. "Oh!" he cried, clutching at the table with both hands, "let him come here crawling and whining and begging for mercy, like the liar and hound he is!"

Stung to madness by the insult to his father, Arthur took a quick step forward, when a restraining hand was placed on his arm. Marjorie had entered the room silently, and both of them stood staring at Morton. The old man seemed to have forgotten their presence. He had risen from his chair and his face had a curiously intent look, as though he were listening. He stood thus for several seconds; then his lips moved, and they heard him whisper, "Mary!" and again, "Mary!" He held out hands that trembled violently, and said in a clear, distinct voice, "Yes, I remember—I'll forgive, for your sake—I'm sorry."

Evidently labouring under strong emotion, he turned back to the table, took a pen and paper, and began to write with feverish haste. He folded the paper, placed it in an envelope, directed it, and said to Arthur, who had been regarding him with awestruck eyes, "Take this. It contains instructions to my agents to pay into your father's bank any sum he may require. Hurry! there may still be time."

He held out the letter to Ferriss, who, too much astonished to speak, had started forward to take it, when from the street there came the sharp, shrill cry of a newsboy—"Suicide of Lindsley Ferriss!"

"My God!" whispered Morton. "Too late!"

The letter dropped from his hand and he fell, a huddled heap, into his chair.

Matthew Steele had followed his victim.



The Jovial Fluid.



Ecko Comic.

THERE was no doubt about it: Willie was a regular "pickle." He had another name, but as nobody ever called him by it there is no need to tell what it was. He was always in mischief, and yet everybody liked him, even the policemen, though he was the torment of their lives. All the policemen but one, that is. This particular "bobby" had a bad temper, and besides, he was fat, and Willie could beat him easily when it came to a running match.

He who cheeks and runs away, lives to cheek another day, was Willie's motto where the Elephant, as he called the fat policeman, was concerned.

He was acting on this motto one afternoon on his way home from school, and had left the Elephant far behind when his attention was attracted by a crowd at a street corner. He thought it might be a dog fight, or something equally attractive, and ran up to see the fun. But it was not a dog fight. In the centre of the crowd was a man standing on a box. He was making a speech and trying to sell something, and Willie pushed his way through the people to see what it might be.

"Ladies and gents," the man was saying, "I 'old in my 'and what I call the Elixir of Mirth. You've 'eard, I dessay, of the Elixir of Life what's supposed to make you live for ever if you take it three times a day reg'lar after meals. Well, ladies and gents, that's a fraud. There ain't no such a thing, and I've got too much respect for myself and for you to come 'ere and try to palm off anything o' the sort on you. But this 'ere Elixir of Mirth is genuine. The secret recipe was discovered by a traveller in Egypt. He fahnd it inside the 'ead of the Sphinx. For 'undreds o' years people 'ave been tryin' to discover the secret of the Sphinx, and now they've done it, and 'ere it is!"

Willie had heard about the Sphinx, and listened open-mouthed to the speaker.

"Nah," said that personage, "I'll tell yer what this Elixir of Mirth will do. It'll make yer laugh, and make all yer friends laugh, too. They say there was a king once who had such a lot of trouble that 'e never smiled again. Well, if e'd 'ad a bottle o' this 'ere stuff 'e'd 'ave smiled all the time. I don't care 'oo it is; bring me the miserablest old codger in this 'ere town, and even if 'e ain't smiled for years I'll make him laugh 'earty For a few drops of this 'ere stuff, ladies and gents, is enough to make a cat laugh. Nah then, 'oo wants it? Only a penny!"

Willie had just one penny left of his weekly pocket-money, and he was the first customer. He ran all the way home with his purchase. Nobody saw him go in. He heard his mother talking to the servant in the kitchen, and slipped upstairs to her room. The first thing he saw was a scent spray standing on the dressing table.

"The very thing," he said to himself, and immediately poured into it the precious contents of his bottle.

Then he looked round for something on which to make his first experiment. On the wall hung a photograph of his mother's rich old uncle. A very stern and severe old gentleman he looked. Willie had not much hope of making him smile, but there was nothing else to try the Elixir on, so he squirted two or three drops at the photographed face, which at once expanded into a broad grin!

"Crickey!" cried Willie aloud: "it's all right then!" and he was dancing about in high glee, when there was a tremendous smash somewhere below. As he ran down

the stairs he heard the sound of his mother's voice reprimanding the servant, who had upset the tea-tray and strewed the hall with broken china.

"I couldn't 'elp it, ma'am," said poor Eliza. "It slipped out of me 'and."

"Slipped, indeed," cried Willie's mother. "It was gross carelessness, and I shall stop the cost out of your wages. You're always breaking things."

Eliza had begun another tearful protest when Willie sprinkled the back of her neck with his Elixir of Mirth, and she suddenly burst out laughing in her mistress's face, to that lady's astonishment and indignation.

"You shameless hussy!" she screamed. "How dare you laugh when you have destroyed my best tea service!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Eliza, holding her sides and leaning against the wall. "He, he, he!"

"Oh, I won't stand this," cried her mistress. "You leave my house this instant! Get your box and out you go!"

But Eliza was quite incapable of going upstairs to fetch her box, and her mistress had to get it. She opened the door and pushed it down the steps on to the pavement. Then she pushed Eliza after it, and the servant sank helplessly on the box, still screaming with laughter.

Having thus proved the efficacy of the wonderful Elixir, Willie slipped out the back way to look for fresh victims. He made a butcher's boy laugh so much that he upset a leg of mutton out of his basket into the gutter, and a ragged old man who was playing a concertina in the street changed suddenly from a doleful hymn tune to "Waiting for Robert E. Lee," and broke into a rag-time dance, while he shouted and laughed in a most amazing manner.

Willie had never had so much amusement for a penny in his life. He was laughing so much at the old man that he did not hear footsteps behind him. Suddenly his ear was pulled, and a voice said: "So I've got you at last, have I? Up to some more of your games? Well, now you can along o' me."

It was the Elephant!

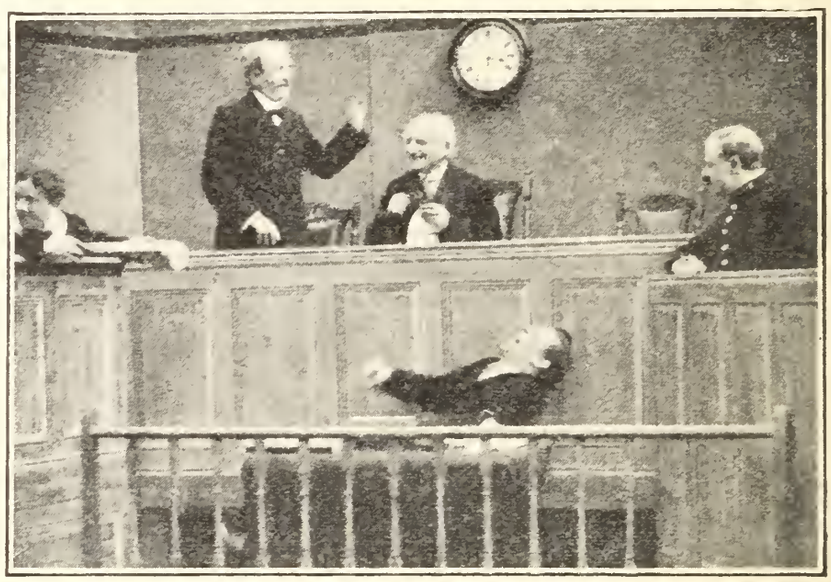
Willie kicked and struggled, but the Elephant held on. "I shall charge you," he said, "with assaulting of the police in the execution of his duty. And you'd better come quiet or it'll be the worse for you."

There was nothing for Willie to do but submit. He would have tried the effect of Elixir, but the Elephant gripped his wrist and would not let him put his hand in his pocket.

"Come on," said the Elephant, "the Court is sitting now, and I'll take you before the magistrate at once."

Willie was badly frightened, and quite expected to be sent to prison for his misdeeds.

The Elephant took him into the Court. A case had just finished, and the magistrate was getting ready to leave when Willie was pushed into the dock.



"He could not speak any more for laughing."

"Hullo!" said the magistrate. "Who's this? What's the charge?"

"Assaulting of the police, your worship, while in the execution of his duty," said the Elephant pompously. "E's a very bad boy, sir—a regular terror to the neighbourhood. I've warned 'im often, but it ain't no good, I 'opes you'll deal with him very severe."

"H'm," said the magistrate, looking sternly at Willie. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. How dare you assault a man bigger than yourself!—I mean, how dare you attack a constable on duty! I'm afraid you are a hardened young sinner. I intend to make an example of you. I sentence you to——"

Just then the magistrate received a stream of the Elixir full in the face and burst into a cackle of laughter. The clerk jumped up from his seat in astonishment and dismay.

He would have spoken, but as soon as he opened his mouth, Willie squirted some of the jovial fluid straight in, and he sank back in his chair and roared.

The shocked usher cried "Silence!" and Willie turned his weapon on him so that he could not speak any more for laughing.

Willie served all the reporters in the same way, and they lay back in their seats so much overcome by mirth that they could not write "Laughter in Court."

The only serious person in the courtroom was the Elephant, who stood stock still in the witness box, with his mouth fixed wide open, and looking as though he thought he must have wandered into a lunatic asylum by mistake. Suddenly a thought struck him, and he turned to the prisoner in the dock.

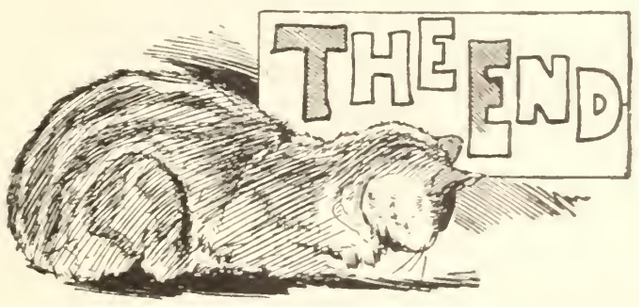
"You young villain," he said, "this is another of your tricks. I'll——"

He got no further. As he was unfastening the door of the witness-box Willie's Elixir splashed on his big red face, and he joined in the general merriment.

Nobody now paid any heed to Willie, until at last catching the magistrate's eye, he said in a meek little voice.

"Please, sir, what about me?"

"You," spluttered the magistrate—"you—he, he, he! Why, you're dismissed. The charge is ridiculous. I never laughed so much in all my life. But I forget now what the joke was. Ha, ha, ha!"



The Burning Brand.

Broncho Drama.

Chapter I.

"SO you want to marry Enid?" said Colonel Langford, looking quizzically at the handsome, dark-haired young lieutenant. "I suppose you have told her so already, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I have," replied the boy, colouring.

"And what did she say?"

"She said she loved me, sir, but that as for being my wife I must come and ask you."

"Well, I am glad she did not forget that her father had some interest in the matter." Then sharply, "Are you quite sure you love her?"

The boy stood up. "Sir," he said, very seriously, "I have loved her since I first saw her. She is all the world to me. I ask nothing better than to die for her."

"Well, well," said the old man, "much better live for her, you know." Then taking the other's hand in a firm grip he added, "You're a good lad, and a good soldier. Your father and I are old friends, and if you turn out half as good a man as he is, we shall all be proud of you, and I could wish for no better husband for Enid. Now, run away and tell her its alright. Hullo! here's your father himself. Well met, old friend! You've come at the right moment. I've just given my consent to the engagement of your son to my daughter."

The Rev. Charles Murray, chaplain in the United States Army, did not seem surprised at the news. His face was very serious.

"I was afraid of it," he said. "I thought I might have got her in time."

"Afraid of it! In time! Good God, man, what are you talking about? Don't you approve?"

The chaplain did not answer at once. He drew a chair to the table and sat down. The two men gazed at him in amazement. Presently he said:

"I want you to listen while I tell you a story. It concerns both of you. Twenty years ago, I was chaplain to an outpost in the Far West. I married one of the soldiers to a beautiful Indian girl called Winona. I gave the bride a little silver cross as a wedding present. They were happy together for some months, but then the husband's affection cooled, and when he was drafted to another post, he did not take his Indian wife. The poor little thing held up bravely until her baby was born, hoping against hope for a message from her absent husband. But no word came, and at last she disappeared and was never seen again. Her baby was found inside the fort, and was brought to me. It was warmly wrapped in a blanket, and on a ribbon round its neck was the little silver cross I had given to Winona." The chaplain paused a moment, and then went on. "On the baby's forehead, perfectly distinct, was the mark of a cross."

"God!" breathed Lieutenant Murray, with white face and staring eyes. He started to rise from his chair, but the chaplain motioned him to keep seated. He himself rose, and crossing to the lieutenant, placed his hand tenderly on the boy's thick black hair.

"There is not much more to tell," he said. "All this happened twenty years ago, and the baby, Winona's son, has grown to be a man."

He smoothed back the hair from Lieutenant Murray's brow, and there, clearly visible, was the mark of the cross.

The lieutenant wrenched himself free, and faced the chaplain. "Then—then," he said, "you are not my father?"

"No," the chaplain sadly replied, "I thought perhaps there would never be need to tell; but I see now that I was foolish. I should have told you before."

The young fellow had not yet realized what the chaplain's story meant to him. The other two men stood silently regarding him.

"So my mother was an Indian," he said presently; "an Indian—a Redskin."

Suddenly he turned to the colonel. "Will this make any difference to—Enid and me, sir?"

The colonel did not answer at once. When he did his words were short and abrupt. "Yes," he said, "It will make a difference. My daughter is not for a Redskin."

"Colonel!" expostulated the chaplain.

"Well, he is a Redskin. Oh, I grant you he looks a white man. He has been brought up as a gentleman, and he is a good soldier. Still, his mother was an Indian, and blood will tell. I am sorry for you, my boy, but I must withdraw my consent to your marriage with my daughter."



"They had lost several of their number."

The lieutenant's face was white to the lips. He did not plead.

"Then, by God!" he burst out, "I will have no more of your accursed army! If I am not good enough to marry your women I am not good enough to fight for them!"

He turned on his heel and flung out of the room before either the chaplain or the colonel could move a finger to detain him.

Chapter II.

Black Eagle, the old chief of the Apaches, sat in his wigwam in grave conversation with Silver Fox, his trusted counsellor. As they talked an Indian appeared, and in answer to Black Eagle's grunt of enquiry, said: "A messenger has come from Colonel Langford at Western Fort."

At the mention of the name, Silver Fox started to his feet with a muttered curse. "He must not see me. I will go to my tent. Let me know later what he says."

Silver Fox's tent was more comfortably furnished than Black Eagle's. It looked a good deal like the quarters of an army officer. Silver Fox flung himself in a low chair and waited. He had not dared to stay with Black Eagle for fear that Colonel Langford's messenger should recognize him as Lieutenant Murray, a deserter from the army.

When he left the fort, Murray had wandered off into the wilderness with hatred in his heart for the colonel and the chaplain whom he had so long loved as a father, and for Enid—no, not for Enid, he had striven to hate her and failed. Maddened by his humiliation, he had wandered on and on until he had lost himself on the desert. He would have have died there of starvation had it not been for a party of Indians who found him, took him to their village and nursed him back to life and health.

Smarting under the treatment he had received from those he had believed to

be of his own race, he had stayed on with the Indians, and had become a member of their tribe. His one desire was for vengeance. He could wait, and at last the day would come. He smiled grimly as he pictured to himself the form his revenge should take. Enid should be his bride after all, and her father—curse him!—he should pay dearly for his insolence.

Murray sprang to his feet as Black Eagle entered. "Well, what is it? What message does he bring?"

"He says," answered Black Eagle, "that we must journey far to the West, to another reservation. Colonel Langford has instructions from headquarters."

But what can we do? We are weak. They outnumber us. We should be cut to pieces."

"Well, as to that we shall see," replied the other. "Send back a message saying that we will not go—we will stay here."

Chapter III.

An emigrant train moved slowly over the sandy plain—a long line of waggons drawn by teams of horses. The men who sat smoking on the shafts of the waggons could see no living thing upon the waste. The only relief to the eye was afforded by clumps of bushes here and there. Not a sound broke the stillness.



"Here and there a trooper had risen to his feet, and, clubbing his rifle, was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight."

"Well," sneered the other, "are you going?"

"There is nothing else to be done," said the old chief. "The pale-face is master. We are slaves, we can only submit. We cannot fight; we are not strong enough."

"Oh, Black Eagle," cried Silver Fox impatiently, "are you a coward! Have the luxuries of the white man and the soft, easy living made your heart turn to water? Ugh! you are fit only to work with the women!"

His scornful words had their effect on the old man.

"I hate the Palefaces," he said, "and would ask nothing better than to fight them.

Colonel Langford had at first decided not to take any notice of Black Eagle's defiant message. There had been no trouble with the Indians for several years, and he could not believe this was anything but a little display of ill-temper which he could afford to overlook. So he took no action; but when his scouts day after day came in and reported that the Indians were making no preparations for departure, but were on the contrary doing all they could to make their present position secure, he saw that it would be necessary to teach them a lesson. He wished that he had a larger force at his command, but he must do the best he could.

He decided to send half his men to deal with the Indians, and so they might deal with them more effectually he planned a surprise. He secured some waggons and horses, and a dummy emigrant train was made up. Instead of settlers and their wives and other belongings, the waggons were loaded with fifty soldiers of the United States Army. Colonel Langford hoped that the Indians would let the train approach pretty close to their village without molestation, and that, being caught unprepared, they would surrender at discretion. Unfortunately for the success of the plan, Silver Fox's scouts were in the secret, too, and by the time the train was well on the way he had a strong force of Indians in ambush.

The waggons were approaching a part of the plain where the bushes were most numerous when a single rifle-shot rang out. The horses of the foremost waggon reared in affright, and the man who had been sitting on the shaft pitched forward to the ground and lay still.

As if the single shot had been a signal, every bush around the caravan now spirted flame and a crackling volley threw horses and men into dire confusion. The troopers tumbled out of the waggons in disorder, and many of them, lying prone in the sand, began to fire wildly, though not a feather of the Redskins showed as yet.

A young lieutenant, who was in charge of the party, made frantic efforts to get the men into some sort of formation, and at last succeeded. But already they had lost several of their number, and their invisible foe kept up a murderous fire.

"Steady, men, steady!" cried the lieutenant. "Fire into the bushes, and fire low. Curse the fiends! There must be hundreds——"

He broke off with a dreadful scream, clutched with both hands at his throat, and fell forward, his face buried in the sand.

Another volley from the bushes, and then the air was rent by a blood-curdling yell and every bush seemed to be transformed into a Redskin. Most of them had thrown away their rifles, and they rushed forward in a body, brandishing knives and tomahawks, and uttering hoarse and terrible screams.

The troopers were fighting now for dear life, and in grim silence they discharged their rifles into the charging mass. A few of the Indians fell, but the advance was not stayed, and in a few seconds they had cleared the intervening space and were among the troopers, slashing and stabbing.

Here and there a trooper had risen to his feet, and, clubbing his rifle, was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with half-a-dozen Indians; but this did not last long, and the Redskins were left masters of the field to complete their ghastly work.

Chapter IV.

Colonel Langford was lunching with Enid and the chaplain when he received information that the Indians, several hundreds strong, and in full war paint, were on their way to the fort and would be outside the walls in a few hours. He had very little hope of holding the fort with the tiny garrison left to him. The fort was not much more than a stockade and was never built to stand a siege, but at least they would sell their lives dearly.

The women and children were removed as far as possible out of danger, and the colonel charged the chaplain to see that if the worst came Enid should not be captured alive by the Redskins.

"We've been in many a hot corner when we were both younger," he said; "we may get out of this one after all—who knows? I've sent off a man to Major Wade at headquarters for reinforcements. But it's forty miles away, and even if he gets through, Wade may not reach us in time. Well, we can only do our best: but, if it ends here, I trust my daughter to you."

The chaplain nodded: he could not trust himself to speak. The colonel hurried away.

Night came on, but there was no rest for anybody in the fort. The troopers, waiting with their rifles ready, spoke in whispers to one another.

It was within an hour of dawn when, without the slightest warning, a shattering volley of rifle-shots came from a belt of trees about fifty yards to the north of the stockade. The bullets struck harmlessly on the log walls.

There was no reply from the garrison. Another volley came from the trees, and a trooper, who had incautiously raised his head, toppled backwards to the ground with a bullet in his brain.

"For God's sake, men," shouted the colonel, "keep under cover, and keep cool. Hold your fire until I give the word. We shall have all our work cut out presently."

The firing ceased : but not for long. There was another volley, and suddenly the silence was split by the terrible war-cry of the Apaches, and the Indians emerged from the trees and came rushing in a dense black mass towards the stockade, uttering fiendish yells.

"Now?" cried the colonel, "let 'em have it!"

Practically every shot told, and the Indians wavered. The troopers sent another volley into them, and they turned and ran back to the shelter of the trees.

"Well," said one of the defenders, "I reckon the swines got more than they bargain for. They won't try that again in a hurry."

The strange chief answered in excellent English. "We demand the surrender of the fort. You are few and we are many. It will be easy for us to capture the fort and kill everybody in it before reinforcements can reach you, but we offer you your lives —on one condition. Your daughter must be my bride."

"What!" shouted the Colonel. "My daughter marry you! Why, you infernal redskin, I'll blow the fort up first! Who the devil are you?" he asked. "You don't speak English like an Indian."

"Well," was the sneering reply, "you know me well enough. The last time I had



"Just outside the stockade Murray was found, alive, but mortally wounded."

The colonel heard, and shook his head. "They'll try another game presently. They're a long way from being beaten yet."

But as the minutes passed and no fresh attack was made the colonel began to think that perhaps the trooper was right. It was growing light now, and he took a look over the wall of the stockade himself. Two Indians came out of the belt of trees One carried a flag of truce, and the other was evidently a chief, though the colonel saw it was not Black Eagle. They advanced to within a few yards of the fort, and halted.

"Well," said the colonel, curtly, "what do you want!"

the honour of an interview with you, you promised me your daughter's hand, and then retracted the promise. You knew me as Lieutenant Murray. Now—well, you see!"

"Yes," said the colonel, with a cold contempt which made Murray wince, "I see a damned scoundrelly renegade." Turning to a trooper, he said loudly, "Go and ask Miss Langford to come here." Then to Murray, "My daughter will come to answer for herself."

The chief made no reply, and waited like a statue until Enid stood by her father's side.

Very brave and proud she looked. "What is it father? You sent for me?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I sent for you to answer that man. Not long ago he was an officer in the United States Army. You knew him as Lieutenant Murray. I believe you loved him. Now he is a traitor—a renegade. He offers us our lives if I give my consent to his marriage to you. What reply are you going to make to him?"

The girl's face was as white as death. She did not look at Murray, but fixed her eyes proudly on her father's face.

"My reply," she said without a tremor in her voice, "is that I prefer death to marriage with him."

"You hear!" said the colonel to Murray. "And now listen to me. If you and your devilish crew take the fort I will myself kill my daughter to save her from you."

Murray's face twitched painfully. He seemed about to speak, then without a word he turned and went back slowly to the trees.

"Now, my lads," said the colonel, "we may look out. They'll fight like fiends this time. Aim carefully, and don't waste a bullet. And if we must die, we'll die like brave men."

The attack was long in coming, and when it did come the defenders were surprised to see that Murray, so far from urging the Indians on, seemed to be trying to persuade them to retire. In vain, however, they had tasted blood, and he had no longer any influence over them. In despair he gave up the attempt, and started running towards the stockade. He had almost reached it when he fell.

The Indians came on, yelling furiously, and this time, though a steady fire was poured into their ranks, they did not waver.

Suddenly, above the shouts of the Redskins, there burst on the ears of the defenders the sound of another war-cry—a full-throated cheer! Round the corner of the stockade dashed a squadron of cavalry, with Major Wade at their head. The little garrison in the stockade went nearly mad with delight, and shook hands and embraced each other as the Redskins threw down their weapons and fled in all directions.

Just outside the stockade Murray was found, alive, but mortally wounded. He was carried tenderly to the colonel's house and laid on the colonel's own bed.

He had not many minutes to live. Enid and her father stood at the bedside, and the chaplain smoothed the hair back from the dying man's brow, where glowed, very vividly now, the mark of a cross.

"I'm sorry," Murray gasped painfully, "sorry. I tried—to keep—them back—but they were too much—for me." His eyes turned wistfully to Enid, and he strove to reach out his hand. "Will you—say—good-bye?"

She leaned forward and kissed his forehead. "Good-bye," she whispered.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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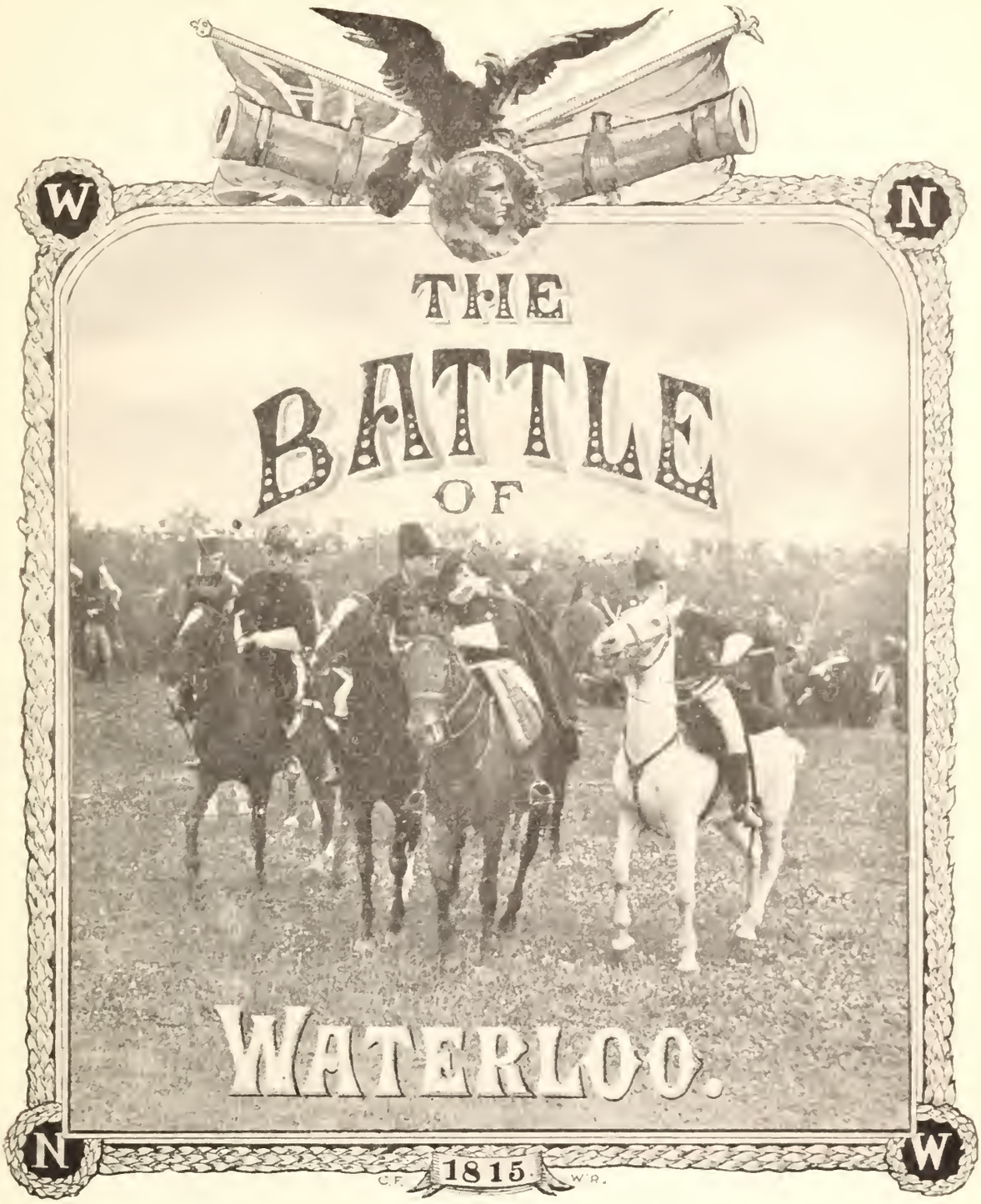
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THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

(From *Childe Harold*).

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry—and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No—'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer—clearer—deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated Chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro—
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness—
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste—the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war—
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier e'er the Morning Star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! They come!
They come!'

And wild and high the 'Cameron's Gathering' rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's—Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass—
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when the fiery mass
Of living Valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high Hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last Noon beheld them full of lusty life;—
Last Eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The Midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The Morn the marshalling in arms,—the Day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend,—foe,—in one red burial blent!

—*Lord Byron.*

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THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

WATERLOO is the outstanding battlefield of Belgium, not only to the British people, but to the Continental nations. Had Wellington failed in this campaign, it is hard to say what colours the map of Europe might present in the twentieth century. But it was not to be. For on those plains and fields and lanes—which look so calm and pleasant as we overlook them from the Lion Mound—the "sun of Austerlitz" set on the career of the "Man of Destiny," the power and ambitions of the great Corsican were finally overthrown; the French supremacy over Europe was at an end.



Wellington of the film.

The powerful and commanding personality of Napoleon over his soldiery was never better exemplified than in the campaign which culminated at Waterloo on Sunday, June 18th, 1815.

He arrived in Elba, a monarch in exile, on the 5th of May, 1814. On the 11th of March, 1815, while the representatives of all the European powers had met in Vienna to settle *finally* a number of questions left undecided at the termination of the war, a courier arrived among them with the intelligence that Napoleon Buonaparte had reared his standard in Provence. Europe sprung to arms against him. The Confederacy took steps to raise an army of over a million men. But the Emperor had soon ready an army of 375,000 soldiers: this, considering the state France was in, and the conditions under which he took up the war again, was nothing short of marvellous, and marks him out as one of the greatest of leaders and inspirers of men. His new army included an Imperial Guard of 40,000 chosen veterans, in the most splendid state of equipment and discipline, a large and brilliant force of cavalry, and a train of artillery of proportional extent and excellence.

Paris, positions on the Seine, the Marne, and the Aube were soon strongly fortified, as well as the passes of the Vosges. The Allies proposed to co-operate, and meanwhile Schwartzenburg with the Austrians was on the Emperor's right on the Upper Rhine, and Wellington and Blucher with the Anglo-Belgian and German armies, on his left.

Napoleon determined to strike quickly at the most active of his enemies—the Prussians and English. Massena and Souchet, he hoped, would hold the Austrians at bay,

while he struck hard at the forces under Blucher and Wellington.

Blucher had about 100,000 men concentrated, and occupied Charleroi, Namur, Givet and Liége. The Anglo-Belgian army numbered about 70,000 to 80,000, under Wellington, whose headquarters were at Brussels. The second division and most of the cavalry were at Hal, Audenarde, and Grammont. The reserves, under Picton, were at Brussels and Ghent. Of these only 35,000 were British troops, most of the Peninsular veterans being then in America. The two allied armies "leant" on each other, so as to give mutual support when attacked, as it could not be ascertained where Napoleon would strike—whether Ghent or Brussels. Even if Brussels were the objective, he had three routes of attack, by Namur, Charleroi, or Mons.

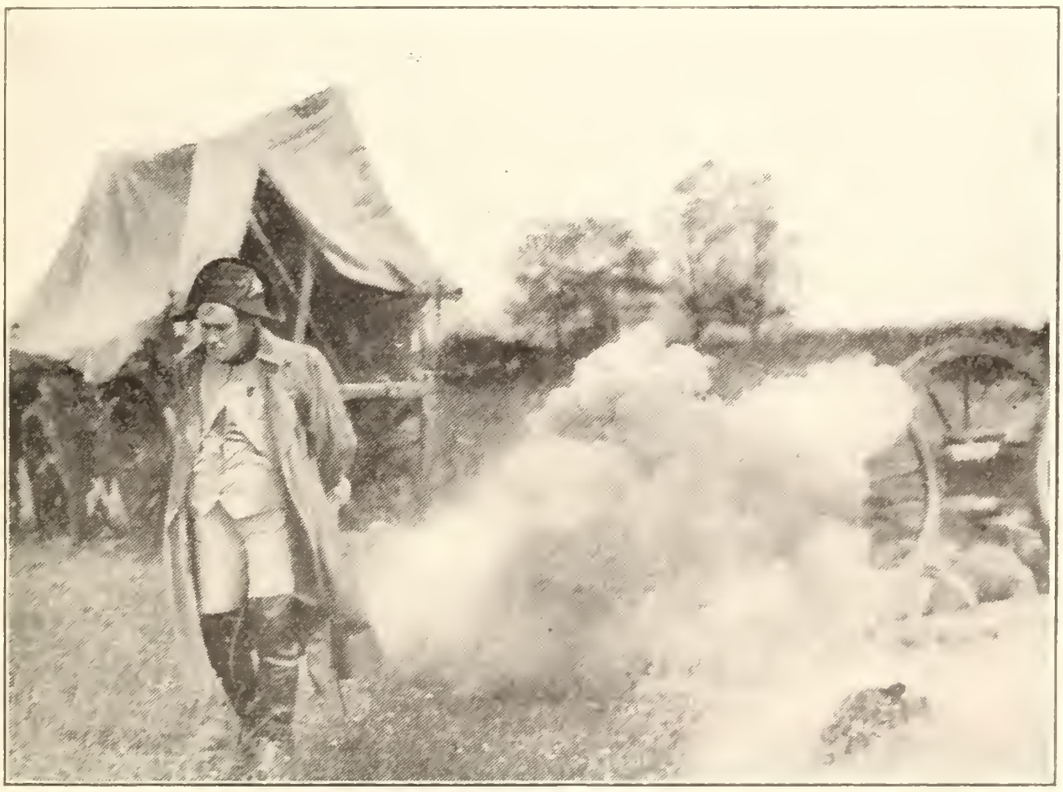
However, at daybreak, on the 15th June, the French drove in the outposts on the west bank of the Sambre, and assaulted Charleroi. The Emperor's plans were disclosed—namely, to crush Blucher ere he could fully concentrate—a division, under Bulow, being at Liége—far less be helped by Wellington, and then rush on Brussels. The attack, however, was withstood sufficiently to make the attempt of beating the Prussians in detail a failure, and the second part of the plan, to isolate them from Wellington, was made. Blucher grouped his force about Ligny, and the French held on to Quatre Bras. Wellington ordered his army to concentrate at this place by 11 o'clock on the night of Friday, the 16th. The famous ball at Brussels was duly held on the Thursday, as arranged, to keep the populace in ignorance of the real course of events. But secretly, silently, and expeditiously, the various divisions of Wellington's army, cantoned over an area of 50 miles, were collected at Quatre Bras in 24 hours.

The Emperor, on coming up from Charleroi at noon on the 16th, hesitated whether to attack Blucher at Ligny, or Wellington at Quatre Bras, but he gave the preference to Blucher with the main strength of his army, while Ney commenced the subordinate attack on Wellington. A severe and bloody day was the result. The Duke of Brunswick fell almost at the beginning. The 42nd Regiment went into action with 800 men, and only 96 privates and 4 officers returned unhurt. The allies lost altogether 5,000 men, and the French a like number ; but at night the English army was still holding Quatre Bras. Blucher, had, however, met with worse fortune, and was forced to make a masked retreat towards Wavre. Napoleon now anticipated a brilliant success. Blucher, he thought was ruined ; Wellington was on the point of annihilation.



Napoleon of the film.

Grouchy and 32,000 men followed Blucher's retreat, and the Emperor turned his attention to Quatre Bras. But Wellington, hearing of Blucher's retirement, fell back towards Waterloo, and took up a position before the village of Mont St. Jean. The Chateau of Hougomont and the farm of La Haye Sainte were strongly occupied, and formed the outworks of the defence. When the Emperor reached La Belle Alliance and found the army drawn up, he could not conceal his joy. He had feared that Wellington would retreat on Brussels and Antwerp, and await the Prussian forces. "At last," he exclaimed, "I have the English in my grasp." But the "sun of Austerlitz" was declining.



A scene from the film.

The night of the 17th was tempestuous, but abated through the morning of the following day. At noon, the French, under Jerome Buonaparte, charged Hougomont. Severe fighting followed, but the position was held and relieved. The cavalry, under Picton, charged the French Cuirassiers and suffered heavy loss, the gallant general being killed. The French captured La Haye Sainte, but were driven out again. The cuirassiers now tried to break the British squares, but failed, and were almost annihilated by the heavy crossfire to which they were subjected. Still the Prussians lingered, and at half-past six the heads of their columns only could be seen. It was an anxious hour for Lord Wellington. But even this approach was significant, and it became evident to Napoleon that unless a last and decisive onset drove Wellington from the post, the allies would join forces and the day be lost for France. The Emperor therefore prepared for the final struggle, and threw the OLD GUARD, under Ney, at the British front. This front was now concave, both wings having advanced in consequence of the repeated repulses of the enemy. They poured in an unremitting fire, while the wings kept moving forward, and when the heads of the French columns approached they were exposed to such a storm of musketry in front, and on either flank, that it was in vain to press home the attack. They reeled, lost order, and broke in a mass of confusion.

It was now the turn of the British infantry to attack. Wellington dismounted, gave the requisite commands, and the grand fellows plunged at the enemy. Napoleon's serenity was gone. "All is lost for the present," he exclaimed, and rode off the field.

The British advanced impetuously; the Prussians emerged from the woods, formed on the French right, and prepared to take their part. It was, therefore, a case of *sauve qui peut*. The battle of Waterloo was won; Europe was saved.

The loss of the men was terrible. "A great victory is only a little better than a

great defeat," said Wellington afterwards.

Nothing remains now but the glory—the memory. A few buttons or bits of broken helmets or cuirasses may still be picked up, but the green fields are silent and tranquil. Nature has gathered up all the refuse and mad turmoil of the struggle, and in her secret laboratory transfused and transformed the field of carnage into a scene of quiet repose and idyllic countryside.

In the village of Waterloo is a monument to the Marquis of Angelsey, and the rotunda of the church is crowded with numerous monuments erected to the memory of the officers killed in the battle. Close to Mont St. Jean, where Wellington placed his reserves, are two monuments: to the right, one erected to Col. Gordon, A.D.C. to Wellington; to the left, one to the 42 Hanoverian officers who fell.

T. McC.



Another scene from the film.



Mr. E. G. Batley
as "Napoleon."



Mr. George Foley
as "Blucher."



Mr. Vivian Ross
as "Marshal Ney."



"The foe! They come! They come!"



"Went pouring forward with impetuous speed."



"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
. . . Over the unreturning brave,—alas!"



" . . . when the fiery mass
Of living Valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high Hope, . . . "



"Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow."



"The earth is covered thick with other clay."



"The thunder-clouds close o'er it, . . ."



"Rider and horse—friend,—foe,—in one red burial blent!"

The Maid of the Clouds.

Deutsche Drama.

"WELL, Mr. von Barnau," said Mr. Hayward, "I like you. I guess you'll do for a son-in-law. You've got the family if you haven't the money, and I reckon I'm rich enough to buy Edith anything she wants."

Both men smiled, and the younger man began to express his thanks, but Mr. Hayward interrupted.

"I guess you'll do for a son-in-law," he said again, "but before I consent to a formal engagement there's something I want to tell you. There's nothing underhand about Jonathan Hayward, I reckon, and I want you to know all about me and my family before you become a member of it. Then, you can please yourself."

He paused, and the tall, handsome young fellow settled himself in his chair and waited, looking interested, but in nowise disturbed.

Mr. Hayward went on. "Edith has a sister - a younger sister. There'll be plenty of busybodies to tell you about Mary when you are engaged to Edith, and I prefer to do the telling myself. She came home from school about twelve months ago, with her head full of romantic notions and ready to be turned by the first good-looking scoundrel who came along I had my business to attend to, and only spent week-ends at home. Neither Edith nor I had any suspicion of what was going on, until one morning at my office in the city I got a wire: 'Mary gone. Come at once.' I took the first train down here and found the place in an uproar. Mary had not appeared at breakfast, and when Edith went to her room she saw that the bed had not been slept in. There were two notes on the dressing-table, one for Edith and one for me. They told us that the little idiot had eloped with some Italian villain—Sartori, his name was. We found out afterwards that he was a trick balloonist, who travelled about the country, giving exhibitions at village fairs. He goes up in a balloon and comes down in a parachute or something of that kind. I wish," Mr. Hayward broke out with sudden vindictiveness, "he had broken his cursed neck before ever Mary had seen him."

Von Barnau murmured a word or two of sympathy, and Mr. Hayward went on in a quieter tone. "She told us we were not to worry about her, or to try to get her back. She said she loved him, and love was all that mattered. I reckon she's found out her mistake by this time."

"Have you heard anything of her since?" asked von Barnau.

"Not a word; and I don't wish to hear. She cut herself off from us of her own free will, and she can stay off. If she came to me on her knees I would not listen to her—she's no daughter of mine."

Von Barnau rose. "I'm glad you've told me," he said; "but it makes no difference. I love Edith and I want to marry her. She can't help what her sister has done. I'm sorry for you, sir, of course; but I'm more sorry for Mary. Why, she can be little more than a child."

"Nineteen," said Mr. Hayward shortly. "Old enough to know better. But that's enough about her. You'd better go and find Edith; she's somewhere in the garden."

With a hearty handshake the two men parted.

Von Barnau knew where to find Edith. She had promised to wait for him in the summer-house. As he approached she came out to meet him.

"You look very grave," she said. "Was father difficult?"

"Not a bit," laughed von Barnau. "He says he guesses I'll do for a son-in-law."

"Dear old dad, I knew he would be nice. Then I suppose it is the thought of marrying me that makes you so serious. I shall be a great responsibility for you."

Von Barnau bent down and smiled into her eyes. "I hope," he said playfully, "that you intend to be a dutiful wife? If not I shall have to be very stern with you, after the manner of my ancestors. They used to

imprison disobedient wives in the tower of our old castle in Germany, and by means of a bread and water diet persuade them into a more reasonable frame of mind."

"How terrible!" cried Edith. "But I will be good, I promise."

"Then that's all right. But now let us be serious. Your father has been telling me about your sister Mary. Where is she, do you know?"

"No," replied Edith. "I have not heard anything of her for a long time. Father does not know I have had any communication with her at all. He would be terribly angry if he did. But she used to write occasionally. I fear she is very unhappy, though she is too proud to complain. I sent her all the money I could. It was not much, and I dare not ask father for more. That was more than three months ago, and I do not know whether she is dead or alive. Poor Mary!"

"Did you ever see the man she married?"

"Only once. She and I saw him make a balloon ascent at a village near here. Mary raved about him, his bravery, and his good looks. He certainly was good-looking, but he had a cruel face. I'm sure a man with a face like his would never be kind to a woman."

"Did Mary speak to him?"

"No, not then. That came afterwards, I suppose, but she never said anything to me about him."

"Would you like to see her again?"

"Oh, Adolph, that is just what I want. If only she would come home I'm sure father would forgive her, in spite of what he says. But we don't know where she is."

"No," said von Barnau thoughtfully, "but if the man is still performing he ought to be easy enough to trace. I'll keep an eye on the papers. I should think he'll be coming into this neighbourhood sooner or later, for money if for nothing else, and if he does we may be able to persuade your sister to leave him."

Von Barnau stayed some little time longer, but declined an invitation to dinner as he had a business engagement in town.



"The younger man began to express his thanks."

Edith and her father drove him to the station in the big car, and on their way back they passed, in the gathering dusk, a woman trudging wearily along the road. She was poorly dressed, and had a shawl over her head. She was carrying a heavily laden basket on one arm and with the other hand was holding the shawl under her chin. Edith barely glanced at the woman as they rushed past, and did not hear her startled exclamation, nor see her set the basket down in the road and stand staring after the car.

About a mile from the gates of the carriage-drive leading to Mr. Hayward's house, Edith saw a number of caravans in a meadow by the roadside. They had evidently only just arrived, for the horses were not yet all unharnessed, and a number of men and women were at work unloading the vans. Even as she looked she saw a man push a woman roughly aside and heard him curse her for her clumsiness. The woman gave him curse for curse, screaming shrilly.

Edith shuddered. This was the life her

sister Mary was leading. Perhaps somewhere she was being cursed for her clumsiness, half-starved—beaten! Edith glanced timidly at her father. Of what was he thinking? Nothing was to be learned from that hard, set face, with the stern eyes gazing at the road ahead.

* * *

When the car had passed out of sight the woman gathered her shawl about her once more, picked up her basket, and with a sigh that was almost a sob, resumed her weary tramp. She was young, only a girl in years, but if sorrow and trouble make a woman then had she been a woman for a weary while. She had recognised the figures in the car at once. They were her father and sister. When her husband had told her they were coming to Mayfield she had hoped, and yet dreaded, to see them. Her husband had told her sneeringly that he was hard up, and that it was time his father-in-law took some notice of his daughter's existence.

"I want money," he said brutally; "I thought you had a lot of your own or I would never have married you. You are of no use to me without money. We are going to Mayfield. It will be nice for your rich father to know that his little girl is living in a caravan outside the gates of his country house. Your sister, too, she will be pleased. And you must write a note asking them for money—a lot of it."

She had refused, and he had beaten her. She shuddered as she recalled the blow and the evil look on his face. Oh, if she had ever loved him, that was all over long ago. She hated him now, and she was terribly afraid of him. Yet she felt she would rather die than let her father and sister know her misery.

It was quite dark when she entered the meadow, and went towards her husband's caravan. At the foot of the steps she set down her heavy basket. It was time to prepare the evening meal, but she must rest before she faced Sartori again. She had been so immersed in her own unhappy thoughts that she had been unconscious of her surroundings. Now, as she sank on a pile of wood at the end of the caravan, the sound of angry voices broke on her ears. She recognised her husband's: the other was a woman's, and unfamiliar. For a minute or two she paid no heed; then something the woman said brought her up with a start, with all her senses tingling.



"Get into the van. Quick! Do you hear?"

"She is not your wife," cried the woman—"she is not your wife! You cannot marry another woman while I am alive."

"Shut up, you fool!" came Sartori's voice. "Do you want everybody to hear?"

"Yes, I do," the woman replied. "I am your legal wife, and I don't care who knows

it. And as for the woman who lives with you, that white-faced girl, I'll soon let her know what she is. What good is she to you, anyhow? She's got no pluck, and she can't do the act anything like as well as I can."

Sartori's voice broke in with some words which Mary could not understand, and then the woman spoke again, pleadingly :

"Oh, Enrico, take me back! Send her away and let me come back to you. I'm your wife, and you did love me once, before she came between us. Don't make me go to the police, Enrico."

"You may go to the police or to the devil for all I care," said Sartori. "Only don't let me catch you here again, or I'll break every bone in your body. Clear out! Do you hear? I've got another wife now."

The woman began to cry in an abandonment of grief, which enraged Sartori.

"Now then," he burst out. "Stop that whining, and clear out."

There was the sound of a scuffle and a stifled scream, and then the woman staggered out from the other side of the van, her arms stretched out to ward off a blow. Sartori advanced upon her threateningly, and suddenly she turned and ran, screaming threats as she went.

Sartori stood looking after her. Mary sat quite still. While the strange woman was speaking, the girl had been conscious of a thrill of joy. She was not bound to Sartori. This other woman was his wife, and she was free—free to leave him, to go where she would. She was too proud to go home and appeal to her father, but the world was wide, and she felt prepared to face anything rather than go on living with Sartori. But now that he stood there in the darkness close to her, the old fear came back. He would never let her go, she knew. Oh, if only she had never seen him, she might have been happy now with her father and Edith.

Perhaps Sartori would not see her. If he did not, and went away, she would slip quietly out on to the road and try to escape. Vain hope! Suddenly the man turned, saw her sitting on the pile of wood, and came over to her. "So," he said, shaking her roughly by the shoulder, "how long have you been here? What have you heard? Speak, can't you? What have you heard?"

She flashed back at him pluckily, twitching her shoulder away. "I've heard what that woman said. I know I'm not your wife, and that you have no right to keep me here. I'm going away." She stood up and moved a step or two, but he caught her by the shoulder again, and forced her down on to



"This other woman was his wife, and she was free."

the wood pile.

"Oh!" he sneered, "that's the game, is it? But you won't get away so easily. That woman is a liar! She is not my wife, and you are."

For a moment Mary was staggered. Then she said, "I don't believe you, and I refuse to stay here any longer." Again she rose, but he struck her in the face with his open hand.

"You are my wife," he repeated. "Get into the van. Quick! Do you hear?" He raised his cruel hand again, and Mary climbed the steps and went in.

Sartori picked up the basket and followed her. She set about the preparation of supper mechanically. She ate nothing herself, but he made a good meal. Afterwards he got up and went out, first warning her not to stir from the caravan.

As soon as he had gone she got out writing materials with the idea of writing a note to her sister appealing for assistance, but she had not finished the letter when Sartori returned. She had no time to hide it. He wrenched the paper from her hand, and read what she had written. Then he tore the paper up and laughed.

"No," he said, "I do not choose that you should write. Your father and sister will know soon enough that you are here, and if they want to see you they can do so. They can come and see you drop from the balloon in the parachute to-morrow afternoon. It will be a pleasant entertainment for them."

He laughed again.

In the middle of the night, when Sartori was asleep, Mary heard stealthy footsteps outside. She got up, quietly opened the little window in the side of the caravan and looked out. She could see nobody, and the footsteps had ceased. Presently she heard them again, and a figure came into view, apparently from the other side of the van where the balloon was stored. Mary could not make out whether the figure was that of a man or a woman, but there were several other caravans in the meadow, and it was nothing unusual for people to be moving about among them at unearthly hours. The figure passed out of sight, and Mary lay down again, but not to sleep. She thought of the morrow with fear. Many times she had leapt from the car of the balloon, and made the descent in the parachute. She had never had an accident, but now she felt unaccountably nervous, and dreaded the ordeal as she never had done before. Towards morning she fell into a troubled sleep from which she was aroused by the voice of Sartori.

She busied herself about breakfast, with the dread of the afternoon still strong upon her. Nervously she begged Sartori to cut the parachute item out of his programme, but he refused roughly. It had been advertised, he said, and she must go through with it. She tried in vain to shake off her depression, and with a dull misery at her heart helped the balloonist with his preparations. It was of no use hoping to get free. She was a prisoner—a prisoner for life—and she hoped it would soon be over.

Then she remembered that Sartori's performance had been advertised. Her father and Edith would see that "The Maid of the Clouds" was to make her thrilling leap through the air. They would know who "The Maid of the Clouds" was, she told herself. She hoped nothing from her father, but perhaps Edith would come and plead with Sartori to set her free. But the morning wore away, and Edith did not come.

Once more, in desperation, she appealed to Sartori to take the parachute leap himself, and allow her to descend in the car, but he refused again, more brutally this time, and she gave up the attempt in despair.

Already steam organs were blaring, the people were trooping into the meadow, and the show was about to begin. Sartori's "turn" was midway in the programme, and it was the most thrilling of them all. People had come miles to witness the leap of "The Maid of the Clouds." They surged tumultuously round the balloon enclosure, and Sartori had to push his way through them. As Mary followed, enveloped in a cloak, she heard their remarks as in a dream. "She's a plucky one," said a man's voice, and another replied, "Well, she don't look very happy about it." "Suppose something goes wrong with the parachute," said a girl to a friend as Mary passed. "Sh-h! She must have heard you."

They entered the enclosure. Sartori helped her into the car and got in himself. The huge balloon was swaying to and fro, and a dozen men had all they could do to hold it to earth. Sartori rapidly ran his eye over the car. He saw that the parachute was ready and that everything appeared to be in order.

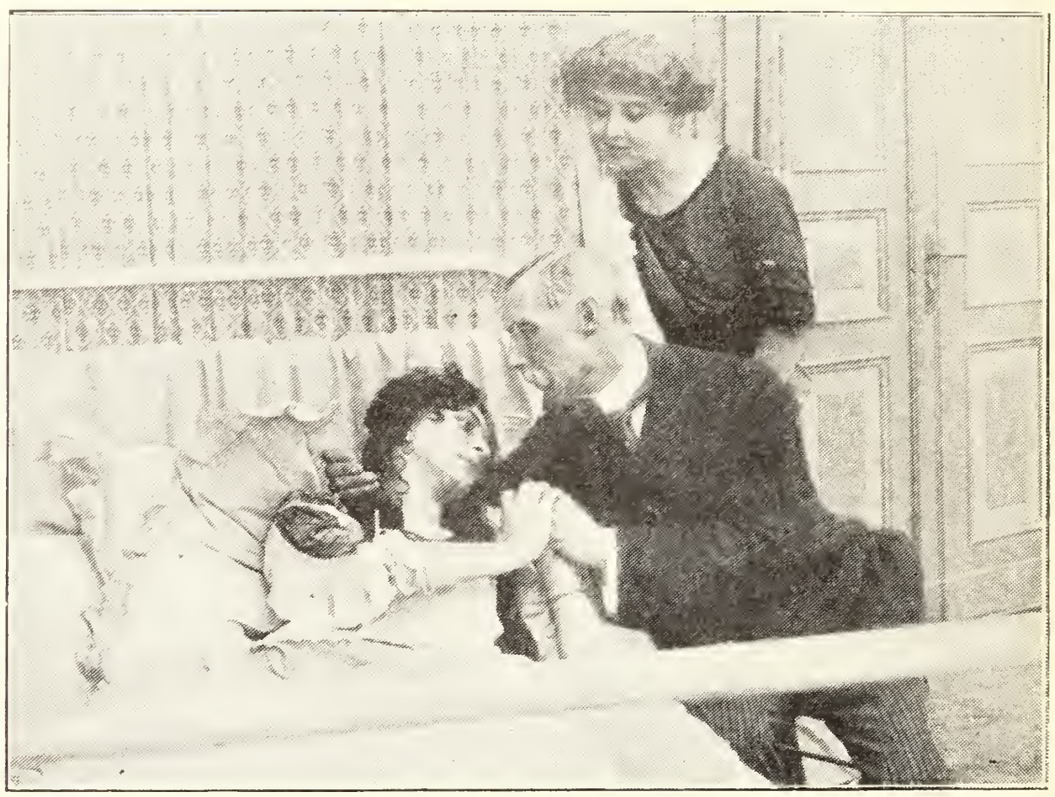
"Let go!" he roared, and at the word the huge yellow sphere shot up. The crowd

cheered madly, and Sartori waved a flag over the edge of the car.

At that moment a big motor-car stopped at the gate of the fair ground, and Edith and von Barnau alighted from it. Edith had seen the advertisement. She had not dared to say anything about it to her father, but as soon as her lover arrived she had shown it to him. They had come down with all speed in the car, hoping to be in time to prevent the performance. But they had arrived too late. The balloon with Sartori and Mary on board, was already far above the earth, and ascending higher and higher.

Edith clasped von Barnau's arm in affright "Oh!" she gasped. "Poor little Mary."

For a moment the figure clung to the car, and then let go. It dropped like a stone, with incredible swiftness. Then the parachute opened out, and the rapidity of the descent was checked. A wave of relief swept over the crowd. The people began to laugh and talk together as the figure approached the earth, very gently. Soon "The Maid of the Clouds" was plainly visible, a graceful form beneath the spreading umbrella-like object against the background of blue sky. It had been a successful descent and a thrilling spectacle. The people were already beginning to cheer and clap their hands. Then a woman screamed, and a cry of horrow burst from thousands of throats. What exactly



"Gazing with tear-filled eyes at his daughter who had been lost and was found."

Von Barnau spoke reassuringly. "It's all right. She's done it lots of times before. She'll come down like a bird, and then we'll try to get her away. It's only a question of money. Sartori will let her come fast enough if we pay his figure."

The balloon was still mounting up. Not a whisper came from the crowd, they seemed scarcely to breathe, and von Barnau and Edith, silent too, watched with them.

Suddenly there was a stir in the crowd, and a curious sound, as though thousands of people caught their breath at the same instant. A tiny figure appeared on the edge of the balloon away up in the blue heaven. happened nobody could tell, but the parachute seemed to collapse, and, still clinging to it, "The Maid of the Clouds" fell, like a bird indeed, but like a shot bird, into the branches of a giant oak tree at the far side of the adjoining field.

For two or three seconds the people stood rooted to the spot. Then they rushed forward. Two men climbed up into the tree with ropes. A sling was fashioned, and Mary Hayward's insensible form was lowered gently to the ground. There was fortunately a doctor in the crowd, and after a hurried examination he pronounced her to be only unconscious.

"Lucky thing the tree was there," said

the doctor to von Barnau, who had pushed his way through the crowd.

The young man cast a look at the balloon which was descending some distance off. Now was his chance to rescue Mary. He said a quick word or two to the doctor, a stretcher was speedily improvised, and Mary placed upon it. Von Barnau ran to where Edith was waiting, full of a terrible anxiety.

"She's only insensible," he said. "We'll take her home."

Very tenderly Mary was lifted from the stretcher to the car, and taken to her father's house.

Mr. Hayward's distress was touching to witness. Edith had been afraid he would refuse to let Mary stay, injured as she was, but the old man melted at once, telephoned for his own physician, and sat by the side on the bed gazing with tear-filled eyes at his daughter who had been lost and was found. When Mary opened her eyes at last her father's face was the first she saw.

She was not badly hurt, which proves that the age of miracles has not yet passed. In an hour or two she had so far recovered as to be able to tell her father all that had happened, and to beg his forgiveness and protection.

The old man bent over and kissed her. "Don't you worry, lassie," he said. "Now we've got you home we won't let you go again."

So it happened that when Sartori presented himself at the house, and with cool effrontery demanded his wife, he received a rather warmer reception than he had anticipated. He tried at first to brazen the thing out, but when Mr. Hayward told him that if he did not vanish from the neighbourhood at once he would be handed over to the police on a charge of bigamy, he saw that the game was up, and slunk out of the house and grounds like a beaten hound.

The cause of the parachute accident was never publicly explained, but months afterwards Miss Mary Hayward received an urgent message asking her to go and see a dying woman in a hospital in a town about forty miles away. Much puzzled, Mary went. The woman she learned, had been badly hurt in a parachute act with her husband, an Italian, named Sartori. She had not many hours to live, and she had asked for Miss Hayward to be sent for.

Mary went to the woman's bedside, and the nurse left them together. In broken accents the dying woman made her confession. She had been jealous of Mary, who she believed had taken her husband from her. On the night before Mary's performance she had entered the van in which Sartori's apparatus was stored, and had partly severed some of the cords of the parachute. She had meant murder, she said, but was glad afterwards that she had been saved from that sin. And now she could not die without confessing and obtaining Mary's forgiveness.

And Mary forgave freely. After all, she owed to this poor creature her escape from Sartori, and her restoration to a home of love and happiness.

Mr. John Lawson's "HUMANITY."

Adapted as a Photo-play. *In Three Parts.*

Filmed and Produced by - BARKER MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY, 1, Soho Square, London, W.

Secured by - - - - THE MAGNET FILM COMPANY, Ltd., Magnet House, 9, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

CAST :

Silvani, a Jew	Mr. JOHN LAWSON
Moses Silvani, his Father	FRANK SEDDON
Jacob Cuthbert, the False Friend ...	CHARLES STAFFORD
Capt. Grey, of the S. African Mounted Police ...	HENRY LUDLOW
Gabriel, the Butler	ROLLO BALMAIN
Mrs. Grey	Mme. JESSICA ELVIN
Adele, Silvani's Wife	Miss LUCILLE SIDNEY

also

The Guests in the Gambling Saloon, Police, Chauffeur, General Public.

Time - The Present.

THE ORIGIN OF "HUMANITY."

How the Famous play came to be written.

"HUMANITY" was originally produced as an episode at the Empire, Brighton, September 7th, 1896, by John Lawson. Some years previously it had been toured as a play by Mr. Lawson for his mother, who held the rights from Mr. Douglass and Hugh Marston, of the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, where, as a play, it was produced in 1882, with the cast at that time consisting of the late Arthur Dacre, Edwin Sash, and several well-known names that have made theatrical history. The play drew the West and East, and was commented upon by the late Henry Labouchere. Later, the last scene was played at the Gaiety Theatre, Strand. It was travestied into the play-burlesque, "More than Ever."

Reverting to the episode-production in 1896, at Brighton, Mr. Lawson (who is a man of moods) was hesitating between getting married and going to America and producing "Humanity" as an episode. Love conquered, and the episode was produced on Monday, September 7th, 1896, the manager at the Empire, Brighton, at that time being Mr. Fred Trussell (now at the London Hippodrome) and on the bill was Miss Kate Carney.

The salary paid Mr. Lawson was a very small one, and it was never anticipated what was in store for this extraordinary episode or sketch. That a monetary success was

about to be assured was not dreamt of—in fact, Mr. Lawson bought the two private boxes for the week for the trifling sum of £4, so that his *fiancée* might occupy one, and his friends the other. Mr. Lawson, in a interview on this sketch, stated that he himself anticipated a triumph. On the opening night, however, there was a very ordinary house (I believe £26); it is chronicled that some of the Barnatos and their friends were in front. Mr. Lawson had met the Barnatos and the Joels in Africa, and it is on evidence that the phrase "You do love my wife," was suggested by the late Barney Barnato. The famous song of "Only a Jew," which had been termed by some the "Jewish National Anthem," was received with an ovation, and when the fight founded on the Northumberland Street (now the famous Northumberland Avenue) tragedy in 1862 had been enacted, the small audience rose—excitement was intense, and as the *Times* described the scene, "The men fought with the ferocity of wild beasts." The wonderful climax came when the staircase fell, hurling the two men into the burning ruins, and the audience again rose and cheered and cheered again! It was a triumph for John Lawson. For the first time in the history of the stage the Jew was depicted as real flesh and blood—previous to Mr. Lawson's impersonation of the Hebrew, the Jew had been characterised with an impossible nose, diamonds, rings on dirty hands—gold chains resembling cables, and impossible check trousers—with greed and avarice stamped on every feature—as thief and cut-throat—a blackguard of the deepest dye. The Jewish nation to-day owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Lawson for his "Humanity."

The story of the first production is easily told. The next evening the Empire was crowded to excess. Managers came from far and wide to see this wonderful episode. The organ in the street could be heard with the strain of "Only a Jew." Comic singers imitated Mr. Lawson's call with the shawl round his neck—"You do love my wife," and "You dirty dog" became the catch phrases of the million. Its worth was immediately seen by Mr. Graydon of the Middlesex (the "star" maker)—there was a famous telegram from the manager of the Oxford Music Hall, London, to his managing-director, "Secure John Lawson for his natural life," two or three companies were organised, three halls nightly were worked, it ran *at the Oxford for seven weeks, eight weeks at the South London, and ten weeks at the Paragon.* It returned and returned again in the same year. Its first provincial engagement was in Liverpool: though only secured



"Silvani now stops to glance at a letter he found in the hall."

for a week, the other engagements following were cancelled or "bought off" that "Humanity" might run for a month. It was played on Sunday evenings at the clubs, it was copied and *plagiarised even to Corbett*, the fighting man securing the ingredients for America; but the public would only have John Lawson. "Humanity" is John Lawson and John Lawson is "Humanity." Even to-day it is still the "money spinner," as that eminent critic, Chance Newtown, termed it: Mr. Lawson owes a debt of gratitude to the *Referee*, which was the first paper to notice this wonderful episode.

In depicting this marvellous piece of work upon the screen, the Magnet Film Co. have spent a small fortune in getting the details and the atmosphere that "Humanity," which is "famous in the flesh," shall be equally famous on the screen.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

THE story opens on the screen by introducing Jacob Cuthbert, who is in great financial difficulties. His agitation and restless manner increase as the hour of three o'clock approaches. He has staked his remaining all on the favourite of the principal race that day. If the horse wins all will be well, if not—— Now we see a thrilling horse race "over the sticks." As the favourite falls at the last hurdle, a man rushes away from the course to telephone Cuthbert the result!

The distraught man hears the telephone bell ring and nervously picks up the receiver. In a moment he has heard enough. Flinging the instrument from him he rises from his seat and paces the room, his mind a blank, his heart full of despair. Creeping to a table he stealthily opens a drawer, bent on self-destruction, and seizes a revolver!

At that moment a man enters the room unobserved. It is Silvani, a kindly Jew. For a moment he stands in the doorway, taking in the situation at a glance. With a bound he tackles the would-be suicide, and frustrates Cuthbert's horrible resolve. The two men stand face to face. Silvani now addresses a word or so to his unhappy friend, and in the goodness of his heart does the most practical thing under the circumstances. He invites Cuthbert to come and live with him, share his home, and there reside until the clouds of misfortune have passed away. Cuthbert, now himself again, accepts this generous offer. He shortly leaves with



"In the moonlight, he discovers first a revolver; then a pocket book; and, last of all, the dead body of Captain Grey."

Silvani, and soon is welcomed by graceful Mrs. Silvani on the front steps of the fine mansion that is to be his home for a while.

Entering the house, Gabriel, a butler, relieves Cuthbert of his coat and hand bag. Silvani then leads his friend to a saloon at the side of the great hall, and there introduces him to some guests, who are busily engaged playing roulette—a game indulged in by the company every night at Silvani's house.

Silvani now stops a moment to glance at a letter he found in the hall. It is from a Mrs. Grey, asking Silvani to prevent her husband, who has had sunstroke in South Africa, from gambling, as it excites the almost invalid captain, and further, Mrs. Grey writes, he cannot afford it. Silvani places the letter in his pocket, and glancing round the room espies the Captain, and gently, but firmly, escorts him from the saloon, and forbids him to gamble again. The Captain, much against his wish, leaves the house, and Silvani returns to his guest and introduces Cuthbert to his new surroundings.

A month later at their pretty home, Mrs. Grey and her husband are at loggerheads. The Captain's love for gambling is a ruling passion, and, despite the entreaties of his wife, he leaves her for Silvani's house with a large roll of new banknotes in his possession.

By this time Cuthbert has won the close friendship of Silvani and his wife, and is amusing himself at the roulette table when Silvani hurries from the saloon to telephone his broker respecting some shares that have risen realising a big profit. While thus engaged Captain Grey is admitted into the hall by Gabriel. Silvani, seeing him, and remembering the promise he has made to Mrs. Grey, prevents the Captain from joining the players. Cuthbert now comes out of the saloon, and Silvani, anxious to retire upstairs and tell his wife the good news about his shares, hands the annoyed Captain over to Cuthbert, and at the same time impresses his friend with the necessity of keeping Grey from the saloon, and on no account to allow him to gamble. Silvani hurries up the staircase.



"Cuthbert called the butler to him."

Cuthbert leads Grey into an ante-room which looks on to the grounds of the house. Grey, alone with Cuthbert, now produces a well-filled pocket book and implores the man to play a friendly game with him unknown to Silvani. The sight of the crisp notes proves too much for Cuthbert. Calling the butler Gabriel, with whom he has struck up a sort of friendship, the three men confer, and it is arranged to get rid of Silvani for an hour or so by means of a false telephone message, purporting to come from Mr. Moses Silvani, Silvani's father. This scheme is at once put into operation, and Silvani leaves the house in his motor-car for his father's home.

Cuthbert's true colours are now disclosed. With the assistance of the rascally butler, who aids Cuthbert with a small hand mirror, Grey is soon fleeced of his money. The now penniless Captain tries to borrow a small sum to enable him to get a taxi and fetch more money. Cuthbert insults the young soldier, who becomes suddenly aware that he has been cheated. He runs into the hall, and, taking a revolver from his overcoat pocket, rushes madly back to the ante-room, when a terrific struggle ensues. Suddenly there is a report and Grey falls mortally wounded. For a moment Cuthbert and Gabriel stand as though petrified. Then, hurriedly, they pick up the body of Grey and carry it through the French windows to some bushes near by and hide it.

Returning to the ante-room the sound of knocking is heard on the hall door. Cuthbert tidies the ante-room, whilst Gabriel opens the hall door, and is horrified to see Mrs. Grey. She enters the hall and asks for her husband. Cuthbert has now recovered his sang-froid, and, seeing Mrs. Grey, informs her that her husband is not in the house, and invites the woman to see for herself. Of course her search is futile, and she is about to leave when she turns to Cuthbert and gives him a note she has already written, addressed to her husband. Mrs Grey asks Cuthbert to give the note to the Captain should he call, and then leaves the house.

Cuthbert, now alone, opens the note, reads it, and suddenly a dastardly plan enters his evil brain. He goes upstairs and enters the private drawing-room where Mrs. Silvani is seated. The murderer is determined to win the love of his friend's wife, and induce her to elope with him, and in that way cover up his tracks, and escape the penalty of the crime.

He is about to declare his passion when the telephone bell rings. Mrs. Silvani takes up the receiver and listens to her husband speaking from his father's house. He tells her he has been tricked; the message from his father was false, and she is to expect him home at once. Mrs. Silvani is mystified.



"Silvani covers the man with Grey's revolver."

She turns to Cuthbert and asks him about the message. The man at once produces the letter Mrs. Grey instructed him to give the Captain, signed "Ruth," and persuades Mrs. Silvani to believe that her husband is false and the letter is none other than one from another woman—a rival. With such evidence before her, Mrs. Silvani, unfortunately, falls into the trap. Cuthbert declares his love, and shortly afterwards the misled wife is persuaded to prepare at once to elope, and leave her supposed false husband for ever.

Whilst Cuthbert and Mrs. Silvani are making hasty preparations for flight Silvani returns, and enters the private door of his grounds. In the moonlight he discovers first

a revolver, then a pocket-book, and last of all the dead body of Captain Grey. Horrified, he hastily enters the house, and coming into the hall by way of the ante-room, is astonished to find Cuthbert dressed, bag in hand, ready for travelling. In a moment his suspicions are roused. He questions the murderer. "Where is Grey?" he asks, and produces the empty pocket-book and revolver. Cuthbert, unnerved for a moment, stands self-accused.

(6) At that moment Mrs. Silvani descends the staircase, and overhears the accusation. She at once confronts her husband with the letter given her by Cuthbert. Silvani instantly realizes his friend is false. Taking out of his pocket book the previous letter from Mrs. Grey he shows his wife the two letters side by side. Husband and wife now realise the depth of Cuthbert's villainy. Silvani covers the man with Grey's revolver and orders him to stay where he is, at the same time giving Mrs. Silvani instructions to call for the police, Mrs. Grey, and his father. Mrs. Silvani leaves at once in the car on her mission.

Silvani informs his guests in the saloon that he requires the house to himself. The company rise and take their leave. Then, closing all doors and locking them, Silvani approaches the terrified Cuthbert, saying, "You dirty dog; if this is your Christian gratitude, thank God I am only a Jew." He forces Cuthbert, at the point of the revolver, to sign his written confession on the letters from Mrs. Grey. Cuthbert very unwillingly uses the pen, when, suddenly realising his position, the desperate man turns and attacks Silvani savagely.

Picking up the hall lamp he flings it at Silvani. In an instant the place is in flames. Then ensues a terrible combat to the death. The beautiful hall is wrecked by the fighting, struggling men. Up the staircase they go, followed by the flames; from there they struggle into a bedroom. Then the flames drive them out again, and down the burning staircase they come, smashing themselves into everything and breaking everything —vases, ornaments, statuary, and furniture, etc., etc., in their frenzy.



"At the point of the revolver."

At last the flames gain the day, and the massive staircase falls with a terrific crash, burying the blood-stained and desperate men beneath the smoking ruins.

By this time Mrs. Silvani has called the police, and, with Mrs. Grey and the old father, the party enter the smoking hall. Horrified, they drag out the body of Silvani, and of the murderer Cuthbert, who is dead. The gallows are robbed of their lawful prey. Silvani recovers, however, and is soon clasped in the arms of his forgiving and at the same time repentant wife. Cuthbert's deceit is now known to all, and the false friend, although he has met a terrible fate, has fully merited it.

Partners in Crime.

Hepworth Drama.

CHAPTER I.

OLD Mr. Merideth had one passion. He was a lover of jewels. He owned a collection which would have made him world-famous, but he cared not a whit for fame. Possession was his only delight, and he guarded his treasures with jealous care.

He owned one jewel, however, the possession of which gave him no joy, though there were people who thought it the most beautiful gem in his collection. This was his daughter Ruth, eighteen years old, and as fresh and beautiful as a May morning. She had had the usual schooling, and when that was over her father had installed her as his housekeeper. It meant a saving in wages, and so long as she had his frugal meals ready when he wanted them, and did not let the housekeeping bills exceed reasonable limits, he troubled no more about her.

This morning, however, he had discovered that even a daughter may have a market value. He had received a visit from Stephen Kirk, who had made a formal proposal for Ruth's hand. The man bore an evil reputation. It was rumoured that he was the chief of a gang of thieves and smugglers. But Mr. Merideth was not in the way of hearing rumours, and even if he had been would not have heeded them.

Stephen approached the old man on the side of his cupidity. He told him of the property he owned, the rows of cottages, the fleet of fishing boats, the little coasting vessel, and, to crown all, promised the old man a valuable ruby to add to his collection if he would consent to his marrying Ruth. That settled it. It never struck the old man that the transaction amounted to the sale of his daughter.

Later, after Stephen had gone, he had had an interview with Ruth, and told her that she was to marry Kirk. The girl was indignant, and declared that she loved Harry Fenton, and intended to be his wife. She said it very bravely, but her heart sank as she saw that her protestations made no impression upon her father.

"Harry Fenton!" he said contemptuously. "Why, he's only a common sailor. He has not a penny beyond what he earns, while Stephen Kirk is a rich man."

"I don't care if he hasn't a penny," Ruth replied defiantly. "I love him, and at any rate he's honest. Stephen Kirk is——"

"Well, what is Stephen Kirk?"

"I don't know what he is, but I'm sure he hasn't got his money honestly."

"Oh," sniffed Mr. Merideth, "people always say that about rich men. It is only the unsuccessful who are honest. But that's neither here nor there. I've given my word, and marry Stephen Kirk you shall."

Tears and prayers alike were of no avail; the old man was as hard as one of his own diamonds, and Ruth was at last reduced to silence. Old Merideth told himself that her silence meant submission, and he felt that the ruby was as good as his already.

He would not have felt so sure of it if he could have known what was taking place that moment in a little public-house down by the docks. The place was kept by one Sam Surridge, whose reputation was no better than Stephen Kirk's. The two had been partners in many a nefarious scheme. They were now seated in a little room behind the bar, talking earnestly in low tones, and the subject of their conversation was Mr. Merideth's jewels.

"They're worth thousands, I tell you—thousands," said Kirk. "There's nobody in the house but the old man and his daughter and an old servant."

Sam's eyes glistened greedily. "Well," he said, "you know the house. Where does he keep the jewels—in a safe?"

"Not he. He keeps them in his study in a cabinet. It'll be a soft job. We can get into the place by the window, pick the

lock, collar the swag, and get away again in half-an-hour, and nobody the wiser."

"Well, I'm with you," said Sam. "Only share and share alike, mind."

"Oh, come, that's a bit thick," returned Kirk angrily. "I spot the jewels and arrange the whole thing, and then you come



Miss Alma Taylor as "Ruth Merideth."

along and want half. No, no, I'm in command, and I want the biggest share."

"No, by thunder," shouted the other, banging his fist on the table, "NO! I says halves, or else I ain't in it at all. Please yourself, only remember you can't afford to quarrel with me. I know too much, I do."

Kirk was compelled to agree. "Well, be quiet," he snapped. "We don't want to take the whole town into our confidence."

"Well then," said Sam, "don't you come no tricks along o' me. You play fair with me, and I'll play fair with you. That's reasonable that is, and right and proper. I only want my dues."

"Of course," said Kirk. "And now when shall we do the trick?"

Sam considered a moment. "Couldn't have a better time than to-night. There's no moon, and the wind's blowing up for a gale."

It was settled that the two conspirators should meet outside Mr. Merideth's garden gate at eleven o'clock, by which time the old man was generally in bed and asleep.

Chapter II.

It was a wild night. Sam Surridge was a good weather prophet. The gale he had predicted had sprung up at sundown. Mr. Merideth's house on the hill above the little town felt its full force. The wind roared in the chimneys and rattled the windows, and Ruth, lying wakeful in bed, was thankful that on this night Harry Fenton was safe on shore. She had found means to send a note to her sailor sweetheart, telling him of her father's decision, and assuring him that, whatever happened, she would marry nobody but him. Her messenger had brought back a reply.

"I must see you," Harry had written. "Can you come into the garden to-night about midnight? Your father will be fast asleep by that time, and we shall be able to talk undisturbed."

Ruth meant to keep the appointment. She had not yet heard her father go to his room. He must be sitting later than usual in his study. But it was only eleven o'clock; there was another hour before she could go to meet Harry.



Mr. Harry Royston as "Sam."

A door banged somewhere, and once Ruth thought she heard the sound of voices, and a queer sort of choking cry. She sat up in bed and listened intently. At last she told herself that the only noises she had heard

were those of the storm. If only her father would come to bed, she would dress and go into the garden to meet Harry. A gentle knock at the door made her heart jump furiously.

She forced herself to get out of bed and walk across the room. "Who's there?" she asked in a voice that she could not keep steady.

"It's me, miss—William. Please open the door."

It was the old man-of-all-work. Ruth opened the door and saw him standing there, a lighted candle in his hand. He was shaking all over, and was evidently badly scared.

"There's someone in the 'ouse, miss," he said in a tremulous whisper. "I'm sure I 'eard a noise in the study. I'm afraid something 'as 'appened to master."

Ruth began to be afraid, too, but she would not show it before the old man. "Oh," she said, "father's sitting up late in the study, that's all. But perhaps we'd better go and see if he's all right."

Quaking in every limb, the girl led the way downstairs, the old man following with



Miss Flora Morris as "The Innkeeper's Daughter."

his candle. A light streamed from under the study door.

Ruth boldly turned the handle and walked in. As she did so there was a startled exclamation, and Ruth's eyes looked full in the face of Harry Fenton.

"Harry!" she cried, took a step towards him, and stopped at a scream from the old servant. He was bending over a big arm-chair in which old Mr. Merideth sat in a huddled heap, quite dead, with wide open eyes staring horribly out into the room.



Mr. Harry Tilbey as "Mr. Merideth."

The old man-servant placed his hand over his master's heart, and drew it away with a cry. He held out his hand.

"Look!" he said in a hoarse whisper, "Blood!—the master has been murdered!" Then for the first time he seemed to see Harry. "See what he's got in his hand," he cried, staggering back, and pointing, "There's blood on it!"

Ruth saw, with a start of horror, that her lover was holding in his hand a dagger of curious make, whose richly jewelled hilt had made it one of the choicest specimens in her father's collection.

Fenton himself had been staring stupidly at the old servant, but now he seemed to realise what it was he was holding, and threw the dagger from him.

"You don't think I killed him, do you?" he asked in indignation.

Ruth stepped forward and reached her hands up to his shoulders. "Of course not, Harry. I'm sure you did not. But tell us how you came here, and how you found—him."

"Well," said Harry, "that's soon told. I came expecting to meet you, and saw the study window open. I thought as the night

was stormy you did not wish to come into the garden, and had left the window open for me. So I climbed in expecting you would be here, and I found *this*," pointing to the body. "I had not been in the room two minutes when you and William came in.



"Harry Fenton is in love with Ruth Merideth."

I found your father lying huddled up in a chair, with that dagger in his heart. And that's all I know about it," he concluded.

Then he turned and looked round the room. "There's been rough work here," he said. "The place has been burgled."

The room was in confusion. Chairs had been overturned, and the cabinet in which Mr. Merideth had kept his jewels had been broken open. The door hung now on one hinge, and the cabinet was empty.

But Ruth did not waste time thinking about the jewels. She suddenly noticed that the old manservant had disappeared, and in a moment she guessed that he had gone for the police. He would tell them that he had found Harry in the room, with the dagger in his hand bending over Mr. Merideth. Such evidence in the eyes of the police would be damning, and they would not hesitate to arrest Harry if they found him still in the house. But they must not find him : he must hide.

In a few hurried sentences she pointed out to him the peril in which he stood, and though Harry was himself inclined to stay and tell his story, he yielded to her entreaties that he should seek safety in flight.

Five minutes after he had gone, William returned with the police.

Ruth told the story as her lover had told it to her, but the police were frankly incredulous. Neither that night, nor the next day, nor for many days following, did they find Harry, though the hue-and-cry went through the whole countryside.

There was someone else besides the police who was anxious to discover Fenton's hiding place. Now that Mr. Merideth was dead Stephen Kirk found that his suit with Ruth made no progress. Kirk had a shrewd suspicion that she knew where Harry was, and that she was in communication with him. Besides being jealous of the young sailor on Ruth's account, Kirk felt that while Fenton was at large he himself was in peril. Fenton evidently had friends, or he could not have remained so long hidden from the police, and there was no knowing what they might find out about his and Surridge's movements on the night of the tragedy. On the whole Stephen Kirk felt that he would know no piece of mind until



"The old man was as hard as one of his own diamonds"

Fenton was in custody. The evidence of the manservant, corroborated, however unwillingly, by Ruth's testimony, would be strong enough to hang him, and, for the motive, there was the fact now known to the police, that Mr. Merideth had refused

to consent to his engagement to Ruth, and had forbidden the girl to see him.

Kirk decided to play the detective himself, and as a first step he determined to keep a watch upon Ruth. Fortune favoured him, for, two or three evenings later, he saw the girl turn down a side street leading to the beach. He followed her as closely as he dared, and presently she came out into the open, and walked straight to one of a number of sheds used by the fishermen as boathouses. Kirk saw her knock at the door, which was presently opened. She went in, and the door was closed again. He had seen all he wanted. This, then, was Fenton's hiding place. He made all speed back to the town to tell the police of what he had seen.

He was unaware that he himself had been spied upon. As he disappeared, a fisherman who had been crouching by the side of an old boat, rose quickly and hurried across to the shed. He opened the door and walked in without ceremony. The place was in darkness.

"Harry," he called, "Where are you?"

Fenton and Ruth came forward from a bench just inside the door.

"Kirk's been down here," said the fisherman. "Followed the young lady. He's running back to town like mad, the swab! He'll be here with the police in less than half-an-hour. You'll have to tramp, my lad. Here! put on this old wideawake and pull the brim over your eyes. Nobody'll know you. Best get down to the docks, I should think. Anyhow, you ain't safe here any longer. I'll see that the young lady's all right."

There was nothing else to be done, and no time to argue. With a shake of the hand for his friend, and a kiss for his sweetheart, Harry was gone. Ruth made her way back to the town by a different route, and when Kirk and the police arrived, the fisherman was sitting at the open door of his shed looking out to sea.



"The place was kept by one Sam Surridge."



"Sam succeeds in kidnapping Ruth."

He met Kirk's excited and angry accusations with a stout denial, and the close questioning of the police-inspector failed to elicit from him anything beyond the statement that he had been sitting smoking at his door all the evening and "adn't seen nobody—not a living soul."

Chapter III.

Stephen Kirk took his defeat badly. He felt that he was being beaten at all points. He had the jewels right enough, but he had not dared to try and dispose of them, and his confederate was pressing for his share of the plunder. He supposed he would have to pay him something; but in the meantime his chance of marrying Ruth seemed to be exceedingly remote. Curse the girl! If he could not get her by fair means he would try foul. He decided upon a plan which in his calmer moments he would have rejected as too dangerous. Surridge's co-operation

would be necessary, and in the little room behind the bar of Sam's public-house a dastardly plot was concocted. Surridge was squared for the moment by a payment of five hundred pounds on account, and he fell in readily enough with the proposals of his chief.

That evening a rough-looking fisherman called at the house on the hill and asked to see Miss Merideth. When Ruth appeared he told her, with an air of great secrecy, that Harry was in hiding at the "Jolly Sailor's" Inn down by the docks, and that he had important news. He begged her to go to the inn at nine o'clock.

"But why didn't he send a note?" asked Ruth. "How am I to know what you tell me is true?"

"Well, miss, I've given the message," was the man's reply. "'Tell her I'm with



"They find no one but the owner of the boathouse there."

friends,' he said, 'and I daren't write for fear of the letter fallin' into the hands of the police.' Them were his very words."

"Very well," said Ruth. "Tell him I'll come."

"You'd better come to the side door," advised the man. "There's sure to be people in the bar."

Ruth had no reason to doubt the genuineness of the message. She had heard no word from Harry since he had had to leave the shed on the beach, and she had been hungering for news of him. She decided to keep the appointment.

Punctually at nine o'clock she knocked at the side door of the "Jolly Sailors" Inn. It was opened by the man who had brought the message. He stood aside to allow her to enter. "He's in there, miss," said the man, pointing to a door at the end of the passage. "Go right in." Ruth walked on and opened the door quietly. In the dim light she saw a man sitting at a table. His back was towards her. She closed the door and called softly, "Harry!"

The man sprang up and faced her.

"You!" she gasped. The man was Stephen Kirk!

Ruth turned and took a step towards the door, but Kirk was too quick for her. He caught her by the arms and forced her into the chair in which he had been sitting.

"Yes, I!" he said. "Stephen Kirk, at your service. You were expecting someone else apparently—Harry Fenton perhaps, your father's murderer!"

"He's not," she flashed. "How dare you call him that!"

"I only say what other people are saying," returned Kirk. "But I don't think we need trouble about him—you and I. The police are on his track at last, and he'll find himself in a police cell before many hours have passed. Ah! that touches you, does it? You ought to be glad that the murderer of your father is to receive justice."

"I don't believe a word you say," said the girl. "Whoever it was that took my father's life took his jewels as well." She paused, and then, looking him straight in the eyes, she said very distinctly, "Do you know where those jewels are, Stephen Kirk?"

The man's jaw fell, and for a moment Ruth could have sworn there was fear in his eyes. But he quickly recovered, and, laughing loudly, replied, "I! How should I know where they are? I only wish I did. I'd put the police on the track of them fast enough. But now let's get to business. I sent for you here to have a talk with you about another matter, and we may as well come to it at once. It was your father's wish that you should be my wife. I've waited for you some time, and I don't intend to wait any longer. If you consent now there need be no further trouble, and I will escort you to your home. If not, you will be kept here till you promise. What do you say?"

His coolness frightened Ruth, but she would not let him see it, and answered

bravely enough. "Whatever you may do I will never consent to be your wife, Stephen Kirk. I believe you to be a liar and a thief, and worse, and I'd rather die than marry you."

He winced, but managed a wry smile. "You may sing a different tune in the morning," he said. "You perhaps do not realise that you are a prisoner. The people of the inn are my friends, and you need not think of release; it will be impossible."

With that he was gone. He left by the side door and entered the bar, in which a number of men were drinking. One man, seated at a little table, pulled his wideawake hat over his eyes as Kirk entered. Stephen had a drink at the bar, and then, with a glance at Surridge, who was behind the counter, went through into the little room. Presently Surridge followed. The man with the wideawake hat got up and slouched into the street.

A few minutes before closing time he returned. There were no customers in the place, and nobody behind the bar. The man heard voices in the little room, and slipping quietly behind some empty barrels in a dim corner, lay down and waited. He made no sound when Surridge came out from the little room, locked the front door, and put out the lights. But when the innkeeper had retired once more, the man rose, and, still without making a sound, passed behind the bar, and glued his ear to the door of the little room. He seemed to find the conversation interesting. Presently Surridge's voice burst out angrily.

"I tell you five hundred pounds ain't enough for me. The jewels were worth thousands, you said; and so they were, and our agreement was to go halves. I wants my share, and so I tell you. If I don't get it, I blows the gaff."

"Don't be a fool, Sam," said a quieter voice, which the listener recognised as Stephen Kirk's. "You have as much reason to fear the police as I have. You helped to steal the jewels, and you'll have your share when the affair has blown over. Then what about the girl? You'd look a pretty fool going to the police when she is in your own house at this moment!"

The listener nearly betrayed himself in his astonishment. The girl in this house! They must mean Ruth. But what was Surridge saying?

"That's all very well, but I didn't kill the old man, did I? I haven't got murder on my soul. No, you're the one what done that, and I reckon if you don't let me have my share of them thousands I'll let the police know they're looking for the wrong man."

The listener had heard enough. He wrenched open the door and confronted the two conspirators.

"By God!" shouted Surridge. "It's Harry Fenton!"

Kirk said nothing, but he made a wild rush at Harry, with murder in his eyes. Harry met him fairly, and gave him a left-hander on the point of the jaw which sent him staggering backwards. He came on again more warily, at the same time crying



"Get the handcuffs on them quick."

to Surridge: "We must settle him, you fool! If we let him go we shall both swing."

Thus encouraged, Surridge snatched up an iron bar that served as a poker, and both men made a dash at Harry, who dodged and delivered another smashing blow at Kirk. At the same time he shouted at the top of his voice, and was answered immediately from the street.

There was a thundering bang at the door, which burst open, and half-a-dozen burly fishermen sprang over the wreck of it. In a trice Kirk and Surridge were secured and handed over to the police who presently arrived. They had been summoned by Ruth. The girl had over-

powered Surridge's daughter, who had been set to guard her, and escaped. She now recognised Harry with a glad cry, and ran to his arms. One of the policemen recognised him, too, and would have arrested him with the others, but Sam Surridge intervened.

"No," he said; "he ain't the man you want. He's innocent. Stephen Kirk is the one what killed old Mr. Merideth, and I seen him do it. He's got the jewels, too. I'll turn King's evidence, I will."

"Oh!" said the inspector, "so that the way of it. Well, Mr. Fenton, you may go. But don't run away again. We shall want your evidence. And as for these others, we'll see that they don't give us the slip. Get the handcuffs on 'em, men! Right! Quick march!"



The Adventures of Jacques.

"Flying A" Drama.

CAST.

JACQUES LE GRANDE	WARREN KERRIGAN
A KING OF FRANCE	ROBERT GREY
CONSTANCE, a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen	VIVIAN RICH
A QUEEN OF FRANCE	CHARLOTTE BURTON
THE DUKE DE MONSERRAT	JACK RICHARDSON
BARON LE GRANDE	GEO. PERIOLAT

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN WITH THE DICE-BOX.

IT is a long road from Gascony to Paris, but Jacques de Brissac would not have had the journey shortened by a mile. He had been a little melancholy when he started out from the château with little else but the horse he rode, the good sword which his father had carried to the wars, and an old man's blessing. His father had only been able to give him sufficient money for the journey, but he had written a letter to an old friend, who held an influential position at the Court. From this letter both Jacques and his father hoped much. Then the old man had laid a trembling hand on his son's head, and bidden him fear God and honour the king and the cardinal. But at twenty melancholy does not last, and before he had travelled far on the road, Jacques was carolling as lightly as a bird. It was an old love song that he sang. Not that he was in love, but to be in tune with the morning and the sunshine and the spring-time. He sang because he could not help it.

He lunched at an inn by the roadside and washed down the repast with a modest bottle of wine. He rode steadily all the afternoon, meeting scarcely a soul except as he passed through some little village, where the men touched their caps and the women curtsied low to this dashing young cavalier. He kissed the tips of his fingers gaily to all the pretty girls, but this was only sport for boys. As yet he had not had to lay his hand on the hilt of his sword. Much he feared that this first day was to pass without adventure.

He had travelled many miles, and his horse, which was tough and wiry, though somewhat curious in colour, and past its first youth, was already showing signs of fatigue. Jacques himself was hungry, for a spirit of adventure is no bar to appetite.

The sun was well in the west when he rode into the little town where he had planned to stay the night. He had been there once before with his father years ago, and they had put up at an inn in the market place. Jacques turned his horse's head there now, and, coming to the inn at a walking pace, was aware of a crowd of loungers who sat drinking at benches in the open space before the house. He rode up to the inn with his head held high, and shouted for the ostler as coolly as an old campaigner. Then he dismounted, and removing his hat with a flourish, bowed low and wished the company a good evening.

Most of the loungers returned his greeting civilly, but his quick ear caught some low spoken words and a ripple of laughter. Quick to take offence, like all Gascons, he spun on his heel, and saw, seated at a table a little to his right hand, three men whose dress showed them to be of superior rank to the rest of the loungers. At his look the laughter ceased, but Jacques saw them smile at one another. One of the men held a dice-box, and was just about to throw when Jacques crossed to the table.

"You are pleased to be merry, gentlemen!" he said, the colour mounting to his face.

"Certainly," said the man with the dice-box. "We are, as you say, pleased to be merry. And is that any concern of yours?"

One of his companions laughed again, so insolently that Jacques hand flew to his sword-hilt.

"If your merriment is at my expense, sir," he began angrily.

"By no means," said the first man. "One would not presume to laugh at such a martial-looking cavalier. We were, I confess, a little amused at monsieur's horse. The animal doubtless has good points—indeed, one can see them at a glance—but his colour is a little unusual, and his tail—well, upon my word, his tail is droll. We were saying, monsieur, that your horse would certainly cause a sensation in Paris—if you are going there."



"Then the old man had laid a trembling hand on his son's head."

The man smiled pleasantly, and his companions sniggered.

"Sir," said Jacques angrily. "I think you do laugh at me, in spite of your denial; but, whether or no, you sneer at my horse, and an insult to my horse is an insult to me. I have the honour to demand satisfaction."

The man dropped the dice-box in astonishment. "Surely," he said, "you do not propose to fight about a horse?"

"One pretext will do as well as another," was Jacques reply. "Let us say that it is about a horse. At any rate we will fight."

"Why," said the man airily to his companions, "here's a young cock that crows pretty loud. What say you? Shall I cut his comb?"

By this time a crowd had gathered about them, and one of the man's companions said something to him in an undertone.

"Nonsense," he said: "it will be easy enough. If he dies, our work will be the easier, and the Cardinal will not mind so long as he gets what he wants."

"Hist! Your wagging tongue will get all our throats cut one of these days," muttered the other with a suspicious glance around. "Well, if you will fight, in God's name get it over quickly.

The landlord came running up with a comical look of alarm on his chubby countenance.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" he almost wept. "For the love of God, don't fight here. I shall be ruined—ruined!"

"Not a bit of it," said the man with the dice-box. "There'll be nothing but a little sword-play in your garden. Of course accidents happen sometimes, but one cannot help that. Now, sir,"—saluting Jacques with exaggerated courtesy—"if you are quite ready?"

"Quite," said Jacques, and followed him and his companions through the inn to a little green lawn at the back.

One of the strangers agreed to act as Jacques' second, and the two principals, bareheaded and in their shirtsleeves, faced each other, sword in hand.

Jacques had been trained in the use of weapons by his father, one of the finest swordsmen of his day; but it was his first duel. Small wonder if his heart beat rather faster than usual, and a mist came over his eyes for an instant as he thought of his

father, sitting lonely in his room at the château.

But there was little time for thoughts like these. His adversary was waiting. They saluted ceremoniously, and the swords crossed. The man of the dice-box evidently ment to get the business over and done with quickly. He did not anticipate much trouble in dealing with this boy. He attacked hotly, but found to his astonishment that Jacques gave ground not at all. His wrist seemed made of steel and there seemed no trick of swordsmanship he did not know. Soon it was the boy who was doing the pressing, and the man began to give ground. He knew that he was beaten, and Jacques saw a look of fear come into his eyes, while the perspiration stood in beads on his brow. Suddenly, in desperation, he made a wild



"I have the honour to demand satisfaction."

lunge at Jacques, who parried, and before his antagonist could recover, thrust him through the shoulder.

The man fell back into the arms of his second, and the others crowded round. Now and then they cast venomous looks at Jacques, who, having assured himself that his opponent was not badly hurt, returned to the inn, where he engaged a room.

Chapter II.

The Fight in the Moonlight.

He was shown into an apartment the low window of which overlooked the open space in front of the inn. Having removed the stains of travel and made some changes in his attire, he went downstairs and ordered a meal, which was served for him in the public room. He sat long over his supper, and when at last he retired to his room the night had fallen. Instead of calling for lights he dropped into a chair by the open window to think over the events of the day, and particularly of his encounter with the man of the dice-box. As he sat there the sound of voices came up to him.

"Gaston was a fool," said a voice, which Jacques recognised as that of a man who had acted as his second. "He need not have fought at all; and now he is laid by the heels for a week, at least."

Another voice struck in. "But who would have thought that boy would have been such a swordsman? Why, Gaston had no chance with him from the beginning. He is lucky to have escaped with a wounded shoulder."

Here the voices sank lower, and Jacques cautiously drew his chair nearer the window. For some time only a murmur reached him. Then a third man spoke in a louder key.

"I tell you I am sure he's the man. Young, a Gascon, a finished swordsman—he tallies with the description in every way. His youth is in his favour, too. An older man might have been suspected, whereas nobody would connect this raw boy with affairs of State. Depend upon it, he has the letter about him now."

This was interesting. Jacques had a letter, but certainly it had nothing to do with any affair of State. He quickly realised, however, that if these men thought so, his danger was as great as if it had. He listened more intently than ever, but the voices were now much lower, and he only caught a phrase or two here and there. But he heard enough to convince him that he had to do with men who would stick at nothing, and that it would be wiser not to sleep in a bed that night.

After the talk below had ceased, he sat in his chair for some time thinking. The moonlight streaming in at the window gave him an idea. It left part of the room in deep shadow, and there was a massive piece of furniture there which would shield a man from the observation of anybody who entered the room. Moving very silently, he took

some old clothes from a cupboard and wrapped them in a bundle. This he placed in the bed, and drew the coverlet carefully over it. Approaching the bed from the door, he decided that the bundle would pass well enough for a sleeping man. By the time he had completed his preparations it was nearly midnight. He could not hear a sound in the house. With his sword ready in his hand, he stood waiting in the shadow. The time passed slowly, and he began to find the waiting irksome. He was just wondering whether after all the attack was to be made, when a board creaked in the passage outside. There followed a whispering and a shuffling of feet. Then the door opened slowly and a head appeared. Jacques took a firmer grip of his sword, and his heart was thumping. Apparently reassured by the silence, a man came into the room, and two others followed him cautiously, making no sound. Jacques could see them distinctly in the moonlight. They were the men with whom he had had the altercation early in the evening. The man who entered first had a pistol in his hand. He approached the bed on tip-toe, took deliberate aim and fired.



"The sound of voices came up to him."

With a bound Jacques was upon him, and ran him through the breast. The man fell without a cry across the bed, and the Gascon turned just in time to meet the attack of the other two ruffians, who had quickly recovered from their surprise and made a furious onslaught upon him. Here was no opportunity for style or science. Jacques had all he could do to defend himself. He manœuvred to keep his assailants in the moonlight while he himself was in shadow. But it might have gone hard with him if one of the men had not caught his foot in something on the floor, and stumbled. In a flash, the Gascon saw his chance and thrust forward. The point took the man in the throat. He gave an awful gurgling cry, threw up his hands and fell headlong. With a yell the third man turned and rushed from the room, leaving Jacques with two dead men for company.

The affair had only lasted a few minutes, but already the house was alarmed. Jacques was still standing sword in hand when the landlord appeared, followed by a crowd of servants with lights. At the spectacle of the two dead men, the poor fellow called all the saints to witness that he was utterly ruined, and it was some time before Jacques could make him stop his wailing. When at length he was quiet, the Gascon ordered his horse to be saddled immediately, declaring that he would not stay another minute in a house where guests ran a risk of being murdered at midnight. In vain the landlord protested he must wait and give his account of the affair to the town authorities. Jacques had no liking for that proposal, and at one o'clock in the morning he rode out of the inn yard and out of the town. When he stopped to break his fast, he had put a good many miles between him and the inn, and began to feel secure from pursuit.

Chapter III.

The Lady of the Tower.

The day passed without further adventure. On the following evening he was riding at an easy pace through a pleasant piece of woodland, when he saw a cavalcade approaching. At the head rode two gentlemen, very richly dressed, and between them a lady. They were followed by half-a-dozen manservants, and Jacques pulled his horse to the side of the road to allow them to pass. The two gentlemen paid no attention to him, but the lady flashed a look which went straight to his Gascon heart. He had never seen so beautiful a face, nor such lovely eyes. Blue they were, as blue as the sky. Who was she? he wondered. And where was she

going? He was sure she was not going willingly, at any rate. She had looked very troubled, and there had been a look of appeal in her eyes. What could it mean? He turned and gazed after the little procession. The two gentlemen were riding on either side of her like guards. That was it! She was a prisoner, and they were her gaolers. He sighed as he realised that he could not fight eight men and set her free. Suddenly his eyes lighted on an object lying in the road. He sprang out of the saddle in a moment and picked it up. A woman's glove! And in it a twisted scrap of paper. He spread it out on the palm of his hand and read the few words written upon it. "A rescue! They are taking me to the Castle of Monserrat."

Jacques stared at the paper. Here was an appeal that he could not resist. Doubtless the lady had secreted the paper in her glove in the hope of meeting somebody on the road who would risk his life for her. And she had chosen him! His blood thrilled at the thought.

The cavalcade was out of sight now. He mounted his horse and spurred until he saw it again in the road far ahead.

The night was coming on, and soon he was able to approach fairly near to the party without being detected. After about an hour's riding, they came to some great gates which opened to them, and Jacques, now but a hundred paces behind, passed in unquestioned. Once inside, he tethered his horse to a tree, and crept up close to the horsemen. They came to a solitary tower, the height of which he was unable to judge in the darkness. Here the gentlemen dismounted, and assisted the lady to alight. One of them unlocked a door, and motioned her to enter. He followed, leaving his companion and the servants outside. In a few minutes he came out of the tower alone. Jacques noticed that he did not lock the door. One of the servants was left on guard, and the rest of the party went on, doubtless to the castle.

Hidden behind a shrub, Jacques saw the sentry pacing back and forth before the door, with a sword in his hand. Plainly he was on important duty, and did not mean to be taken unawares. Jacques had his own sword ready, and choosing a moment when the sentry's back was turned, crept silently and quickly forward. When the man faced about, the Gascon's blade was almost at his throat. Though taken unawares, he showed fight, but he was no match for Jacques. A pass or two and a thrust in his sword arm finished the combat. He dropped his weapon and ran off, letting out a yell fit to wake the dead.

Quick as thought, Jacques had the door open, and was inside the tower. The place was in darkness, but groping around, the Gascon found the latch of a door which gave under his hand. A ray of light filtering from somewhere above, showed him stone steps, up which he began to climb. Many steps there were, and they brought him to another door like the one at the foot. This he opened and stepped into a little room,



"The mother superior was a relative of hers."

luxuriously furnished, and hung about with rich tapestries. The light on a swinging lamp showed Jacques the figure of a woman in a chair, with her face buried in her hands, crying as though her heart would break.

Jacques closed the door and bolted it, but the woman did not lift her head.

"Mademoiselle!" he said softly, "Mademoiselle!"

The sobbing ceased, and the woman looked up. For a moment she seemed too astonished to speak. Then, rising, she said:

"Who are you, sir? And why are you here?"

Jacques bowed low. "My name is Jacques de Brissac, madame, and I am here to help you." As he spoke he held out the glove.

She started, flushed, and looked keenly at him. "Then you are——we passed you on the road to-day. But how did you gain admittance here?"

Before he could answer there was a commotion below, and footsteps could be heard rapidly ascending the stairs. With a word to the girl, Jacques threw open the door, and shouted that he would run through the body the first man who showed himself. The footsteps ceased. Presently they began again, but going downwards this time. The door below was banged, and, listening intently, Jacques heard the key turned in the lock. Apparently no attempt was to be made to dislodge him yet awhile. He turned again to the girl.

"You are brave," she said, "but you cannot save me. I am sorry you picked up my glove. In the morning they will kill you, and I would not have your death on my conscience."

"Mademoiselle," Jacques replied gravely, "I could ask for no better fate, though life is sweet to me. But why should we talk of death? Since it seems that we are to be fellow-prisoners, will you not tell me something of yourself?"



"The King's passion for Mlle. de Breuil was on every tongue."

Her story was of a kind familiar enough to those experienced in the life of courts, but to this lad, fresh from Gascony, new and absorbing. She told it well, and the names she mentioned were those of the greatest people in France.

Her own name she told him was Constance de Breuil. She was a lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and had the ill-fortune to attract the attention of the King. On this coming to the ears of the Queen, her Majesty, in a fit of jealous rage, had banished her from the Court, and charged her favourite, the Duke de Monserrat, to keep her in close confinement. The Queen was an implacable enemy, and unless it was her good fortune to find friends, Constance said, glancing demurely at Jacques, she might languish in this lonely prison for years until her very name was forgotten.

"I hope, mademoiselle," said Jacques, when she had finished, "you will count me as a friend."

She answered him graciously. "You have already given signal proof of friendship, but I fear you can do no more. The door is locked and surely guarded. And in the morning—oh!" she burst out into weeping—"in the morning they will kill you."

"Hush, mademoiselle, all is not yet lost; we may escape yet."

She shook her head, but Jacques, who had been making a search of the room, exclaimed suddenly. In an old oak chest he had found a coil of rope, long enough, he judged, to reach to the ground from the room in which they were.

"The very thing," he cried excitedly, but Constance looked doubtful, and a little afraid.

There was, however, no other way, and she offered no objection when Jacques proposed to lower her from the window. He bade her put on her hat and travelling cloak, and then fastened the rope about her cunningly.

When all was ready, she held out both her hands to Jacques. Tears stood in her eyes.

"They may be waiting for me below," she said. "If so, perhaps I shall never see you again, and——" Her voice broke, and she stopped, unable to say more.

Jacques took her hands in his. "Mademoiselle,"—he looked in her eyes—"may I—will you kiss me?"

She gave him her lips. Then without further words, Jacques passed the rope round a stout pillar in the centre of the room, and opened the window. The night was dark and silent. He helped Constance to climb through, and then lowered the rope inch by

inch. It was hard work, but at length the the rope slackened, and there came the three sharp tugs that told him the girl had safely reached the ground. Now it was his turn. Making the end of the rope fast to the pillar, he slid carefully out of the window, and then, hand over hand, worked his way down to where Constance stood waiting for him.

Nobody challenged them as they made all haste to the tree where Jacques had left his horse. He mounted Constance on the animal, and walked by her side until they were clear of the gates, which, by some oversight, had been left open.

Once outside, Constance insisted that her rescuer must ride also; and so Jacques, with the lady in the saddle behind him, rode away from the Castle of Monserrat.



"One attired as a great noble, and the other as a Gascon gentleman, left the Palace by a private way."

Sunrise found them at a little town which Constance knew. There was a convent nearby where she might find refuge. The Mother Superior was a relative of hers, and would give her sanctuary. Thither they went accordingly, and in a few hours Jacques was on his way to Paris alone. His heart was light, for at parting she had whispered his name, and given him a keepsake, a ring from her own hand.

Chapter IV.

The Rescue of the King.

With thoughts of Constance, and high hopes for the future for company, Jacques found the rest of his journey pleasant enough. On riding into Paris one fine morning, he inquired his way to the residence of Monsieur de Tremblay, the Commandant of the King's Guards, to whom his father had commended him.

M. de Tremblay received him cordially, and promised him a commission. The preliminaries would take a few days, he said, and in the meantime he recommended his young friend to amuse himself in Paris as well as he could in the company of a young officer of his regiment, to whom he introduced him.

The two young men became firm friends at once, and Jacques soon found himself being regaled with all the gossip and scandal of the Court. The King's passion for Mademoiselle de Breuil was on every tongue, it appeared. His Majesty was furious with the Queen, whom he suspected of having, with the assistance of her favourite, the Duke de Monserrat, spirited the girl away. His spies had brought him information that Constance had sought refuge in a convent, and he had appealed to the Cardinal to have her sent back to Court. The Cardinal had refused, and in a rage the King had cursed the Cardinal and the Church as well. As the result of all this, it was rumoured that a plot was on foot for the King's assassination. The Cardinal was of course too wary to take any part in it himself, but the chief conspirators were known to be Cardinal's men, devoted to his service. There had been a violent scene at the Palace only the day before. The King had accused the Duke de Monserrat before the whole Court, and, receiving a reply which was not to his satisfaction, had struck him in the face with his open hand.

So the young officer rattled on, and Jacques began to find himself surrounded by an atmosphere of intrigue, of plot and counter-plot.

As he sat alone in the public room of an inn where he had secured a lodging for the night, he came to a clear decision. His father had told him his duty was to the King and the Cardinal, but he felt sure that when these two powers were in opposition his brain and his sword must be at the service of the King.

He looked about him. The room was fairly full of men who were passing the time in drinking and gaming. One group in a corner attracted his attention. There were three of them, and by their countenances they were ready for any villainy. They conversed together in low tones, and from time to time one or other would turn impatiently to the street door as though expecting someone.

Presently a gentleman came in. He was dressed very soberly, but at a glance Jacques recognised him as the man who had ridden past him that day with Constance. The Duke de Monserrat! He cast a rapid glance about the room, and then walked straight to the table where the three men were, and sat down. The four of them put their heads together, but kept their voices down, so that Jacques, though only a few feet from them, could only catch a word or two here and there.

Presently the gentleman rose to go. His face was half turned to Jacques, and the Gascon heard him say, hardly above a whisper, "To-morrow night, then, at nine o'clock, as he leaves the Palace." The men nodded, and the Duke went off.

Jacques never thought of doubting that "he" meant the King, and that the Duke had just been arranging for his assassination. He had little sleep that night, and as soon as he had breakfasted, went off to M. de Tremblay's house. The Commandant of the King's Guards heard his tale, and then said, in great excitement, "You must come with me to the Palace at once, and tell your tale to his Majesty.

M. de Tremblay had the *entrée*, and he and his protege were at once conducted into the presence of the King, who received the Gascon graciously.

"Well, de Tremblay," he said coolly, when Jacques had finished, "what is to be done?"

"Your Majesty must leave Paris," replied the Commandant, "and it had better be in disguise."

The King looked doubtful. "Let us hear what our Gascon has to say."

Jacques stepped forward. "I propose, sire, that you and I shall change clothes. That you should appear as de Brissac, the Gascon, whom nobody knows, and that I should be taken for the King. If they kill me—well, there is no great harm done, and I shall have died for my King."

"Monsieur de Brissac," said the King, "I honour you, and it shall be as you propose. If we come safely through you may ask what you will of me."

Details were hurriedly arranged. Jacques stayed in the Palace all that day, and at night, as soon as it was dark, two horsemen, of about the same figure, but one attired as a great noble and the other as a Gascon gentleman, left the Palace by a private way. They rode out of the city unchallenged, and lay for the night in a roadside inn. All next day they rode, the King asking no questions as to their destination but trusting entirely to Jacques. The Gascon had his plan clear in his mind. He had the King's promise, and he meant to ask for the hand of Constance. He hoped to reach the convent that night. The King would be safe there, and then they would see of what stuff the King's promises were made.



"The King . . . had struck him in the face with his open hand."

Night was falling as they rode up to the gate of the convent. Jacques sent in his name, and they were admitted. To the Mother Superior Jacques declared the identity of her august visitor, and then inquired for the lady whom he had brought to the convent some days before.

The King burst out laughing. "Come, come," he said, "What is this? Who is the lady, Monsieur de Brissac?"

Jacques fell on his knee "Mademoiselle

Constance de Breuil, your Majesty," he said. "It was my good fortune to help her to escape from the Castle of Monserrat."

The King flushed. "Perdition!" he cried impatiently. "You seem always to be rescuing people. Well what is it? You have something to ask, and have earned your reward. Name it."

The Gascon's voice trembled a little as he answered, "I claim the hand of Mademoiselle Constance de Breuil, your Majesty."

There was a pause of some seconds but at last the King, with a good-humoured laugh, gave his hand to the Gascon and assisted him to rise.

"You do not lack assurance," he said, "but then no Gascon ever did. Well, well, you must have your way, I suppose," and with a sigh he turned to the window.

There is little more to tell. The Queen having no further cause for jealousy, consented to a reconciliation. There yet remained the Cardinal; but with him, too, the King made his peace, and, with his Eminence performing the ceremony, the marriage of Monsieur Jacques de Brissac and Mademoiselle de Breuil was a very splendid affair, indeed.



"The marriage was a very splendid affair, indeed."

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THE last rays of the winter sun lit up the face of the woman standing in the big bay window. It was a weak face, pretty enough in a childish pink and white fashion; but just now it wore a discontented, fretful expression.

The woman was talking querulously to the tall, soldierly-looking man at her side—a man of forty, one would have said; but who might pass easily for five years younger.

"Oh!" she said, "I hate him! I wish I had never seen him. He thinks of nothing but the works. It is 'the works,' 'the works,' 'the works,' from morning till night. He brought me from the town, where I had heaps of friends, and life was tolerable, to this hateful place, where I see nobody. And all to be near the works. As if I cared for the works! He thought I should be lonely in the town without him. Oh!" she clenched her fists, "if he only knew how I long to be without him!"

The man spoke. "Yes, it is dull here. I find it so."

She turned to him quickly. "You?"

"I. Are you surprised? You thought, perhaps, that yours was the only unhappy marriage in the world."

The woman looked at him with new interest. He was handsome, cultivated, and courteous. He knew how to treat a woman. She felt sure that he, at any rate, did not think a woman's life should be taken up wholly with household duties, and that she should be content to spend dull evenings in a drawing-room where those duties were done, listening to prosy accounts of how things had been going on at the works all day. Oh, how weary she was of it all!



Mrs. Langtry as the Colonel's wife.

But the man was speaking again. His voice was soft and pleading. "Why," he was saying, "should we not console ourselves? Your husband neglects you. He allows your beauty and your accomplishments to be wasted. You would adorn a palace, and he keeps you here—virtually a prisoner, where you see nobody."

There was subtle flattery in his tone, and the woman drank in his words greedily. The man went on. "You must have seen how I admire you. This has been a different place for me since you came to live in it." He bent his head to see her face. "I love you," he whispered. Then, as she started away from him, "Oh, I knew what you would say, but marriage is something very different from a gabbled service in a church. That is often only a mockery: it is love that makes a real marriage, and I love you—madly—passionately. You love me, too, I'm sure of it. Why should you not tell me so?"

The woman hid her face in her hands. She was trembling violently. "Oh," she said, "I am afraid—I am afraid."

"Nonsense," he said: "there is nothing to fear. Tell me."

Gently he drew her hands away. "Tell

me," he whispered again, and had his answer. He strained her to him, and kissed her madly.

So engrossed were they that they did not hear the opening of the door; but at the sound of a cold, cutting voice they flew apart.

"'Men love darkness rather than light,'" said the voice, "'because'— No doubt you know the rest. Suppose we have some light." He touched a switch, and in the sudden illumination the man and the woman stood staring, and if ever guilt showed in human face it showed in theirs.

Neither spoke.

"There are two of us," said the man coolly. "You, also, Colonel Fernie, you insult a woman; in fact, you insult two."

"How, sir? What do you mean?"

"Well, it is plain enough," was the reply. "You insult my wife, and you insult yours. Your presence here is an offence. You had better go quickly"—he held the door open—"and you shall pay for this," he said calmly, as the colonel passed out.

There was silence in the room for a space. Then the woman spoke, in a scared whisper, "What are you going to do with me?"

The man sat down and took up a paper-



"You can come away with me."

"Well," said the new comer, "have you nothing to say?—you, madam. I left you with a headache. You could not leave your room, you said; you only wished for quiet. I congratulate you on a quick recovery."

The other man began to speak, but was silenced by a look.

"Come, madam," the cold voice went on, "will you explain? Or must I force an explanation from your—your lover?"

The other man flushed angrily, and took a quick step forward. "You are a coward," he cried, "an insulter of women."

knife. His eyes gleamed cruelly.

"Well," he said, "that will take some thinking about. I will let you know later. In the meantime it will be convenient for you to have a recurrence of your headache and retire to your room."

She went, with slow, uncertain steps. The man still played with the paper-knife. He was thinking, meditating revenge. Though he had been so cool and quiet, this discovery had struck at the deepest roots of his being. He had loved his wife, and the knowledge that she was unfaithful was a

staggering blow to him. It changed his world, and turned his love in a moment to bitter hate. He felt that he would like to have his two strong hands about his wife's dainty throat, and squeeze the life out of her. He gloated over the idea. Then his thoughts took another turn. There was the colonel to be reckoned with. He should pay, curse him!

They should both pay. Between them they had ruined his life. He cared no longer what happened to him; but first he would have vengeance. He went into his own den, unlocked a drawer in his writing table, took out a revolver, put it in his pocket, and went out.

He was going to the colonel's house. He intended to accuse the man in the presence of his wife, and then to kill him before her eyes. He was outwardly quite calm and collected, but the blood was racing through his veins.

When he reached the house, the butler told him that the colonel was out. Mrs. Fernie was in the drawing-room and would see him. He went in, and the wife of his enemy gave him a cordial greeting. They had been friends for some time, and at the sight of her there came upon him a sudden feeling of compassion. But he shook it off impatiently. He would allow nothing to stand in the way of his vengeance.

For a few minutes they talked on trivial matters, but he could see that she was wondering why he had chosen this unusual hour for a visit.

The strain was telling upon him, but he told himself that he must keep cool. Why did not the colonel come? She told him presently that her husband had gone out in the car, and would not be back until late.



"He would shoot the Colonel, but the true wife stays his hand."

"I am sorry for that," he said: "I had something of great importance to say to him."

"Yes?" she looked up pleasantly. "Perhaps I can give him the message?"

"Well," he said, "I had meant to tell him in your presence. It is something that concerns you—concerns you very closely."

She settled herself to listen, but at his first words she sprang up with an indignant denial.

"You are mad!" she cried: but he shook his head.

"I saw them," he said simply. "I had

left my wife in her room, with a bad headache"—he laughed scornfully—"and I returned in two hours to find her recovered. She was with your husband—in his arms. They did not know I was there, until I spoke."

She could not help but believe him. His telling of the story carried conviction. The man expected her to weep, perhaps to become hysterical, as his own wife would have done. But she was made of sterner stuff. She turned her face partly away from him, and gazed into the fire.

She seemed like one stunned. For a long time she sat there, and the man watched her in silence. Her face was very sad.

Then at last she stirred, and, still with her face turned from him, asked, in a low, even tone, "What do you mean to do?"

"I came here to kill him," the man answered with cold ferocity.

That roused her. "Oh, no!" she cried, with terror-stricken eyes, "Not that—not that!"

"Why should I not? He has destroyed my life. He deserves to die."

"But killing him will not bring back your happiness," she pleaded. And then burying her face in her hands, "Oh, it is horrible—horrible!" She moaned, and burst into a storm of weeping.

The man got up from his chair and leaned against the mantelpiece. He would not let himself feel pity for her. Presently he smiled. He had a thought which appealed to his queer sense of humour.

"You can save him if you choose," he said grimly, when she had sobbed herself into silence.

"Oh, tell me how," she besought him with eagerness.

"You can come away with me," he answered.

She stared at him as though she thought him mad. She tried to speak, but no words came.

"Oh, I mean it," he said. "You cannot love him after this."

"Oh, but I do," she whispered. "God help me! I love him better than anything else in the world."

"Why," cried the man, "how can you love him? He is unfaithful to you."

And to that she could find nothing to say.

"Well," he went on, "it is the only way. I mean to make him pay his debt. Either I kill him, or you come away with me. It is for you to choose."

"I cannot," she said; "it is impossible."

"Very well," he said, turning to go. "You have sentenced him to death."

But she stopped him. "Give me time to think. My head is in a whirl."

He thought for a moment; then, "You may have till ten o'clock. I shall be waiting in the garden, and you must come outside on the terrace to me. Mind," he said, "there is no escape. Either you come away with me, or he dies."

"Very well," she said, without looking at him; and he went out.

What was she to do? She had spoken the truth when she said she loved her husband. He had been unworthy, and for a little while her heart was bitter against him. But love was too strong. She felt that she loved him well enough to forgive him—if he showed contrition, of course, and would promise to give up the other woman. She would beg him to do so, plead with him on her knees. There were the children, sleeping now peacefully in their beds, two bonny little boys. Surely he would not bring sorrow and humiliation upon them and upon her! Oh, she would humble herself, do anything, if only she might win him back. He had loved her, she was certain. Surely his love could not be dead. She would not believe it.

But he had been unfaithful to her! That man had said so. With a cold fear at her heart she remembered the terrible choice he had offered her. It was nine o'clock. Only one hour in which to make up her mind! She sat down and tried to think the problem out, but, somehow, her mind would not work. Some words were running through her head like a dirge—"Come away with me or he dies," "Come away with me or he dies." Oh, what should she do? What should she do?

She wished her husband would come home. If he arrived before ten o'clock he would be safe, at any rate for the time, for the man (she thought of him now as "the man," though his name was quite familiar to her) would not come to the house any more that night. She would give orders that he was not to be admitted. It was half-past nine. Only half-an-hour! Then, her heart gave a great leap. She heard the hoot of the motor-horn. Her husband had come home. Now he would be safe. She heard him enter the house, and go to his smoking-

room. She did not go to him. She felt unable to meet him yet. There would be time enough for that later.

The hands of the clock moved on. She wanted to stop them – to put back the hands of Fate! But she held herself in. That way lay madness. The minutes passed; time was flying—flying! She could not take her eyes from the clock face.

Ten o'clock! The hour struck incredibly loud, seeming to fill the house with sound. She stopped her ears, and kept them stopped, still with her eyes on the clock, until the hands pointed to five minutes past.

on no account to go out of the house again!

Wildly she started to the door, and then stopped. She had thought of a way to save both her husband and her own honour. She was very tall, and in her husband's great-coat and cap would look enough like him to deceive anyone at a little distance—at any rate at night. She ran a terrible risk, she knew, but she could think of no other way. She had no doubt that "the man" would keep his word. She did not want to die. She wanted—oh, so badly!—to live and be happy again with her husband and her children. Perhaps she might only be



"Then she . . . stepped out on to the terrace."

The time was up. "The man" would know now that she was not coming; that she had made her choice. Her choice! "Come away with me or he dies"—the chant began again. But her husband was safe for this night. To-morrow she would tell him, and warn him against "the man." Suddenly her heart almost stopped beating. Her husband often went on the terrace late at night to smoke a cigar before going to bed. Suppose he did so to-night. Even now "the man" was waiting in the garden. Oh, she must find him at once, and tell him

wounded, but if she should be killed—well, perhaps "the man" would be satisfied, and let her husband live.

Calmer now, she went out into the hall, took a big motor-coat and cap from a peg, and came back with them into the drawing-room. There she put them on, buttoning the coat up closely round her throat. Then she opened the French windows and stepped out on to the terrace.

* * *

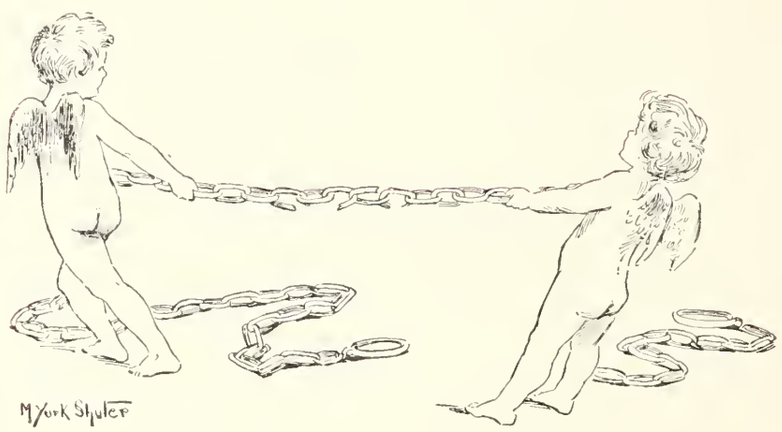
Colonel Fernie, sitting in the smoking-room with his own brooding thoughts,

started up at the sound of a shot somewhere close by, followed by a woman's scream. He threw up the window and looked out on the terrace. The light from the drawing-room streamed out, and he saw that the French window was standing open. Fearing he knew not what, he ran to the drawing-room. It was empty, and the colonel hurried out on to the terrace. A dozen paces from the window he found his wife, leaning against the wall of the house. She was almost fainting. He half led, half carried her in, placed her tenderly on a settee, and rang for assistance.

Mrs. Fernie was carried up to her room, and one of the servants was sent off for the doctor. But fortunately she was not seriously hurt. The bullet, meant for her husband, had only grazed her shoulder. She had lost a little blood, but even before the doctor arrived she had recovered sufficiently to tell her husband what had occurred.

He could not meet her eyes, and when she had finished he fell on his knees by the side of the bed. He tried to speak, to beg for forgiveness from the wife who had been willing to die to save him, but he could not.

His wife laid her hand gently upon his bowed head, and he knew there was no need of words.



Kelly from the Emerald Isle.

Solax Drama.

FEATURING MISS BLANCHE CORNWALL AND MR. BARNEY GILMORE.

(The Original Dublin Dan).

IT had been a black day for Ned Kelly, and here he was in the village lock-up at the end of it. To-morrow he would be taken to the nearest town and charged with murder. Misfortunes had come thick upon him lately, and he knew whom he had to thank for them. It was Doolin, the black-hearted villain. Curses on him! Luck had been with Doolin all the time. He was well-off, and Ned was poor. So, when both of them fell in love with pretty Sheilah Maguire, her father had given Doolin the warm welcome, and shown Ned the door. But Sheilah—God bless her!—had been of a different mind. She would have nothing to say to Doolin; her Irish heart was Ned's altogether, and she had told the old man pretty straight that she would not marry any other man.



Mr. Barney Gilmore—"Kelly."

When old Maguire told Doolin what the girl had said, he laughed and snapped his fingers.

"We'll soon see about that," he said; and looked with his evil eyes at Sheilah, where she sat in the chimney corner at her knitting.

She looked up at him, but said nothing, and he went out. The old man rated Sheilah, and told her she was a fool to throw away such a fine chance: but all the effect his talk had was to make her fold up her work and go away to bed.

The next thing that happened was that Ned Kelly was turned out of his little farm. That was Doolin's work. He was the landlord's agent, and Ned was a little behind with his rent. So he had to go, and there was no other cottage or land to be had in the district for love or money. He still stayed on in the village, however, for he had friends who gave him lodging willingly, and he used to meet Sheilah in the evenings and walk with her through the lanes and leave her at Maguire's garden gate, for the old man would not have him inside the house. Sometimes they met Doolin, and the agent would scowl and pass by without a word, while Sheilah, who had begun to be afraid of him, would cling more tightly to Ned's arm.

Then, that very afternoon old Maguire had been shot when he was at work in his little potato patch. Nobody saw the shot fired, but Ned Kelly's gun had been found behind a hedge close by. How it had come there Ned did not know, though he could make a guess. Anyhow, it was Doolin that found it, and Doolin who said it was Ned's gun and told the policeman where he could put his hand on the owner.

The policeman did not like the job, for Ned was a general favourite; but duty was duty, and he had no choice. It was too late to take the prisoner to the town that night, and he had been placed in a shed at the back of the policeman's cottage to wait for the morning. Then would come the hearing before the magistrates, and the committal to the assizes, with Doolin giving evidence against him. And then good-bye to Sheilah and——

The door was opened sharply, and Ned sprang to his feet. It was only the policeman with his supper. He had a great-coat over his arm, which he handed to Ned.

"Here," he said, "Sheilah Maguire brought this. She says, maybe you'll be needing it to keep warmth in ye to-night."

Sheilah was still true to him, then. Well, that was good hearing, at any rate.

When the policeman had gone Ned ate as much as he could of the food, and then wrapped the coat around him. It was his own, and Sheilah must have gone to his lodgings to get it. Blessings on her tender heart! He felt something hard in the inside breast-pocket of the coat, and put his hand in to discover what it could be. He drew out a heavy clasp-knife, and handled it curiously in the darkness. He knew it was not his own knife, and certainly it had not been in the pocket when he last wore the coat. Sheilah must have put it there, thinking maybe, it would be of use to him. There appeared to be two blades, and he opened them cautiously one after the other. One was a knife-blade right enough, but the other—with a thrill of excitement he ran his thumb along the jagged edge of a saw.

Ned sat down to think. Until now, brooding over his evil fortune, the thought of escape had not occurred to him. He had hardly troubled to examine the place in which he was confined. But with the discovery of the saw a longing for freedom came over him with a rush. It was of no use thinking of the door. That was fairly stout and securely locked. The window was better. There was no way of opening it, of course. It was small, but big enough, he thought, to enable him to pass through. He got up and ran his hands over the frame, discovering to his satisfaction that it was of wood, and not particularly massive. If he broke a pane he could get the saw to work upon it. He decided that it would not be a long job.

He waited until he thought the policeman would have gone to bed, and then began his work. With all his care, the breaking of the glass made some little noise, but nobody came to disturb him, and in a surprisingly short time he had the frame sawn through. Then, putting the knife in his pocket, he clambered through the aperture, and stood in the garden. There was no light or sign of movement in the house, and he trod lightly down the path and out on to the road.

Sheilah was his first thought, and he ran quickly over the fields to the cottage where she lived. There was no light here either, but, in answer to his low whistle, the door opened softly, and his sweetheart came out.

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and for a few minutes they forgot everything in the world but themselves. It was Sheilah who recovered first.

"Oh, there's danger for ye here," she said. "You should not have come—you should not have come."

"And did ye think I'd go away without saying good-bye to you, Sheilah? You that saved me? I'd have come if the house had been full of policemen."

"But, Ned, my darlin', they'll find out you've got away, and this is the first place they'll look."

"They'll not find out till the morning," said Ned, "and by then I'll be where they'll not find me. I've made up my mind, Sheilah. I'll get away to the coast and sail for New York. I was going there anyway, to see if there's any truth in the story them lawyer fellows told me about the fortune my uncle left me."

"But the papers, Ned," cried Sheilah—"you can't claim the fortune without the papers. Where are they?"

"Well, that's where you can help me. They're all at Pat Nolan's house, where I've been living, and I want you to go there in the morning and get them, and post them on to me to an address I'll send you as soon as I can. You'll do that, Sheilah? And then if everything is all right, you'll come over the water to me, Sheilah, and we'll be married."

She promised with his arms around her, and then she made him go.

* * *

Nobody, unless it had been Sheilah, would have recognised Ned Kelly in the quayside loafer who stood watching the passengers go on board the great liner which was to sail in an hour or two for New York. Since his escape from the village "lock-up" he had grown a beard and a moustache, and with a cloth cap pulled well over his eyes he might have challenged detection by people who had known him from boyhood.

He had only a few shillings in his pocket, but he had made up his mind to get a passage somehow, and this boat seemed to offer as likely a chance as any. He might perhaps get himself engaged as an extra hand to work his way over.

He had just decided to go and make his application, when he heard a voice he knew. A man was going up the gangway from the quay to the ship, followed by two porters carrying a trunk and some other luggage. The man was looking the other way for the moment, but presently he turned his face towards Kelly, and Ned saw it was Doolin. The agent's glance rested upon him for an instant, and Ned half expected to see him start; but he made no sign. Evidently the disguise was a good one. He wondered why Doolin was going to New York. For no good he felt sure; and he was more determined than ever to get a passage in this ship.

He went to the offices of the steamship company, and found, to his great relief, that the ship was in want of two or three extra hands for the voyage. He was engaged on the spot, and went on board. He was told off to assist the steward, which suited him very well. He would have to attend, when required, on the passengers, and this would enable him to keep a more or less effective observation upon the movements of his enemy.

During the first two days at sea he saw him occasionally about the ship, but the agent betrayed no more interest in him than in any other members of the crew. On the third morning he was ordered to go to Mr. Kelly's cabin. He had never imagined that he was the only Kelly in the world, and the coincidence did not strike him as specially curious, but when he reached the cabin indicated, and opened the door in response to an invitation from within, he nearly fell backwards in astonishment, for there, in the middle of the cabin, examining some papers in his hands, stood Doolin!

With an effort Ned recovered. "I understood it was Mr. Kelly wanted me, sir," he said.

"Quite right. I'm Mr. Kelly—Mr. Ned Kelly," was the reply.

This was a staggerer, indeed.

"Well, what are you staring at?" said the passenger savagely. "Have you any objection to my name?"

"Sorry, sir, I'm sure," said Ned. "I meant no offence. I was waiting for your order, sir."

"Well, go and get me some sandwiches, and be quick about it. I'm busy, and can't spare the time to come to lunch to-day."

Ned hurried off to execute the order, wondering why on earth Doolin should be on his way to New York under an assumed name: and Ned Kelly of all names.

When he got back to the cabin with the

sandwiches Doolin had his back to the door.

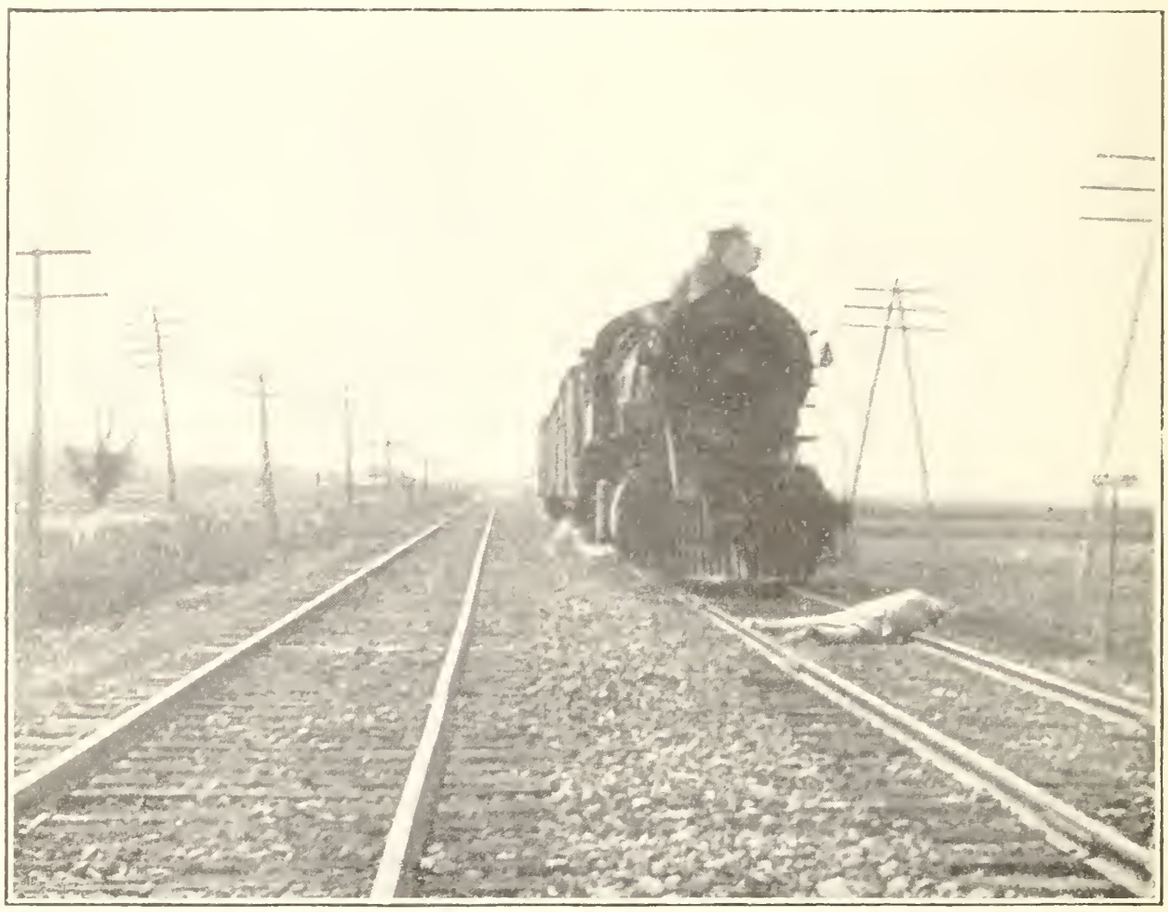
"Put them on the trunk," he said, without turning round.

Ned did as he was told, and as he set the plate down he discovered the reason for Doolin's filching of his name, and his journey to New York. On the trunk lay Ned's own case, in which he had kept the papers, the birth certificate and other documents which were necessary to establish his claim to the fortune his uncle had left. He recognised the case in a moment, and the whole extent of Doolin's villainy became clear to him. For a wild moment he thought of throwing himself upon the agent and demanding his property; but he restrained himself and went quietly out of the cabin.

He tried to think what was best to be done. He must get possession of the papers somehow—otherwise he ran the risk of losing the fortune. The lawyers in New York had never seen the real Ned Kelly, and on receiving the documents now in Doolin's possession would unquestioningly accept him as the rightful heir. Ned thought of appealing to the captain and telling him the whole story, but he doubted if he would be believed, and in the end he came to the conclusion that he must secure the papers himself. His best chance of doing so would be just before the ship got to the quay. With good luck he might overpower his enemy, get possession of the papers, and be clear away before Doolin could raise the alarm.

The ship had almost reached her berth, when Ned, who had taken the precaution to shave, knocked at the door of Doolin's cabin.

"Come in," said an impatient voice, and Ned entered. The agent was bending down strapping his bag, and did not look up. On a chair beside him lay the case for which Ned had come. He stepped forward and secured it as Doolin straightened himself.



"Kelly bound to the track."

"Put that down!" he roared, and then his jaw dropped and the colour left his face. "By God!—Ned Nelly!" he whispered hoarsely, and swayed as if about to fall.

"Yes," said Ned, "the real Ned Kelly. Just in time to claim his own property. You've had your journey for nothing, Mr. Doolin."

He held up the case as he spoke, and the action roused Doolin to fury. With a curse

he sprang over the bag at Ned, who stepped warily back and shot out a fist. It caught Doolin under the chin and knocked him backwards. He tripped over the bag and fell with a crash to the floor. Ned left him there, and in two minutes was racing down the gangway to the quay.

From one of the crew on the voyage over he had obtained the address of a hotel much used by seamen, and he went straight there and engaged a room. His luck had turned at last, he thought. He had got safely to New York, had beaten Doolin, and had regained the precious papers. He breathed more freely.

But Doolin was not to be so easily shaken off. He had recovered immediately from the blow, and had been close behind Ned when he left the quay. Ten minutes after Ned entered the hotel, Doolin followed and learned that Ned had taken a room there. Then the agent went away. He knew the district well, and had no difficulty in finding a couple of men to do a piece of dirty work for him.

Later in the evening Ned left the hotel for a stroll, and, returning in an hour or two, was accosted in a quiet street by a rough-looking customer. At the same moment he received a tremendous blow on the back of the head.

* * *

When he came to himself he could not make out at first what had happened. He could scarcely breathe. There seemed to be a heavy weight across his chest. His head was aching fit to split. He could not move his legs, but his arms were free. He passed his hands over his chest, and they came into contact with something that felt like a rope. Slowly the realisation came upon him that he was bound. But where was he? He put his hand to his head and felt that it was resting on cold metal. On either side of him was earth and stones, and by stretching his hands out he could touch something that felt like wood. Then he knew! He was lying across the railway line! Frantically he struggled, but the ropes only pressed more tightly into his flesh. Presently he gave up the attempt in despair, and lay there without moving. Then somehow his brain cleared. He thought of Sheilah, and with the thought clapped his hand to his pocket. The big knife was there! With feverish, trembling fingers he opened it, and began working in frantic haste with the little saw at the rope which bound his chest. The strands gave away one by one, and at length the last was severed. Now for his legs. He had sawn through one rope and started on another, when a low rumbling and a vibration of the earth sent a chill to his heart. The rumbling grew louder—became like the roaring of thunder. He worked with tremendous energy. Another strand and he would be free! Through! The last strand parted, but too late! With a roar and a rush the monster was upon him, but by a last despairing, herculean effort he clutched at the cowcatcher in front of the engine and held on grimly.

* * *

It was a miracle; but he escaped, and Doolin, who had thought that he was rid of Ned at last, had nothing but curses for his ruffians when they reported to him that the plot had failed. He had the papers again, but he was afraid to go with them to the lawyers while Ned was alive and in New York. He took courage, believing a miracle would not happen again. He planned his next move. Ned was to be drugged in his room at the hotel, and carried away by the two men to a lonely hut some miles out of the city.

Once more everything worked smoothly, and when the two scoundrels came to him at Ned's hotel and told him that Ned was securely bound in the hut, with only a cask of gunpowder for company, he congratulated himself on having him safely out of the way at last. He felt so sure of it that he thought he could very well wait till the following day before visiting Ned to say farewell. In his dreams that night he saw himself having a very pleasant time with Ned Kelly's money.

The following evening Sheilah arrived at the hotel. Ned had cabled to her on landing. She was informed that Mr. Kelly was not in the hotel, and asked to be shown his room. To her alarm she saw that the place was in disorder. The furniture had been overturned, and articles were strewn about as though a violent struggle had taken place. On the floor was the big clasp knife she had smuggled into the village "lock-up" to enable her sweetheart to escape. She knew Doolin was somewhere in New York, and from the appearance of the room her heart misgave her that some ill had befallen Ned.

She went downstairs again, and as she reached the entrance hall she saw a man, wrapped in a big motor-coat, talking to the clerk in the office. It was Doolin, and

presently he turned and went to the door. He stood on the step a moment, and Sheilah saw that a motor-car was waiting outside. Then Doolin went out, and while he was busy at the front of the car Sheilah ran down the steps, opened the door quickly, sprang in, closed the door after her, and crouched down on the floor of the car. Doolin got into the driver's seat in front and they started. Through the city they drove, and out into the suburbs. Then Doolin put on speed, and they dashed away into the open country. After about an hour's ride, the car stopped at a gate by the roadside.

Doolin got down, opened the gate, and and walked across a meadow, with Sheilah following a few paces behind. He did not look round, but walked straight to a hut on the far side. He unlocked the door, and went in. The door opened outwards, and Sheilah slipped behind it with all her senses on the alert. She heard him laugh and say:

"You've lost the game, Ned Kelly. I've got the papers, and I shall get the money; and then I shall go home and marry Sheilah."

And she heard Ned reply: "You're a black villain, Doolin; and I'll be even with you yet. You may get the money, but one thing I'll tell you—you won't marry Sheilah. She'll wait for me."

"Then she'll wait a long while," said Doolin with another laugh. "This barrel," he went on, kicking his foot against it, "is full of gunpowder, and I'm just lighting the fuse before I go. In a quarter of an hour there'll be nobody in this country to say that I'm not Ned Kelly."

Doolin came out of the hut so quickly that Sheilah had barely time to get away from the door and slip along the side of the hut without being seen.



"The scoundrel cornered."

Doolin banged the door, put the padlock in place, locked it, and hurried off across the meadow to the car.

As soon as he had disappeared in the darkness, Sheilah attacked the door with the saw. Using it as a lever, she worked away at the staple until she had loosened it in its socket. Then one strong wrench, and it came out. The door flew open, and the girl sprang in. Ned was lying stretched out on the floor, and she dropped on her knees beside him, calling his name. But he cried out, and pointing:

"The fuse! The fuse!"

She saw the spark, put her foot on it and crushed it out just in time. Another minute, and it would have reached the barrel.

Then she cut through her lover's bonds, and was clasped in his arms.

* * *

Mr. Doolin, seated at breakfast next morning, was unpleasantly surprised at receiving a visit from the police, who informed him that he would be taken into custody on a charge of attempted murder. He was so much surprised, that, when the police further demanded that he should deliver up certain important documents belonging to Mr. Ned Kelly, he handed them over without a word of protest.

Ned's claim to the fortune was admitted, and he and Sheilah returned to the old country as man and wife. Mr. Doolin will not cross the Atlantic again for some years.



This Film will be presented to the Public, in Three Parts, on October 9th, 1913.

Request your local Theatre Proprietor to include this Picture in his bookings.

The Cap of Destiny.

Rex Drama.

DICK ROSSITER had fallen on evil days. The only son of a wealthy man, he had spent his youth and young manhood in acquiring a good many useless if ornamental accomplishments. He could ride, shoot, play football and cricket, pull a good oar, and sing a song passably well; but he could not earn a living, and that was now a matter of stern necessity with him. He had always had a generous allowance of money, and an indulgent father to draw on when funds ran short. And he had come to a point when he had not a penny in the world, and had a wife to keep into the bargain.

The wife, indeed, was the cause of his present predicament. He had married for love, in defiance of his father's advice to him to take care, if he must make a love match, to fall in love with an heiress. Then he had married without his father's knowledge, and, to crown all, he had married a waitress.

Old Mr. Rossiter had been furiously angry. "A waitress!" he shouted. "A common waitress! A girl who has been at the beck and call of my clerks and office boys. It was bad enough that you should marry at all without my consent, but to go and marry a common waitress!"

Mr. Rossiter could not find words to express his disgust.

In vain Dick assured him that Maggie was not a common waitress. He could not deny that she was a waitress, and Mr. Rossiter was convinced that all waitresses were necessarily common.

Dick insisted that his wife was a lady, that she had been well educated, and that she had taken a situation as waitress in order to help her mother, who had been left with a big family to keep, and very little to keep them on. He suggested that he should bring Maggie round to see Mr. Rossiter, but this proposal only inflamed the old man the more. He declared that he would not receive his daughter-in-law, and that Dick's allowance would be stopped from that moment.

"You don't mean that, father?" Dick said.

"But I do," was Mr. Rossiter's reply. "You can marry without my knowledge, it appears. We'll see now whether you can get a living without my help. I don't want to see you any more."

"Very well," said Dick, proudly. "I daresay we shall manage somehow."

"Oh, I daresay," the old man sneered. "You'd better set up a tea-shop or something—you and your waitress."

Dick held out his hand, but his father ignored it, and turned to the window as his son went out. The young man was far from feeling confident of managing even "somehow." During the next few weeks he called at every office and factory in the town for work, but in vain. Everybody knew him as the son of the rich Mr. Rossiter, and nobody was willing to give him work. The story of his quarrel with his father had got abroad, and even those who were inclined to help him did not care to risk offending a man of Mr. Rossiter's influence.

And now Dick's fortune had come to the lowest ebb. He had been tramping about the town all the morning, and not even the smallest job had come his way. There had been no breakfast at home, and though Maggie had kept a brave face, it had gone to his heart to see how pale and worn she was beginning to look. He turned his steps homeward mechanically, and on the way made up his mind that the only hope for them lay in leaving this town where everybody knew them and making a fresh start somewhere else. They had no money for the journey, and he decided to make one last appeal to his father for help. The old man, he thought, would be only too pleased to get them out of the town, and would not mind paying a few pounds to secure that end.

When he reached home Maggie met him at the door. She looked a question, and he

shook his head moodily in answer and walked through into their sitting-room. The first thing he saw was a little pile of money on the table—two half-crowns, a shilling or two and a few coppers. He turned to his wife in amazement.

She smiled at him. "I sold a few things," she said nervously. "There was an old dress of mine, and——"

He looked keenly at her. "Do you mean that you pawned them?"

"Yes," she said ready to cry. "We had no money, and nothing to eat, and this money will buy us meals for a day or two at any rate. Perhaps by that time something will turn up." She tried to speak cheerfully, but it was plain that she was giving up hope.

Dick felt like crying himself. "Poor little girl!" he said. "To think that I have brought you to this—to the pawnshop! But I'll write to my father. Surely he won't be so hard-hearted as to refuse to give a little money to get us away from this place. Nobody here will give me work. No, I won't write; I'll go and see him."

Snatching up a cap from the table he went out, and walked briskly in the direction of his father's office. As he went, however, he felt his hopes ebbing away. He had never known his father go back upon his word. He might even refuse to see him, and Dick had no mind for further humiliation that morning. He stopped to think, staring in a shop window.

For some minutes he saw nothing, then he noticed his own reflection staring back at him. What was that on his head? Certainly not his own cap. It was a light coloured cloth affair, with wide black stripes set far apart. He never would have thought of appearing in public in such a conspicuous cap.



"Cast off."

How on earth had it got on his head? He took it off to examine it more closely, and suddenly remembered that he had taken it from the table at his home. It had lain on a bundle of old clothing, which, he now supposed, had been rejected by the pawnbroker. Dick was still facing the window and holding the cap in his hands when there came the sound of hurrying feet. A hand shot out under Dick's eyes, a purse was dropped into the cap, and he was staring stupidly at a man who was flying along the street as though pursued by a legion of devils.

Then round the corner came a mob of men and women, running too, and shouting and screaming with all the strength of their lungs, "Stop thief!" Most of them ran past Dick, but a policeman made a dash at him.

"Here's one of 'em, at any rate," he said. "You come with me to the station, young feller."

Dick was astounded. "What do you mean?" he cried. "Why should I come to the station? What's the matter?"

"Ho!" snorted the policeman. "You're an innocent one, you are! You don't know nothing about it, of course; no more than a new-born babe. And the purse in your cap all the time! Here, come on!"

In vain Dick protested that he knew nothing whatever about the purse. The policeman only laughed at his explanation, and told him he'd better think of a better yarn than that to tell the magistrates. The constable clapped the handcuffs on the prisoner and led him to the police-station. He spent the night in a cell, and on the following morning appeared in the dock charged with stealing the purse from a lady in the street. It gave him no satisfaction to find that his father was chairman of the magistrates that morning.

The policeman told his story, and then Dick gave his account of the affair. He said he had never seen the lady, and had had no more to do with stealing the purse than the policeman or any of the magistrates. He had been standing with the cap in his hand, and the purse was dropped into it.

Mr. Rossiter gave a snort of contempt. "A likely story," he said. "I have not the slightest doubt that you stole the purse. You had much better make a clean breast of it. If you take that course, I will use my influence with my brother magistrates to have you bound over, as this is a first offence. If you persist in your denial, we shall have no alternative but to send you to gaol."



"With the gang."

Dick said nothing. He saw that it was hopeless to plead with his father. He stood with a white face, his hands clenched on the rail of the dock. The policeman who had given evidence held the cap in his hand, and presently the clerk, who had been regarding it curiously, rose, and, leaning over the chairman's desk, said something in an undertone.

Mr. Rossiter nodded, and then spoke to the prisoner.

"Where did you get this cap?" he asked.

Dick told him what he knew about it, and Mr. Rossiter said, "Well, the clerk has made a suggestion. I don't attach much importance to it myself, but he is anxious to try whether the cap has anything to do with the affair. He is going to make an experiment, and while he is doing so the court will proceed to the next case. You may stand down."

The clerk took the cap from the policeman and went out, while Dick was accommodated with a seat close by the dock.

The magistrates were halfway through the next case when the clerk burst excitedly into the court, holding up a lady's gold watch and chain. He said he had been standing at the corner of the street wearing the cap for about ten minutes, when a man passed, and, giving him a casual glance, thrust the watch and chain into his hand, and disappeared at a run.

There was another consultation between Mr. Rossiter and the clerk, and then a sergeant and three constables were despatched with Dick to his house. Maggie told how she had brought the cap home from the pawnbroker's in mistake. At their request she led them to the place. They searched the premises and found a number of caps identical with the one Dick had been wearing, and they found also a valuable collection of stolen property. The pawnbroker was arrested, and under pressure, confessed that his establishment had long been the headquarters of a gang of thieves and pickpockets, who wore the cap as a distinguishing badge. They were all arrested and received long terms of imprisonment.

When Dick returned to the police-station his father was waiting for him. The old man held out his hand.

"Dick, my boy," he said, "I'm sorry, and I'm a lonely old man. Come round to dinner to-night, will you? And bring your wife."



The Taming of the Shrew.

Ambrosio.

New Agency Film Co., 81-83, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

Petruchio	...	...	...	Rodolfi
Katharina	...	...	...	Louise

FOREWORD.

Of all Shakespeare's plays none is more frequently acted or more keenly enjoyed than the comedy of "The Taming of the Shrew." This moving picture version of a story at which millions have laughed is produced throughout in the real spirit of the original. The farcical adventures of the shrewish bride and the carefully planned follies of her boisterous husband are, indeed, able to be shown in greater detail in the film than would be possible on any stage. The most talented and popular of Ambrosio players are the protagonists, and the artistic costumes and fine settings go to make a perfect stage picture.

THE PLAY.

The subject opens with a picture of the distracted household of Baptista Minola, who is blessed with two daughters of a sweetness of temper and docility of disposition beyond reproach. Their virtues have been appreciated by others besides their father, and each is pledged to a gallant. Their happiness is wormwood to their elder sister, Katharina, whose furious temper and spiteful disposition have kept all possible courtiers at a distance.



"You have shown a tenderly fatherly regard to wish me wed to one half lunatic."

Katharina forcibly parts her sisters from their lovers, and dragging them before Baptista demands why they should be allowed to take husbands while she, the eldest sister, is still a spinster. In despair at her "frowardness," Baptista declares at last that a husband she shall have, and to hasten the happy day when his house shall be rid of her declares that her sisters shall not wed until she is matched.

Then comes the appearance of Petruchio, son of an old friend, who learns of the state of affairs, learns also that, cross-grained though she be, Katharina will bring her husband a handsome dowry. Straightway he declares himself a suitor for her hand, and in that character blithely announces himself to the shrew when he encounters her. Her biting

contempt, her blows, her anger are disregarded. Petruchio announces to the equal surprise and delight of her father and sisters' suitors, that he will marry Katharina in ten days.

The wedding day dawns, Katharina, half dazed by the furious wooing of which she has been the object, permits herself to be dressed for the ceremony. Petruchio keeps the company waiting, and in the end appears in a dirty, tattered suit, which he refuses to change for the ceremony. The wedding over, the guests, preparing for the banquet which should follow, are amazed by the newly-made husband forcibly carrying his wife away to her new home in a broken-down waggon before she can eat or drink.



"And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster."

On the road the bridegroom maintains his methods of violence. Quarrels punctuate the journey, and Katharina arrives at her husband's house exhausted and hungry. But the sumptuous meal which awaits them does not recommend itself to Petruchio, who, under the pretence that the food is not good enough for his wife, throws one dish after another across the room. Katharina retires to her chamber fasting—even here her troubles are not at an end. The couch excites the bridegroom's ire, and he will not let her rest on it. She passes the night in a chair, and in the morning the taming is well on its way.



"The younger daughters and their husbands visit Petruchio."

Its triumphant completion is revealed when Baptista, with his younger daughters and their husbands, come to visit Petruchio and his wife. The once uncontrollable Katharina is now the model of a quiet, even-tempered wife, obedient to her husband in all things. Petruchio wagers with the other young husbands that his wife will prove the most obedient of the three. Each sends a message to his lady asking her to come to him. Two return pert answers,—Katharina alone obeys, and the climax of the comedy is reached when she lectures her sisters upon their duty to their husbands.

Remarks about the Players figuring in our Supplement—

"FILM FAVOURITES."

Miss Mary Pickering *(Front Cover).*

This brilliant actress was the leading lady in that very daring and exciting picture, "Through the Clouds," filmed by the British and Colonial Film Company. Our readers will doubtless remember the sensation caused whilst this picture was being filmed. The majority of the illustrated papers included photographs of the film among others, showing Miss Pickering in her terrible climb from aeroplane to balloon.

Miss Florence Turner.

Already popular and idolised by so many of our picture-theatre patrons there is nothing we can add to what has already been said of her charms.

It is nice to realise, however, that Miss Turner is now amongst us playing in British films, *i.e.*, The Turner Films, Ltd.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

Mr. Hawtrey is already well-known to all theatre-goers in Great Britain. Our readers will be pleased, however, to hear that he has succumbed to the fascination of the film and has just taken the leading rôle in that very popular play, "A Message from Mars."

Master Eric Desmond.

A child-actor who is really most pleasing to watch. He has recently made a great success in the title rôle of the Hepworth production, "David Copperfield." This film will be released shortly, when our readers will have the pleasure of seeing Master Desmond, and we feel sure that they will readily endorse our opinion.

Miss Gene Gauntier.

Late of the Kalem Company—from which, no doubt, she has been missed—Miss Gauntier is now in Killarney, Ireland, producing and acting in plays for the Gauntier Feature Company.

Miss Gauntier, amidst romantic Irish scenery, assuredly means something very good for us in the way of pictures.

Answers to Correspondents.

We shall be pleased to answer any questions on subjects of interest relating to the Film World. Give as many particulars as possible and write on one side of the paper only. Whilst we use our utmost endeavours to make these replies correct, we cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracy.

C.C.G., Swindon.—Mr. Warren Kerrigan has left the "Flying A" and probably will shortly be seen in Universal films. Miss Greenwood, late of Selig's, is now with the "Flying A."

"April Morn," Nunhead.—Thanks for cuttings.

"Damsel," Dawlish.—The gentleman you refer to is Mr. Maurice Costello.

Mrs. W.B., Putney.—We have no idea, but will make enquiries.

W.W., Camberwell.—See "Adventures of Jacques." Pictures of the artistes you mention will shortly be included in our supplement.

R.R., Kilburn.—As far as we know Mr. Albert Chevalier has not played in pictures. We think you can obtain gramophone records of his at any high-class music dealers.

F.J.S., Twickenham.—We thank you for letter and photograph, but your question is not fair to us.

A.L., Bishops Stortford.—We are glad to hear you are pleased with our first number.

Quaesitor, Camberwell.—(1)—A book on scenario writing is now in preparation and will be published shortly. (2)—See Trade Weeklies.

E.J.C., Tottenham.—The release date is October 20th.

H.F., Hampstead.—We should say not.

W.W., Brixton.—On sale at Electric Pavilion and Palladium.

F.W.L., Hounslow.—Will advise you in the December issue.

C.W., Wallington, Surrey.—The picture you saw was "The Cloak of Guilt." This is a recent release, consequently it would appear that the Kalem people now intend making a regular feature of first naming the players,—a most welcome practice.

"Sam," Littlehampton.—We cannot say yet.

"Anxious," Fulham.—Mondays and Thursdays.

"Mabel," Bognor.—Miss Flora Finch.

F.J.J., Camberwell.—Mr. Will Evans has appeared on the film in "Harnessing a Horse."

Miss A.T., Cardiff.—We thank you for your kind remarks, and shall always be delighted to answer any questions.

W.B.P., Sutton.—The release date was February 22nd, 1913.

"Picture Lover," Walton-on-Thames.—The lady has retired from picture-play acting.

T.K., Barking.—See answer to "F.W.L." (Hounslow).

"Dot," Weymouth.—Happy Fanny Fields has acted for the films in "Happy Fanny Fields and the Four Little Dutchmen," produced by Selsior, Ltd., London.

"Bunny," Dulwich.—Without the slightest shadow of doubt Moving Pictures are now firmly established.

H.B., Beckenham.—(1) If you have any trouble let us know. (2) Yes. (3) Yes.

"Curious," Kingston.—The films are taken at Teddington.

"Grace, 21."—Miss Gene Gauntier is now in Ireland producing photo-plays.

— Peckham.—Regret omission of Rebecca's picture in "Ivanhoe"; unfortunately 'twas unavoidable. You will notice the cast now precedes most of the stories.

P.M., Bayswater.—Thanks for good wishes.

A.J.S., Hampstead.—Thanks for generous remarks. Was our letter of service to you?

S.E.H., Peckham.—The lady you mention has never appeared on the film.

H.P. Balham.—He is in New York at present.

Miss E.P., Richmond.—On sale at Talbot, Castle, or Empire.

Answers to Correspondents—(*continued*).

A.M., Brixton.—Mr. Harry Furniss appeared in "The Mighty Hunters," by Edison, taking the character of "The animal painter." Miss Miriam Nesbitt played in the same picture, as "Marion, the painter's daughter."

J.G., Streatham.—"Hero among Men" was a Lubin picture, released on September 15th last.

A.H.J., Camberwell.—Miss Asta Nielsen will shortly be seen in a new series of pictures.

W.G., Dartford.—Don't be impatient. Nordisk are coming along with some excellent pictures. "The Secret of the Bureau" is a fine drama, released on October 13th.

S.G., Clapham.—You are wrong. Miss Flora Finch acted "The speaker" in "Bunny as a Reporter."

E.C., Brighton.—Miss Mabel Wormand has played in Vitagraph and Biograph films. She is now leading lady in Keystone pictures.

S.P., Birmingham.—We should advise you to purchase "The Romance of the Cinema," by Mr. Valentia Steer. This book is generally interesting, and is likely to contain the information you require.

E.P., Manchester.—The cast in "Bunny's Birthday Surprise" was as follows:—Daddy Bunny...Mr. John Bunny; Mrs. Bunny...Miss Flora Finch; Dave Bunny...Mr. Chamberlain; The Agent...Mr. Frank Mason.

Mabel.—No! They are both unmarried.

Cresus.—We *could* recommend a substantial Company in which you might invest your money, but financial matters are outside the scope of this journal.

E.H.H., Birmingham.—You are hardly likely to see on the screen the variety stars you mention, as certain syndicates now include a clause in their contracts prohibiting the artistes from being "filmed."

A.M., Notting Hill.—The Kensington Picture Theatre have just issued a very handsome and interesting souvenir, with numerous photo prints of play-actors.

S.C., Balham.—Mr. Seymour Hicks in "Scrooge," will be reviewed in our November issue—see back page of cover.

A.W., Beckenham.—Miss Mary Pickering played the lead in "Through the Clouds"—see our special notice.

E.W., Peckham.—Mr. Joseph Menchen is producing Maurice Le Blanc's magnificent story of "Arsene Lupin." It will probably be on view to the public at an early date."

W.S.P., Southend.—We quite agree with you—good music to the pictures makes them much more enjoyable.

Oct 1913

Weldon's Ladies' Journal

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Readers are invited to submit any original literary matter of interest—poems, short humorous stories, sketches, etc., etc., the basis of which must be relative to films.

For each of these items published in "Illustrated Films Monthly," we will pay the contributor the sum of five shillings.

The Editor does not bind himself to accept any matter submitted, and will take no responsibility for any MSS. that may become mislaid. Readers wishing their efforts to be returned must enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

All articles must be accompanied by the attached coupon.

Editor,
"Illustrated Films Monthly,"
Dugdale Street Works, Camberwell,
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Film Favourites



Mlle. Suzanne Grandais.

Film Favourites



Mr. Maurice Costello.

Film Favourites



Miss Flora Finch.

Film Favourites



Mr. Seymour Hicks.

Film Favourites



Miss Beverly Bayne.

Film Favourites



M. Bertho—"Funnicus."

Film Favourites



Miss Toni Sylva.

Film Favourites



Mr. Chas. Prince—"Wiffles."

"SCROOGE,"

adapted from

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL,"

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Enacted by

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS

And his Company.

Filmed and produced by ZENITH FILM Co., Ltd., 29a, Charing Cross Road, W.C.
Controlled by THE BIG "A" FEATURES, Ltd., 24, Gerrard Street, W.C.

IT is Christmas Eve: a good old-fashioned Christmas Eve with frost in the air, and snow lying thick and white upon the ground.

In an old-world corner of the great Metropolis, within a dingy courtyard surrounded by gloomy houses, some ragged children are engaged in the seasonable pastime of "snowballing."

The frost tingles their young blood and nips their extremities, whilst the wind, whistling round the corners of the courtyard, finds out the most exposed portions of their scantily clad bodies.

Presently a young fellow, whistling gaily to himself, appears upon the scene.

One of the children solicits a trifle in honour of the festival season.

The young man readily responds, and more liberally than is compatible with his limited means, for he is Fred Wayland, the nephew of Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge, the senior partner of the firm of Scrooge & Marley, whose offices we can discern in the background.



Mr. Seymour Hicks as "Scrooge."

Now Fred is out of favour with his wealthy relative, for greatly to the disgust of that worthy he has taken unto himself a wife, and now lives a happy but precarious existence with the girl of his heart.

Having made one creature happy, young Wayland proceeds on his way.

A sinister shadow falls across the snow, the children pause a while in their play, and a stillness descends upon their voices, just as the songs of birds are hushed when the figure of a hawk appears above them in the sky.

Through the archway, out of darkness into the light, emerges the forbidding form of Ebenezer Scrooge.



"Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, covetous old sinner!"



"Some ragged children are engaged in the seasonable pastime of 'snowballing.'"

Oh! but he is a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, covetous, old sinner! secret and solitary as an oyster; hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel has ever struck out generous fire.

One of the children, bolder than the rest, approaches to beg a coin, only to be repulsed with a snarl.

Then the steely-hearted miser proceeds upon his way, and disappears within the entrance of his offices.



"Poor Bob Cratchit . . . has stopped to take leave of his little child, Tiny Tim."

Within his office Scrooge is annoyed to find that his clerk has not yet put in appearance—the rascal is at least one minute behind his time.

Poor Bob Cratchit, the clerk in question, who toils all day for the munificent sum of fifteen shillings per week, has stopped to take leave of his little child, Tiny Tim, who is, alas! a cripple.

Tiny Tim, the youngest of a family of six, has been permitted this morning to accompany his father on the walk to his office, and the simple-hearted parent has acted as the child's horse all the way.

But an impatient tapping is heard at the window, and Bob turns to see his master angrily beckoning him to his duties, so with a kiss he takes leave of his little son, who limps off with the help of his crutch in the direction of home.

Meanwhile the cold grows more intense, and the wind more piercing and searching.

The guardians, with a few sympathising friends are met in conclave to consider, and if possible relieve, the wants of the most necessitous.

But times are hard, and subscriptions come in but slowly, the small stock of provisions is soon exhausted, and many of the poverty-stricken throng are perforce sent empty away, one poor lad falling in the snow faints from exposure and lack of food.

Mr. Middlemark, a benevolent old gentleman who has ever been foremost in the cause of charity, is deputed to solicit the sympathies and subscriptions of the more prosperous inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and sallies forth upon his charitable errand.

In the course of the winter day, Scrooge and Cratchit at work in the office, are visited by Fred Wayland, who comes to wish his uncle a "MERRY CHRISTMAS," and to invite him to dine on Christmas Day.

In reply, the unforgiving Scrooge says he will see him—well in extremity first, and taunts his nephew with his poverty and marriage.

A weary woman finds her way into the presence of Scrooge to beg a trifle for the sake of her starving child, but the poor fainting creature repulsed, finds in the clerk a more generous nature, for Cratchit contrives to spare a copper from his scanty store, and unseen by Scrooge, to slip it into the woman's hands.

Mr. Middlemark arrives on his errand of mercy, and is ushered into the presence of the head of the firm.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?" asks Mr. Middlemark.

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replies. "He died seven years ago this very night."

"I have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," says Mr. Middlemark presenting his credentials.

But like the rest, Middlemark receives nothing but a snubbing for his pains.

and is told to leave the office.

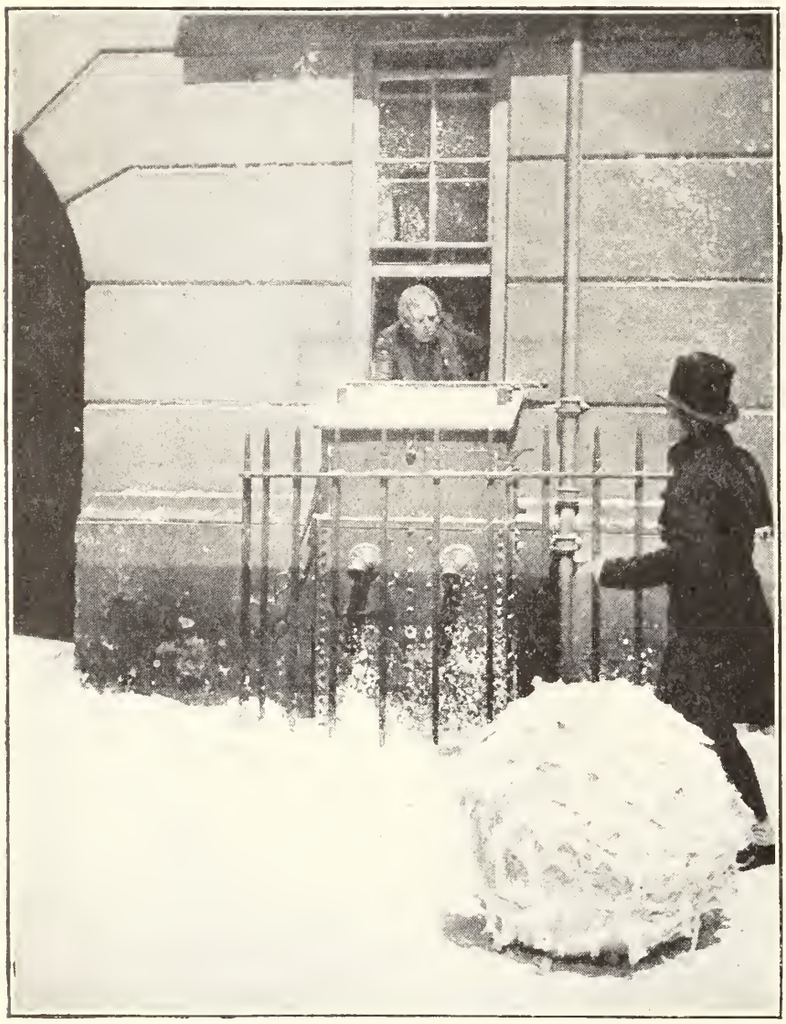
No appeal, no tale of misery can soften the hard heart of Ebenezer Scrooge.

At length the hour of shutting up the office arrives, and Cratchit prepares to leave.

"You'll want all the day off to-morrow, I suppose?" says Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir," replies the clerk.

"It's not convenient," says Scrooge, "and it isn't fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound."



"He rushes to the window, pulls back the curtains . . . and lets in the glorious sunlight."

The clerk observes "Christmas comes but once a year," to which Mr. Scrooge replies that it is a poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December, and enjoins him to put in an appearance all the earlier next morning. Cratchit promises he would, and vanishes after wishing his master a "Merry Christmas," to which Scrooge curtly replies, "Bah! humbug."

Scrooge, left alone, prepares to spend a quiet evening, and straightway locks up his dingy office.

When confident that he is safe from interruption, he first refreshes himself with a glance through his bank book, and then occupies himself with the congenial task of reckoning up the cash in hand, and gloating over a golden hoard.

Towards midnight, Scrooge, having partaken of a little gruel in lieu of supper, falls fast asleep behind the dying embers of his fire.

A moaning is heard in the air, the wind whistles shrilly round the ancient house and strange things happen.

A map on the wall rolls and unrolls itself, a bell-rope jerks up and down without a hand to pull it, and the ledgers and account books jostle themselves together in the bookcase.

Presently a clanking of chains is heard, and the ghost of Jacob Marley appears in his winding sheet, and towers above the sleeping Scrooge.

Scrooge, opening his eyes, beholds above him the dreadful apparition, and falls in terror to the ground.

Jacob Marley warns his former partner of the terrible doom in store for him, unless he reforms and amends his sordid life before it is too late.

The ghost portrays to Scrooge the wicked, covetous, inhuman life he is leading, revealing his past from the days of his boyhood, to a future when he shall sink in his grave.

He revives the memories of a beautiful girl, whom Scrooge had cast aside in his greed for gold.

He portrays the joyous time his poor neighbours are having; he shows him Bob Cratchit and his little party, laughing, chatting, joking, just because it is Christmas day.

For days Scrooge is seemingly under the cloak of this terrorising apparition until, beseechingly, he implores the ghost to give him one more chance, and falling to the ground he awakens, and realises that what he has seen is but a dream.

He rushes to the window, pulls back the curtains, and throws open wide the door and lets in the glorious sunlight.

Then Scrooge calls to the passing boy, and sends him to buy a turkey, and tells

him to take it to the Cratchits.

He scatters coins amongst the carol singers who have assembled outside his window, and experiencing a greater happiness than he has felt for years, he sallies jauntily forth on a round of Christmas visits.

Lastly is seen the Cratchits in their humble home enjoying their Christmas dinner.

A knock comes at the door; who can it be? Bob Cratchit opens it, and admits no other than his master Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge.



"The ghost of Jacob Marley appears in his winding sheet and towers above the sleeping Scrooge."



"With a kiss he takes leave of his little cripple son."

But a changed Mr. Scrooge, with kindness and geniality lighting up a countenance from which all traces of harshness and severity are banished.

He greets the little family with a pleasant smile, and the amazement and delight of the children are unbounded when each receives a liberal tip from the old gentleman, who lingers a moment to pat affectionately the head of Tiny Tim.

Everybody is delighted when Scrooge takes the head of the table, and a roar of laughter goes up when he kisses Mrs. Cratchit under the mistletoe. Bob Cratchit fills up a bumper for his master who rises to propose a toast, and when Ebenezer Scrooge glances round at the merry smiling faces, a wondrous feeling of peace and happiness descends upon him, and the child spirit of Tiny Tim finds an echo in the old man's heart as he fervently utters the prayer: "God bless us every one."

The Student of Prague,

— or, —

A Bargain with Satan.

HERR PAUL WEGENER in the Title Role.

CAST.

BALDUIN	A Student
SCAPINELLI	An Adventurer
LYDUSCHKA (in love with Balduin)	A Gipsy Girl
THE COUNTESS MARGIT SCHWARZENBERG (in love with Balduin and the unwilling fiancé of her Cousin)	
COUNT SCHWARZENBERG	Governor of the State
BARON WALDIS SCHWARZENBERG ...	Cousin to the Countess

ACT I.

IN "The Student of Prague," one of the finest examples of the supernatural in drama has been accomplished, and it is safe to say that this film will be a revelation in "trick" photography. Dramatically speaking, also, it is magnificent evidence of what the screen, nowadays, is capable.

At no moment of the play does the spectator lose the sense of the mysterious and mystical, or fail to be thrilled and impressed with its seeming reality. Were the photography less perfect, the methods by which the several illusions are brought about would obtrude themselves, and tend to lessen the effect; but in no single instance is the spectator brought to realise that it *is* "fake," and so the result is one of absolute realism.

The story told by de Musset, and now vividly depicted by some of Germany's best actors and actresses, is as follows :—

One Balduin, a student of Prague, where the action of the play is laid, is in direst poverty. Sitting outside an inn, where the revels of his fellow-students, and the dancing of Lyduschka, a gipsy girl who loves him madly, fail to arouse him from his despondency, he is addressed by a weird old man, named Scapinelli.

Interested, in spite of himself, by this strange creature, who is no other than Satan in disguise, Balduin consents to walk with him, and the two pass along together in deep conversation, and ere long reach the open country

Not far away, Countess Margit Schwarzenberg and her betrothed, Baron Waldis Schwarzenberg, her cousin, have become separated from the rest of their party, out riding after hounds.

The promised bride of her cousin, against her inclination, and solely to please her father, the Governor of the State, the Countess Margit would rejoin their hunting party without delay. The Baron Waldis, however, uses the opportunity to make unwelcome love, until the Countess, sick and weary of his protestations of affection, suddenly puts spur and whip to her horse, which gallops with her from the Baron's side.

Whether she unwittingly used the spur too hardly upon the beast or no, the fact remains that she finds herself unable to control him, and all her frantic efforts to

lessen his furious pace are unavailing.

It is in this wise that she passes Balduin and his companion on the road, and the student, seeing her danger, hurries off in pursuit. The restive horse suddenly arrives at the brink of a lake, and, half hesitating, plunges in, unseating his mistress, who is heavily thrown. Balduin dives into the water and, with difficulty, brings the Countess to the bank. Before long some members of the hunt arrive, and the Countess, now recovered, is hastened home.

Balduin has now another sickness to add to that of poverty. He has fallen madly in love with the Countess, and next day spends his last coin on a few flowers, and calls at the Governor's house to inquire about the health of the Countess.

The Governor receives him graciously, and warmly thanks him for the rescue of his daughter. The Countess Margit adds her thanks to her father's, not without emotion, for the love that flames in Balduin's heart has an answering light in hers.

The student, shy, and almost overcome with emotion, is about to present her with his humble offering of flowers, when her *fiancé*, Baron Waldis, enters the room, bearing in his arms a bouquet of rare and gorgeous blooms. Poor Balduin hesitates, looking down pathetically at his few poor flowers. The Governor presents the Baron as his future son-in-law, and the student's hopes are shattered into pieces.

Holding his flowers forlornly in his hand, Balduin bows and takes his leave, while the Countess coldly receives her lover's bouquet, which she negligently lays aside.

In his humble lodgings, Balduin is exercising with the foils of which he is past-master. Standing before a large mirror, he practises and perfects those famous thrusts that have won him renown.

Laying the slender rapier aside, he sits dejectedly at his little table, when the door opens, and Scapinelli enters. He seats himself opposite Balduin, whose dejection



"Balduin passionately declares his love."

seems to provide him with food for mirth, and presently makes a startling proposal.

If Balduin will agree to allow him to take anything he likes from the room, to use as he chooses, he will give him the sum of one hundred thousand pounds.

Believing his visitor a little mad, Balduin laughs aloud, with a gesture expressive of the poverty of his surroundings. Scapinelli produces a document and hands it to the student, who reads it with increasing amazement. His eyes return to his strange visitor, and he sees him take from his pocket a silken purse, and opening the mouth, pour out upon the table a never-ending stream of gold.

Staring, as though fascinated, Balduin fingers the coins, doubting their existence. Then, in a rapture of delight, he wildly delves his hands again and again into the golden mound.

Scapinelli again presents the document which embodies his strange proposal, and Balduin eagerly signs it. The weird old man then smilingly tucks it safely away in his pocket, and bowing mockingly, turns as though to leave the room. Coming face to face with the large mirror, he makes a strange gesture, peering malignantly over his shoulder at Balduin. And then a strange thing happens. While the student gazes fixedly at his likeness in the mirror, the reflection stirs, moves, and while Balduin stands rooted to the spot, advances into the room.

The student, his hair almost rising on his head, follows its slow movement, and as he looks, the reflection, apparently a thing of flesh and blood like himself, and his living image, walks slowly from the room after Scapinelli, turning at the door to give a slow, enigmatical smile at his double.

Left alone, Balduin rushes to the mirror, passing his hands over its surface in amazement. Suddenly he starts violently, and peers into the glass. His reflection is gone! Staring with horror, moving from this side to that, he endeavours to catch a glimpse of himself, but no mirrored likeness meets his gaze.

He turns to the table, and finds the pile of gold real, at least Shaking off his fears, he rapidly stuffs his pockets full, and taking his cap, leaves the room in search of pleasure.

Act II.

And would I rest me here or lie,
Or would I lay me there to die,
Wher'er I went, wher'er my bent.
In front I spied on every track,
A stranger there in clothing black,
So like me, I might my brother be.
—*Alfred de Musset.*

Balduin, now wealthy, is much sought after, and is invited by the Governor to a state ball at his house.



"Balduin is left a prey to jealousy and despair."

The Countess Margit engages herself to him for a dance, and the two, now hopelessly in love, find opportunity to slip away from the ball-room out upon the moonlit balcony.

Balduin passionately declares his love, quite unaware of Lyduschka, the gipsy, watching him from behind a pillar, whence she has climbed from the garden below, seeking a glimpse of the man she loves. Her hate and jealousy against the Countess is aroused, and she longs for revenge.

Baron Waldis, missing his *fiancé* from the ball-room, goes in search of her, and

interrupts the lovers. Countess Margit has no course open to her but to obey the Baron and return with him to the house, leaving Balduin a prey to jealousy and despair.

He espies her handkerchief, dropped upon the ground. Picking it up, he hastily scribbles a message, and secures it to the dainty square of lace with a jewelled pin taken from his cravat. He walks away, determined to find some means of giving her the note. As he hastens along the balcony he suddenly comes upon his "other self" seated upon the coping, and recoils in horror. His double gazes at him with that ghastly slow smile, so full of a nameless something which chills the blood.



"Balduin attempts to forget his love in dance and pleasure."

With a wild cry, Balduin flies from the spot, dropping the handkerchief in his flight. Lyduschka, creeping after him, finds it, and with it her means of revenge.

Hastening along, as though pursued, Balduin encounters some acquaintances, who remark upon his pallor. One of them, drawing forth a mirror, would attest his words, but ere he can hold it up to Balduin's face, the unhappy man dashes it aside. Endeavouring to regain his composure, he walks away with them.

Next day the gipsy, Lyduschka, seeks out the Baron Waldis, and shows him the handkerchief containing Balduin's note. Startled by his furious anger, she becomes afraid, and would fain have the handkerchief back again, but Waldis has other plans, and dismisses her.

Calling upon Balduin with a challenge, he scornfully produces the love-letter, and handing it, with the jewelled pin, to the student, returns Margit's handkerchief to his pocket with an air of possession. Balduin accepts the challenge, and the Baron leaves.

Hearing of the proposed duel, the Governor is in a state of great agitation. He visits Balduin and pleads with him to spare the Baron's life.

"You are the finest swordsman in the State. Kill him not—my sister's child, my daughter's future husband, and my heir. He is the living bearer of our name."

Balduin gives the Governor the pledge he asks for, and he returns to his home.

On the morning of the duel, as he nears the spot, he sees his "other self" fighting the duel in his stead, and the unfortunate Baron falls, mortally wounded. What he had promised not to do, the other did, and Balduin rushes from the spot in an agony of remorse.

Unable now to control his acts, what shall be his fate?

He calls later upon the Governor, only to be ignominiously turned from the gates by a

servant. Refused admittance to the house, he determines to see the Countess again at all costs. Entering the grounds by night, he procures a ladder, and enters by the window into Countess Margit's boudoir.

Overcome with emotion at sight of his love, Balduin falls upon his knees at her side and weeps. Presently through the open window steals the figure of his "other self." Rising to his feet, Balduin confronts again the terror which now forever haunts him. His agonised cry causes the Countess to turn, and she gazes horror-struck at the double of her lover, gazing at them both with his horrible, slow smile. Then the figure disappears!

he clambers over as when he entered, yet as he climbs down on the other side, his double approaches and walks out through the gate, which opens at his touch.

Confronted once again by his relentless, pursuing self, Balduin flies from the spot, his cloak floating in the breeze behind him.

Act III.

I am no God, nor Devil quite.
Yet spak'st thou right,
Who once in fright
To me the name of brother gave.
Where thou art shall I lie,
Until the hour when I seat me
On the stone o'er thy grave.
—*Alfred de Musset.*



"The duel between Baron Waldis and Balduin is arranged."

Hysterically the Countess demands an explanation. Balduin can give none. Suddenly the Countess grows rigid with fear, and her fingers point to a mirror facing them. Clearly before her she sees her own reflection, but at her side where Balduin stands is nothing!

Fixedly she gazes, mutely imploring of Balduin the meaning of this further mystery. The unhappy man buries his head in the folds of his cloak, and rushes from the room.

Appalled at the discovery she has made, the Countess falls to the floor unconscious.

Madly, like one possessed, Balduin rushes through the grounds. Arrived at the gate, Balduin on his homeward way is pursued at every corner by his double. Struggling to escape from him, he roams the hill-sides until dawn, yet ever and anon the smiling reflection rises up in his path.

At length he reaches the safety of his room, and sinks, exhausted, into a chair. His weary head drops upon his outstretched arm, his heart still panting from his fevered haste.

Slowly, from some dim recess steals forth the figure once again, and, lifting his eyes, Balduin meets again that slow, grim smile.

Endurance has reached the breaking point. Snatching up a revolver, Balduin calls upon

the spectre to depart. As it remains with fixed stare, he raises the weapon and fires, and lo! the figure vanishes into the air.

With a wild triumphant laugh, Baldwin flings the weapon from him, and looks round his room with the light of freedom in his gaze. He picks up a mirror from the table, and victory shines in his eyes as he sees his own reflection once again. He talks to it, until a sudden faintness seizes him, and he drops the mirror. Why, what is this? His knees are trembling. They refuse to bear him. A sharp pain at his heart. With a fear now in his eyes, Baldwin pulls aside the lace of his cravat and bears his breast. There is blood upon his shirt, above the heart! He looks at it, doubtingly. He lays his hand over his heart, and finds the bullet that he sent into the form of his "other self" buried there. Without a moan, Baldwin sinks down upon the ground—dead.

A CINEMA DEGREE.

1.

There are many learned people
Who have climbed the highest steeple,
Of the toughest "ologies" that you can find;
They are great on mathematics,
Physics, too, and numismatics,
And some on Psychic reading of the mind.

2.

These are privileged with letters
Which are difficult to get as
They have to pass exams. confounded hard,
So we can't all have the "bonheur"
Of these little words of honour
To place behind the name upon our card.

3.

Now if an examination
In Kinetic animation
Were held for those who love the Photo-play,
I would bet my bottom dollar
That I'd be the first to collar
The honourable degree of D.K.A.*

—*Frederic B. Appleyard.*

D.K.A. Doctor of Kinetic Animation.



The Pickpocket.

Vitagraph Comedy.

CAST.

Bunny	JOHN BUNNY
Mrs. Bunny	FLORA FINCH
Bob, Bunny's friend	CHARLES ELDRIDGE
Policemen	Messrs. FRANK MASON and JOSEPH BAKER

IT is possible that Mr. John Bunny might have continued to regard his wife's enthusiasm in the cause of woman suffrage with the easy tolerance characteristic of him if it had not begun to interfere with his domestic comforts. Women might have votes for all he cared, so long as peace reigned in his household, and his meals were punctually served. For if he was easy-going about everything else his opinions on this particular matter were fixed and unalterable.

If there was one meal which he enjoyed more than another it was his supper. After a hard day's work in the City he loved to give himself up to the pleasures of the table. Nobody knew this little weakness of his better than his wife, and she had always taken good care to provide something especially tempting for supper for her lord and master. But there came a time when it was borne in upon her that votes for women were of far greater importance than food for men, and then trouble began.

Mr. Bunny reached home one evening very hungry, his face beaming with pleasurable anticipation. Usually his wife met him as he opened the door, but on this occasion he walked in unwelcomed. He supposed that she was busy in the kitchen. He hung up his hat and coat and opened the door of the dining-room. Supper was on the table, but it was laid for one only, and to his astonishment and dismay he saw that he was expected to make a meal off cold ham and some bread and cheese.

He rang the bell viciously, and when the maid appeared :

"What the devil's the meaning of this ?" he roared. "Where's your mistress ?"

"She's out, sir," said the maid nervously.

"Out ! At supper time ! Where has she gone ? And where's my supper ?"

"She said she was going to a suffragette meeting, and wouldn't be home till late. And she said a cold supper for once wouldn't hurt you."

"Oh, did she ?" cried Mr. Bunny, banging his fist on the table with such vigour that the maid jumped back toward the door. "Curse this votes for women business ! I'll put a stop to it ! A woman's place is at home, not yelling all over the place for a vote and leaving me cold ham and bread and cheese for supper. It's scandalous ! That's what it is—scandalous !"

"Yes, sir," said the maid.

"Yes, sir ! What the devil do you mean with your 'Yes, sir' ? Don't stand grinning there ! Be off to the kitchen, do you hear ?"

Mr. Bunny, fuming with rage, sat down to his supper. And as he ate, he thought. He would have no more of this kind of thing. He meant to be master in his own house. If his wife thought she could treat him in this fashion she was much mistaken. She must be taught a lesson.

At that moment Mrs. Bunny was teaching a lesson herself. She was holding forth with great eloquence on the subject of the wrongs of women, and urging her audience to arise in their might and demand the vote.

"We have been slaves too long," she cried.

"The time has come to strike for freedom."

Shrill cheers greeted this declaration, and encouraged Mrs. Bunny to proceed to even greater lengths.

"Men are tyrants," she screamed. "They will never give us the vote until we compel them to do so, and the best way to do that is to strike. Let us attack men where they are weakest. Make them wait for their meals. Better still; don't give them any food at all! That will bring them to their senses. Why, if all the wives would strike we should have the vote in three weeks!"

These revolutionary sentiments were cheered to the echo, and when Mrs. Bunny had concluded her speech, a strike of wives was formally agreed upon, and a committee appointed to draw up a plan of campaign. The meeting then adjourned, and Mrs. Bunny went home to her husband. She received his indignant remonstrances with a contemptuous indifference which made him more than ever determined to pay her out.

It was chance that threw the opportunity in his way. On the following day he bought two tickets for a popular musical comedy, and invited a City friend to accompany him to the theatre that evening. He left the envelope containing the tickets on his desk when he went out to lunch. When he returned his clerk told him that Mrs. Bunny had called and was waiting in his office. He stepped quietly over to the glass door, and was just in time to see his wife pick up the envelope from his desk. She turned it about in her hands as if considering what to do. Then she opened it, took out the two tickets, glanced at them, and put them carefully in her handbag, from which she took two other cards. These she put into the envelope and placed it on the desk again.

Mr. Bunny with difficulty restrained himself from bursting into the room and confronting her. But she had still work to do, and was so intent upon it that she never turned her face towards the door. She held



"She was holding forth with great eloquence."

in her hand a bunch of keys which Mr. Bunny at once recognised as his own. He had left them in the pocket of his office coat. She sat down in his chair and tried the keys one after another in the top right-hand drawer of his desk until she found the right one. The drawer opened. Just inside was a packet of ten-dollar bills. Mrs. Bunny drew out several of these, replaced the packet, and locked the drawer.

Mr. Bunny had seen enough, and now he saw a way to get even with his wife. He turned quickly away, and instructing his clerk to keep silence, went out again into the street. In five minutes he was back

again, and walked straight through into his own office.

His manner when he greeted his wife showed nothing but pleased surprise. She, on her part, it appeared, had come up to town hoping to have the pleasure of lunching with him. Finding him out, she thought she would wait until he returned, just to assure herself that he was quite well and in good spirits.

"Very charming of you, my dear," said John—"very. And what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to call on a few people to collect subscriptions for the cause," was the reply.

Mr. Bunny picked up the envelope from his desk, and took out of it two blank cards. He chuckled.

"Now my beauty," he said, "I reckon I've got you, and if I don't cure you of wanting a vote may I become as slim as my walking-stick!"

He rang up the theatre on the telephone and booked two more seats. Then he settled down to business. During the afternoon he astonished several clients by laughing softly to himself for no apparent cause. He was thinking of the nice little trap into which he intended his wife should walk that evening.

I'll teach her to play her little games on



"Look here," he said, "I bought two tickets here this morning and they have been stolen."

Mr. Bunny was on the point of remarking that she had already "collected" a fairly substantial sum, but he refrained, and merely said, "Ah! the cause! Well, I'm not going to wish you luck. By the way, I shan't be home until late to-night. I have some important business on. You needn't wait up for me."

He watched his wife narrowly as he spoke, but she did not betray by so much as a flicker of an eyelid that she knew what the important business was.

"Well," she said, "I must be going. Good-bye, John." She waved her hand gaily, and went out.

me, he thought.

Business over for the day, he called for his friend, and the two had dinner together in a cosy little restaurant. To make up for the cold supper on the previous night, Mr. Bunny did himself particularly well, and by the time the meal was finished he was feeling well-disposed to all the world. He felt even ready to forgive his wife, but first she must be taught her lesson, show a proper spirit of repentance, and promise to abjure the suffragettes and all their works. He knew there could be no peace in his household unless that promise was made and kept.

He took his friend into his confidence, and

on arrival at the theatre he had an interview with the manager.

"Look here," he said, "I bought two tickets here this morning and they have been stolen. I've had to pay for two more. Somebody will probably come along here presently with those tickets. I want you to have the person who presents them taken into custody, whoever it is. Don't listen to any excuses. Put the matter in the hands of the police at once."

"Very good, sir," said the manager. "What are the numbers of the tickets?"

Mr. Bunny gave the information, and listened while the manager instructed an attendant to refuse admittance to anybody who came with the missing tickets.

"Shall I send for you, sir?" he asked, turning to Mr. Bunny.

"Good Lord, no!" replied Bunny in alarm. "I don't want to come. You let me know what happens, and I'll go round to the station after the performance and make my statement."

"Very good," said the manager again, and Mr. Bunny and his friend went to their seats, anticipating an enjoyable evening.

Just before the curtain went up an attendant came along and spoke to Mr. Bunny.

"It's all right, sir. Party came up with tickets. The manager, he charged her with having stolen them. Carried on a bit, she did. Said they were given to her by her husband: but the manager he wouldn't listen to that."

"Was she alone?" asked Mr. Bunny, winking at his friend.

"No, sir; there was another lady with her, but she slipped off when she saw there was trouble. The manager handed the one with the tickets over to a policeman who was waiting, and he's taken her off to the police-station. She struggled a good bit, sir: and cried, too."

"Alright," said Mr. Bunny, hastily, "That will do." He slipped a tip into the attendant's hand, and then the curtain went up, and he settled down to watch the play.

Now Mr. Bunny was a tender-hearted man, and the thought of his wife weeping in a police-cell rather spoiled his enjoyment. Still she had brought her punishment on herself, and he was not going to give in now that he saw victory in his grasp. He sat the play out, said goodbye to his friend outside the theatre, and took a taxi-cab to the police-station.

He explained the situation briefly to the officer on duty, and asked if he could have an interview with the prisoner.

"Certainly, sir," said the official. "There's no objection to that. I'll have her brought up here. Of course we'll accept your bail if you wish it."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Mr. Bunny. "The fact is I've more than half made up my mind not to prosecute at all. It all depends on what she has to say for herself."

"It's for you to decide, sir," said the officer. "I'll send for her, at any rate."

He rang a bell and sent a constable for Mrs. Bunny. That lady looked very forlorn when she was presently ushered into the apartment.

"Oh, John," she wailed, "take me away from this place. Tell them I'm your wife, and that it was all a joke."

"A joke!" said Mr. Bunny sternly. "Do you call it a joke to take tickets off my desk and money out of my private drawer?"

Mrs. Bunny wept. "I'll give you the money back, John—I will, really—all of it."

"Well," said her husband, "so far, so good. But there's something else you must do. You must resign your membership of that woman's club, and give up all this suffragette nonsense."

"Oh, no," she pleaded: "not that. I cannot desert the cause."

"Very well," said Mr. Bunny, turning away with grim determination in every line of his face, "then I shall let the law take its course. To-morrow morning you'll find yourself in dock."

Mrs. Bunny's tears flowed freely, but her husband was proof against her pleading, and at last she surrendered completely. She would promise anything, she said, rather than go back to that horrid cell.

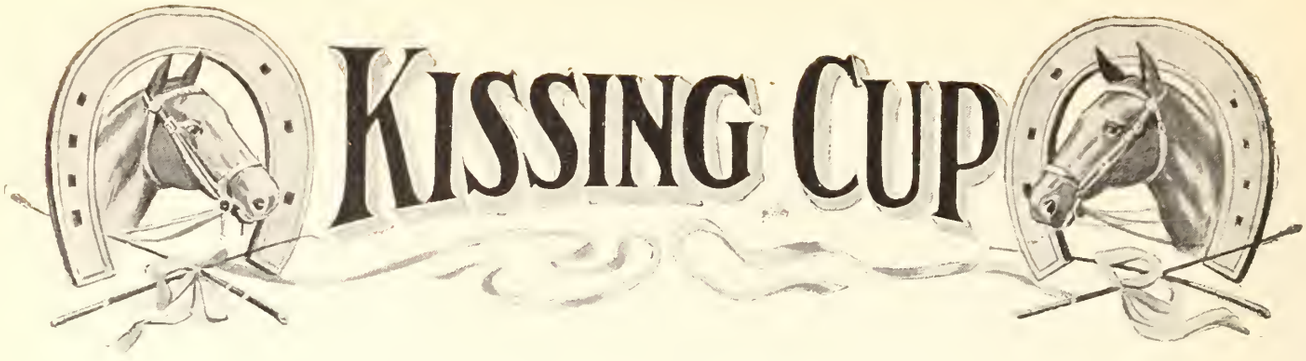
Mr. Bunny's taxi-cab was waiting, and after certain formalities had been gone through he bade the amused official good-night, and drove home with his repentant wife. As he put his latchkey in the door, he turned to her and said:

"Now, mind, no more cold suppers."

"No, John," replied his spouse, in a very subdued little voice.

* * *

At the next meeting of the suffragette club the resignation of Mrs. Bunny was accepted with general regret, and the plan of campaign for the great strike of wives has not yet been arranged.



A POWERFUL HEPWORTH DRAMA,

Written from the Film by Miss LOUIE BIRD.

Filmed and Produced by - - THE HEPWORTH MANUFACTURING CO., 2, Denman Street, London, W.

Controlled by - - - - THE KINEMATOGRAPH TRADING CO., LTD., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

CAST :

Squire Hetherington	HARRY GILBEY
Chrissie, his daughter	... CHRISSIE WHITE
Jack, his son	CECIL MANNERING
Richard Cardew, a racing millionaire ...	...ALEC WORCESTER
R. Ingham, a trainer	JOHN MCANDREW
Daisy Ingham, his daughter	FLORA MORRIS
Arthur, the boy jockey	BOBBY INGHAM

CHRISSIE HETHERINGTON did her best to fill the gap left by her mother's death. Up to the time of Mrs. Hetherington's illness she had been a gay, irresponsible school-girl, ignorant of a world outside hockey and history books. The sad event happened when she was eighteen, and within a week the merry undeveloped girl had become a woman. Chrissie realised that she must choose between the supervision of an unsympathetic aunt, or accept the full responsibility of the household upon her inexperienced shoulders. Struggling against inevitable mistakes, she had at last succeeded in becoming a mother to her handsome young brother Jack, a helpmate to the Squire, her father, who had never recovered from the loss of his wife, and a willing benefactress to the village, as well as fulfilling with dignity the social obligations her position demanded.

Chrissie thought of the way she had accepted her mother's place, and wondered what the future had in store, for it was the morning of her twenty-first birthday.

She jumped out of bed, and dressed hastily. The murmer of several voices sounded outside her window, and she saw a group of villagers assembled round the porch. They had come with bouquets and hand-worked presents for the Squire's popular young daughter.

Her father kissed her warmly when they met in the breakfast room. Seeing her eyes wander to the pile of presents arranged round her plate, he pinched her cheek playfully, and exclaimed :

"You won't see *my* present among them, my girl—" and Jack interrupted, "I say, you *will* like it, Cis!" The Squire turned upon him sharply—he had never regarded the boy with the same warm affection he

bore for Chrissie—"Not another word, please," he said; "I shall show it to Chrissie myself after breakfast!"

When the meal was over, the Squire led the girl through a gathering of villagers eager to offer congratulations, towards the stable, where he presented her with a pretty little thoroughbred foal.

Chrissie clapped her hands excitedly.

"What a perfect dear! It *is* kind of you, daddy!"

The Squire smiled at her pleasure.

"We must think of a name," he said. They suggested many, but none pleased the girl; some were too ordinary, and others not pretty enough.



"You shall be called 'Kissing Cup.'"

"You see," said Chrissie, "it must be a very nice name," and she smiled happily. "I have it"—she turned to the foal—"you shall be called 'Kissing Cup'!"

* * *

As in the case of most country places, the Squire and his family were on more or less friendly terms with all the people of position who lived near. Their immediate neighbour was a young man who had come recently to settle in the neighbourhood. He rented a large house and grounds, kept a staff of servants, and soon became a prominent figure on the hunting field and race course. Rumour had it that Richard Cardew was a millionaire, and he certainly squandered his wealth in a manner to support the gossip. Nothing was known of his past or his parents, and he himself never alluded to either. Among the many girls Richard's light fancy dwelt upon was Chrissie Hetherington. Perhaps the reason he was attracted to her was her unresponsiveness. Richard suffered from the swelled head of the wealthy young bachelor who is constantly being flattered by scheming matrons with eligible offspring. He could not understand how any young lady could resist his well-groomed person, and more from pique than love he determined that Chrissie should be his wife. Upon nearly every occasion when they met, the girl went out of her way to be rude to him, and instead of taking the hint that his company was distasteful to her, he persisted in unwelcome attentions.

One day Cardew was superintending some work in the stables, when a girl rode into the yard on horseback. Cardew noticed that she was very pretty, and seeing she had come with a message for one of the men, he approached her, hat in hand.

"How do you do—can I do something for you?" The girl blushed under his fixed glance. "I have come to see my father, Mr. Ingham," she said.

Ingham was Cardew's trainer, and, seeing his daughter, he came up. The girl delivered her message rapidly and rode away, but Cardew made a mental vow to make her acquaintance.

* * *

Nearly three years had now passed since Chrissie Hetherington's twenty-first birthday, years which had made little difference to Chrissie, but had wrought a great change in her father's birthday gift. "Kissing Cup" was now a handsome three-year-old, and the pride of her mistress, who visited the stables regularly to tempt her pet with sugar and apples. Chrissie was now a very beautiful girl, and, as may be expected, had many lovers who competed for her smiles and dances. She was belle of the county, and the envy of all the other girls, none of whom could compare with her for her splendid figure and good looks. One

morning, Chrissie came down to breakfast before the others. She hurried to unlock the postbag. Several letters for her, a long envelope for her father, and some newspapers for Jack. The Squire came into the room, rubbing his hands. He kissed Chrissie as he passed, and enquired if breakfast was ready. "What a splendid day!" he exclaimed, pointing to the sun which flooded the room with warmth—"and some poor wretches are living poked away in underground holes and never see it!" He drew up his chair to the table and picked up his letter carelessly. "Jack not down yet?" he asked with a frown. At that moment Jack appeared, and Chrissie accosted him eagerly. She was always trying to smooth matters over between her father and brother.

"I say, Jack, here is an invitation from Mrs. Townley Trent. She wants you and myself to take part in some theatrical entertainment—isn't it fun?"

Jack's face cleared in an instant; he adored his pretty sister. "That's rather jolly. When is the show coming off?"

As they discussed the details of the scheme with much merriment, neither noticed the sudden drawn look of the Squire as he read the contents of his letter.

He passed his hand over his forehead with a sudden gesture of despair, and gazed out of the window with eyes that saw invisible horror, instead of the smooth stretches of velvet lawns.

A burst of laughter from Chrissie made him rise to his feet, and as his children turned towards him, the smiles died upon their lips at the sight of his white drawn features. The Squire came of a stock who for generations had considered that all show of emotion was lack of self-control and a sign of weakness. With a supreme effort he drew himself erect.

"I have had rather bad news," he exclaimed, in a firm, dry voice. "I think I shall go to my study for a little while—see that I am not disturbed."

"But you have not had any breakfast," cried the ever-practical Chrissie. "Daddy, dear, do have something to eat—and, oh! can't we help you; won't you tell us?"

The Squire shook his head. "Patterson may bring me some coffee," he said.

During the silence that followed, the two heard him go into the study and shut the door. Chrissie and Jack stood looking at each other. The boy gave a sharp whistle. "Whatever is the matter with the pater?" he exclaimed. "I say, he must have been rather hard hit, you know, to look like that." His voice died away, for the Squire's steps sounded in the passage.

"Chrissie!" he exclaimed, "just write a note to Mr. Cardew, will you, asking him to dine with us to-night?"

"That bounder!" Jack could hardly wait until the study door was closed again. "Well, I do think it is a queer thing to ask him here to dinner, after the beastly way he follows you about."



"Jack Hetherington stood lashing him with his riding-crop."

Chrissie sighed. "I suppose there is a good reason for asking him here," she said. "Poor old daddy!"

That evening was a trying one for Chrissie. She was bound to be pleasant to their guest for her father's sake, and the man was not slow to assume the *rôle* of hopeful suitor. The meal seemed interminable. Jack was too sulky to talk; the Squire engrossed in his own thoughts contributed an absent remark at inappropriate intervals, and Chrissie was forced to keep up a constant flow of light conversation. It was with feelings of

relief that she rose to leave the table. Jack followed her into the drawing-room thinking his father would prefer to speak to Cardew alone, and glad to escape from the general air of uneasiness.

The Squire began at once: "You will think it strange for me to have invited you here this evening like this, but to be quite frank I am in a deuce of a hole." He placed a letter in Cardew's hands. "You will see by this that these shares have dropped suddenly, and I am left with a liability of some odd thousands——"



"The little jockey was fully conscious of the position he occupied."

He paused, and the younger man interrupted hurriedly:

"You wish me to make you a loan, Mr. Hetherington? I shall be delighted."

His smooth, mobile lips twisted into a smile at the unexpected way fate had played into his hands, but his face quickly resumed its ordinary expression as the Squire regarded him with eyes full of relief. "I say, it is really good of you. You see how things stand." He toyed nervously with his coffee cup. "Now I come to think of it, we do not seem to have been very good neighbours, I am afraid."

Cardew stretched out lazily for a cigarette. "I shall be glad to do you such a small service," he drawled. "We will consider it settled."

The next day, Cardew went for a walk, extremely pleased with himself. He despised the old Squire with the contempt an upstart has for a man of better birth, and was glad to think that Hetherington was reduced to receiving favours at his hands. Chrissie had looked very adorable the previous evening, and he felt that his cause was more than half won. He swung along, whipping off flower-heads as he walked, for the natural beauty abounding all around was lost upon him; he only estimated the earth as so much value an acre. As he turned a corner, he noticed a girl picking a bouquet in the wood on the other side of the hedge. He recognised Daisy Ingham—his trainer's daughter. Hurrying to her side, he complimented her upon her charming appearance, and encouraged by her timidity, he laid his hand upon her arm. "You look so nice, Miss Daisy: I want to kiss you—may I?"

The girl drew away from him with horror. Her eyes flashed with anger. "Don't talk to me like that, Mr. Cardew, please."

But Cardew was not to be put off.

"After all, she is only the daughter of one of my men," he commented mentally, "and she's pretending. I know she likes being kissed." He held her closer.

"Look here, Miss Daisy, this won't do. A glorious day, flowers, a wood, all that sort of thing, and a pretty girl of course. I'm going to kiss you."

He drew her to him, pulling her face towards his. She struggled violently, beating out with her hands, and screaming with all her might.

"Let me go!"

Suddenly her cries stopped. Cardew lay on the ground, and Jack Hetherington stood lashing him with his riding-crop. It had all happened so quickly, the girl had hardly time to recover her breath. She rushed forward and seized Jack's arm.

"Oh! Mr. Hetherington, please stop," she cried.

Jack let his man go unwillingly. "Run away home, Miss Ingham," he said, and turning to Cardew, he remarked, grimly, "That will teach you a lesson, Mr. Richard. I think there is no more to be said." He turned on his heel and strode away.

Cardew sat up, rubbing his roughly-handled limbs. He scowled after Jack and shook his fist threateningly. "No more to be said, my fine young enemy; but I have not had my speech yet. You, and your

stuck-up sister—I will show you what Dick Cardew can do when he gets the bit between his teeth."

Daisy Ingham ran panting home to her father, and when the old man heard of his employer's behaviour, he started off at once for the house. The butler refused to admit him, but he brushed by the well-oiled domestic. He found Cardew in the study.

"Look here, my fine fellow," he exclaimed, roughly seizing Cardew by the throat, "Bill Ingham has come for a reckoning up. For 'half-a-tanner' I would squeeze away your dirty life"—he threw Richard from him with a gesture of disgust—"but I ain't going to soil my fingers with touching such as you. Do the rest of your training yourself." He then flung himself out of the room.

Half way down the lane from Cardew's house Ingham encountered Jack. "I have to thank you, young gentleman, for the service you did my daughter," he exclaimed, touching his hat.

"It was nothing," said Jack simply.

"I am clearing out of his place at once," Ingham continued.

Jack looked at him shyly. "No, really?" he asked, and then hesitated.

"I say—I wonder if I might ask you to do something for me."

"Anything you like to ask," Ingham responded cordially.

"Well, my sister has got a young three-year-old that looks very promising to me, and I would like your opinion on her." They went to the stables, and after a critical examination Ingham exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By Jove! she's a beauty. I would like to have the training of her!"

Jack hurried home to consult his father. He found the Squire pacing up and down the study, and looking angrily at a letter he was holding in his hand. When he saw Jack he uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"What have you been doing to Cardew?"

"I gave him a thrashing for insulting Daisy Ingham."

"Very quixotic of you! But your interference has practically ruined us."

The Squire handed Jack the letter.

"I was in money difficulties through an unfortunate speculation, and Mr Cardew kindly offered to help me with a temporary loan. He has now withdrawn that offer."

Jack read through the hastily penned, insulting note, and tossed the paper to the ground.

"If you ask me, I congratulate you on being free from a man like that," he said with some heat.

The Squire turned upon him angrily.

"It is all very well to talk like that, but I am in an extremely difficult situation."

Jack thrust his hands in pockets, and faced his indignant father coolly.

"I was just coming in to tell you," he said, "that Ingham has left Cardew, and proposes training 'Kissing Cup' for the Cesarewitch. He thinks she promises to be a credit to him."

The Squire stopped his pacing to and fro; he glanced out of the windows towards the stables. "I will go and talk to Ingham myself," he said.

When Cardew heard what had taken place, and saw the progress "Kissing Cup" made under his old trainer's careful management, he determined to do everything in his power to revenge the insults he had received from the Hetheringtons.

Day by day he watched the movements of his neighbours, until, as the race drew near, "Kissing Cup" was put through a series of trials with several other horses. Hidden in a clump of bushes, Cardew followed the race with malignant interest. He was relieved to see that the mare refused to start. Rearing and prancing, she did her best to throw the famous jockey, whom the Squire had engaged to ride her.

A brief consultation took place between the trainer and his anxious master, and it was decided that Ingham's son, Arthur, a small boy, but an excellent horseman, who had been the mare's constant attendant and companion should mount her. The effect was magical. The curious-tempered beast responded to the hand she was accustomed to, and with the fleetness of an arrow shot from a bow she leapt ahead of the other horses, and came home an easy first.

Cardew scrambled from his hiding place, resolved to do his worst. He sent for one of the stablemen, whom he knew to be as unscrupulous as himself, and promised him a substantial sum of money if the Squire was prevented from winning the race. The man readily agreed to do what he could, and informed his master that Jack Hetherington had just discharged a man for drunkenness, who would be willing to help in any scheme against the Squire. And so, while Mr. Hetherington was congratulating himself upon his certain success, a diabolical plan

was being formed to ruin him.

* * *

The Squire caused some comment by the large amount of money he put upon his horse. His action caused "Kissing Cup" to be much discussed by the few who had heard of it, but the general public regarded the three-year-old as an outsider, and the odds were heavily against her—which was just what the Squire wanted.

The night before the race Ingham and the Squire travelled down with the mare, leaving Jack to follow with Arthur the next day.

Daisy was left alone with the boy in the house when Jack returned to his sister; for Arthur, with his mouth gagged.

Daisy was half-paralysed with fear, but she knew that she was powerless to attack two strong men. Had they seen her, she too would have been made a prisoner, and so have been prevented from summoning help. She stole lightly to the window, where she saw Arthur lifted into a large car which had been waiting in readiness. Once they were safely inside, the machine gave a lurch and drove away into the night. It had all happened in a few minutes, but it seemed to the frightened girl that hours had elapsed.

Once quite sure that the men were beyond hearing, she rushed round, just as she was,



"The man smiled good-naturedly. 'Jump in, sonny.'"

Chrissie was rather anxious, now that the time was drawing so near. The little jockey was fully conscious of the important position he occupied, and he went off to bed early, that his nerves might be thoroughly rested before the morrow.

Daisy had half undressed, when she thought she heard a noise in the corridor. She crept timidly to the landing, and to her horror, saw two rough-looking men getting through the passage window. They had not seen her, and the girl hastily hid behind a curtain. She watched the ruffians creep down towards her brother's room, and a few moments later saw them emerge, carrying

to warn Jack and beg him to follow them.

A servant opened the door and looked at her with astonishment.

"Quick! quick! call Master Jack! something dreadful has happened—oh! do make haste!" she cried, as the servant lingered out of curiosity.

Jack grasped the situation at once. He ordered his car to be brought out immediately, and the two tore along to Daisy's house, where Jack insisted upon her leaving him and going back to bed.

He drove to the police station, and managed to induce two policemen to accompany him without losing much time, but the chase

seemed hopeless, for they had not a single clue or indication which direction the two men had taken.

For some miles they followed the road, until at length they met a man on a bicycle. He assured them that no one had passed that way; and full of despair, Jack turned back again. After travelling a good distance in the opposite direction, one of the policemen said he thought he saw something moving under a tree. The automobile came to a standstill. Jack got out and hurried to the spot, where he found an old tramp cooking his breakfast in a tin pot.

"Have you seen anyone go by here?" Jack inquired. The tramp nodded, his mouth full of bread and butter.

"Who?" Jack asked.

"Several people."

"What sort of people?"

"I dunno."

"But you must know what sort of people!" Jack replied somewhat irritably.

"A big noisy beast like your'n fur one." The tramp spoke slowly, waving his hand toward the motor.

"Yes, man, yes." The boy had become very eager.

"Well, what more do yer want?"

"Who was in it?"

"Two gents."

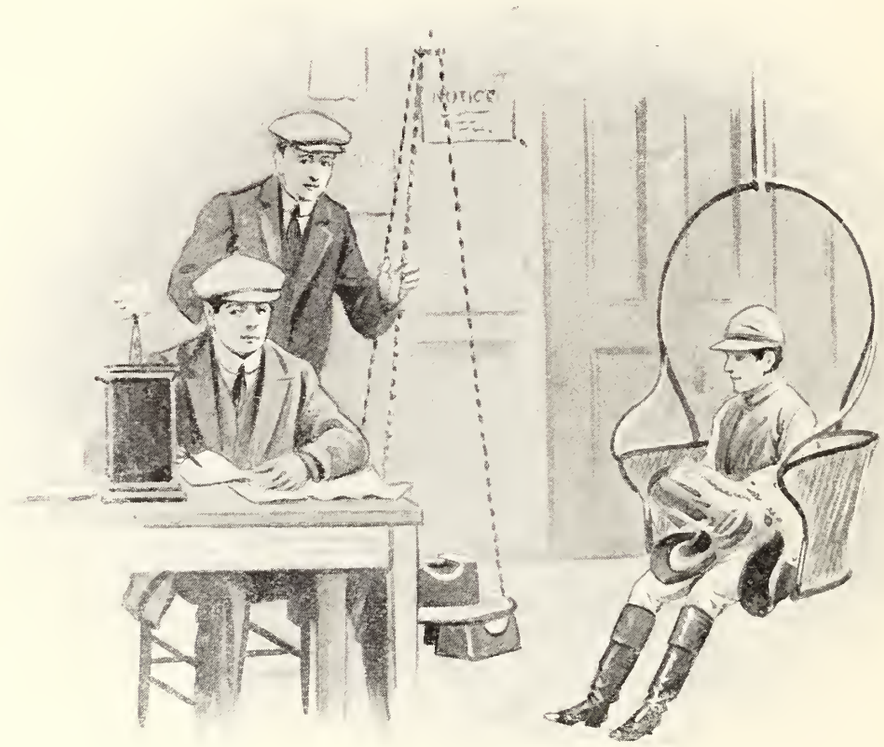
"And a little boy?"

"Now I come to think of it—a little boy."

"Where did they go?"

The man pointed to a little hut in the wood, and turned to finish his breakfast.

Jack tossed him some coins, and called to the policemen. They crept cautiously towards the wooden hut, and suddenly forced open the door. The two men were quite taken off their guard. It was no difficult matter to force them to submit. Jack caught Arthur in his arms and hurried to the car, leaving the police to follow on foot. He looked anxiously at his watch; the race was at three, and a long distance had to be covered. It was possible: there was a chance that they might arrive in time. The chauffeur made the machine tear through the air like an infuriated beast; but suddenly, whilst dashing through a small road at high speed, the wheels became locked, and prevented them from travelling further.



"His eyes, narrowed to two thin slits, were fixed upon the scales."

The minutes were hastening away, and there was still far to go. Jack recognised that they were quite near one of the flying grounds, and scrambling to dry land, he and Arthur found that a short distance away an aviator was just about to take a trip. They hurried up and explained the situation to him, begging him to help them, as it meant so much, and seemed the only possible hope left.

The man smiled good-naturedly.

"Jump in, sonny—we'll see what we can do!" he said.

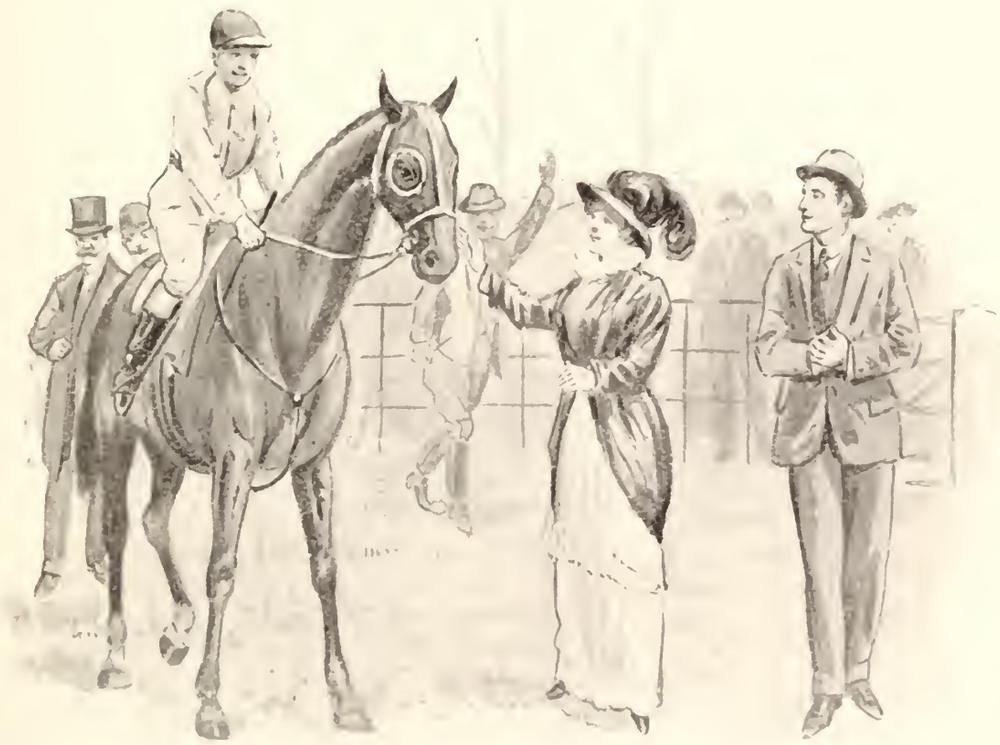
The two anxiously scrambled into the passenger's seat. There was a whirl of machinery, a flapping of canvas, and the 'plane rose gracefully, like a large bird, tossing its wings in the air, and passing swiftly over rivers, houses, and meadows, until the welcome sight of the great race course loomed in the distance.

All this time the Squire was getting extremely anxious. He had met the train Arthur and Jack were supposed to have arrived by, and immediately rung up on the telephone to see what had happened.

The terrible news was broken to him, and he became grey with apprehension. Everything was staked upon this race. A terrible quarter-of-an-hour followed. The number of the race went up: "Kissing Cup" stood ready pawing the ground expectantly, and her master and trainer stood together in a miserable group, Chrissie doing her best to assure him that they would arrive after all.

Cardew cast many triumphant glances in their direction as he swaggered about the enclosure. He went in with a broad grin upon his lips to see the weighing in. The last jockey was passed, and the crowd filtered out of the shed. Then Cardew gave a snarl of anger, and his eyes, narrowed to two thin slits, were fixed upon the scales. Arthur had hurried in, dressed for the race, in time to enter. The Squire was not conscious of what happened next: he felt in a nightmare of unreality. The screaming crowds, the rows of field glasses, the lines of fluttering colours creeping along in the distance.

Gradually the brilliant hues separated; orange had outstripped pink, the green cap was growing on crimson, and as if through a dim, hazy fog he saw his own colour blue, a dim speck, in advance of the rest. A sudden burst of shouts, mingled with curses, brought him to his feet.



"Daddy—we have won!"

Arthur sat triumphantly caressing the foaming "Kissing Cup," and Chrissie was whispering in his ear, pulling his hands, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Daddy, we have won—everything will come right after all!"

And as the crowds surged and separated in a universal desire to settle up accounts, a voice rose for an instant clear above the babel of the bookies. A man who knew nothing of the drama that had just been avoided by a miracle:

"Gad! that hit me pretty hard, but it was something unique as a race!"

"KING CHARLES."

A Fine Historical Film Play. *By Low Warren.*

Everyone is loud in praise of the splendid historical film-play, "King Charles," which the Clarendon Film Company recently produced and showed before a crowded house at the London Pavilion.

The film is noteworthy for several reasons. First and foremost it is the initial one of a series of plays dealing with important happenings in English history, which are being produced on a scale hitherto unattempted in this country.

Opinion is also unanimous that the beauty and magnificence of "King Charles," in point of production, added to the scholarly care bestowed upon it, mark a new era in film-making in this country. Hundreds of players, and almost a hundred horses were employed in some of the big scenes in the play, and it is noteworthy that, where possible, the original scenes were utilised as backgrounds.



Mr. Low Warren.

The work of providing the story, and adapting it to the requirements of the kinematograph camera, is being done by Mr. Low Warren, who, as acting editor of "The Kinematograph Weekly," knows, if anyone does, what a good play ought to be. This is Mr. Low Warren's first film play, but he has written with success for the legitimate stage, and is also the author of a number of widely-read books.

This elaborate dramatic subject was originally suggested by the novel, "Ovingdean Grange," by Harrison Ainsworth, but for the purpose of dramatic production the various situations in which the King figures have been augmented and other famous historical incidents included. The period dealt with is that immediately following the Battle of Worcester.

This production claims to be not merely a spectacular picture presenting large numbers of players, nor a picture depending for its success upon well-chosen scenic backgrounds. "King Charles," as the subject is named, contains these desirable qualities, and in addition has been produced with a view to presenting many highly dramatic situations of intense power and interest.



"King Charles."

Without the dramatic element a picture dependent alone for its success upon gorgeous scenic backgrounds and artistic grouping of large numbers of players is a failure from the standpoint of the theatre-going public.

An historical



"The King hiding in the Oak."



"Stelfax at Ovingdean Grange."

production to be successful when exhibited to the public must contain situations of a powerful dramatic nature—the elements of true drama and the power to hold the imagination of the people.

The Clarendon Film Company have attained these essentials in the historical production, "King Charles."

The picture opens with an introductory scene by which we first meet Clavering Maunsel, only son of Colonel Maunsel, at their home, Ovingdean Grange. He is bidding his father good-bye, and riding forth to fight for the King. He takes a last farewell of his sweetheart, Dulcia Beard, the chaplain's daughter, and rides away.

The preparations of the rival troops are then shown—Cromwell and the Roundheads taking every precaution on the field, whilst, in contrast, we have a following scene, showing the Royalists toasting the King and success to the coming battle, at a wayside inn.

Next follow in rapid succession a number of realistic scenes depicting the final sortie of the Battle of Worcester, in which the Royalists were defeated by the Roundheads, and King Charles is obliged to fly for his life.

Clavering Maunsel is wounded and carried home to Ovingdean Grange by his faithful servant, John Habergeon. At the Grange an attempt is made by Captain Stelfax, at the head of the Roundhead troops, to make him prisoner. He, however, escapes, and after an exciting chase over the Downs, he succeeds in shooting both the Roundhead riders. His horse is shot under him at the top of a sixty-foot embankment, and they roll, horse and man, from the top to the bottom—a striking and spectacular effect.

Clavering is now able to make off on foot. He has not gone far when he is delighted to meet with a party of horsemen whom, in spite of their disguise, he recognises as the



"The Royalists' Toast: 'The King!'"



"The King in a tight corner."

King, with his friends, Colonel Gunter and Lord Wilmot.

The King is on his way to the coast, and readily agrees to Clavering's offer to take shelter at the Grange. They ride over the ancient bridge at Shoreham, and soon arrive at Ovingdean.

Here the Merry Monarch, feeling secure from capture, charms the company by his joviality. Captain Stelfax has been on the watch, however, and having procured troops, surrounds the house and makes a sudden and unexpected entrance to the dining-hall. He captures the King, and takes the entire company prisoner.

The picture shows the famous escape from Ovingdean Church, and how Clavering and the King succeed in locking the church door with Stelfax and his men inside.

Later, we see the dramatic escape from the top of the cliffs when good Nick Tattersal lent his aid, and the King was safely rowed out to the schooner in waiting.

A fine picture is presented of the schooner sailing to the friendly shores of France, whilst from the cliff-top Stelfax gazes on the prize he has lost.

We come to the restoration of the King in the year 1660. Clavering is still languishing in prison when Charles makes his triumphant procession from Dover to London. Colonel Maunsel and Dulcia join the cheering throng. The girl remembers the King's kindly manner in the days of Ovingdean, and implores him to release her lover.

* * *

A well-earned reward. In the Palace at Whitehall, surrounded by his magnificent court, the King, in royal fashion, acknowledges his gratitude, and unites the lovely Dulcia to her lover, now Sir Clavering Maunsel.

The Intruder.

By Evan Strong.

Vitagraph Film with Maurice Costello in the leading rôle. It will be showing at the Picture Palaces on and after November 3rd.

CAST.

Gilbert Gray, "The Intruder"	Maurice Costello
Nancy Pendragon	Mary Charleson
Mr. William Pendragon	... Charles Kent
Mrs. Pendragon	Mary Maurice
Young Pendragon	... Joseph Baker
Barker, Inn-keeper...	Charles Eldridge
Gray's Valet...	Richard Leslie

"TWO gentlemen to see you, sir."

"Send them in here, Johnston; and move yourself, man. Don't stand there gaping like a jackass."

It did not matter to Gilbert Gray whether a jackass gaped or not—and, as a matter of fact, Johnson was not gaping, only washing his hands in invisible soap, as men-servants will. But Gray was irritable. He had been expecting this visit ever since a telegram announced the death of his old uncle, a man who had loved and shielded him like a father

He was in bad humour, and, guessing the reason of the call, the visit seemed to him in the nature of an insult to his feeling towards his dead relative. He knew he was to inherit his uncle's estate, but being a rich man himself this was no salve for the loss he had sustained.

The attorneys were received with no great show of welcome, and Gray listened to their legal preambulations with a remote air.

"You understand, the estate is left to you in its entirety, with the Manor House and the farm occupied by Mr. William Pendragon. But," went on the attorney, "perhaps you are not aware that on account of an old friendship Mr. Pendragon has lived on the farm without paying one cent in rent. I have no doubt it was your esteemed uncle's desire that Mr. Pendragon should continue the occupancy during his lifetime on the same terms. As regards that, however, it is for you to decide."

"If it was my uncle's way and his desire, the Pendragons remain on the farm as long as they wish," answered the young man, vacantly.

"Well then, so be it. Our business is concluded. I congratulate you, Mr. Gray. Good-day."

"Good-day, and many thanks."

The visitors passed out leaving Gilbert Gray in a brown study. He was not thinking about the estate, and, as a matter of truth, he did not visit the place till two years later.

* * *

Old Pendragon was fussing about as usual trying to appear busy and intelligent, for he was a thoroughly impracticable old man

who was just able, more by good fortune than judgment, to scratch a livelihood out of his rent-free farm. His son, unfortunately, was no help—home life did not agree with his constitution. He was even now fostering a plan to go to Klondyke (to make a fortune as a few—very few—had done) as he strolled up, hands deep in pockets, to his father.

"Dad," he opened, "I'm a dead loss here; I must strike out and take my chance of making good elsewhere."

"H'm, good thing too, I should think," grunted old Pendragon. "Where do you reckon your chance lies?"

"Klondyke! There's plenty of chance there to pick up a fortune quickly," the boy said eagerly, "and the sooner I go the better chance I have to——"



"The attorneys were received with no great show of welcome."

"And what does your mother say?"

Mrs. Pendragon had not yet heard of the scheme, but when she did she acted as all dear old ladies with only sons do; tried to tie him to her apron-strings, murmuring, interspersed with sobs: "My boy—my only boy!—you can't go and leave me. I shall never see you again if you travel so far away, and in that terrible country."

It may be a wrench to mothers when boys leave home, but it is bad luck for the boy if he heeds the maternal instinct, which is so indifferent to a young man's real well-being.

Anyway, Mrs. Pendragon's scruples were waived aside, and William set out for the land of frost and hardship, and some gold—in places difficult to find.

About the time of his departure, Nancy, old Pendragon's niece, a bright little maid with a full store of life and laughter, fair talent for painting, and energy for work, came to fill the void. With the aid of the tottering old gardener, she turned things round a bit on the farm, and, by selling a sketch or two, occasionally, contrived to make both ends meet

She was a merry soul, yet a woman in all ways that mattered, and a democrat as well as a tyrant. She proved it when Gilbert Gray came down to visit the estate. To please her uncle, who wished to hide the real condition of their poverty from the new lord of the manor, she consented to act as serving girl. That displayed her democratic spirit—the easy way in which she commanded Gray's whole heart and attention, showed the tyrant.

It was a case of love at first sight with Gray. He followed her and conversed with her on every occasion. Why not? She was a mere servant girl, of course, and perhaps it would not be pleasant if the Pendragons observed his infatuation. But, at any rate, they could not eat him for falling in love. And so Gray fell deeper and deeper in love, until Nancy filled his whole horizon.

It was one evening, and they were together in the garden. Old Pendragon was digesting the news of the day, and Mrs. Pendragon had dropped off into her usual doze after

dinner. Nancy had strolled out, her work being over, and Gray had stepped out into the night, attracted by the beauty of the scene bathed in moonlight. The rich smell of moist flowers and foliage lent a sensuous glory to the picture, and the calm, warm air suggested love.

He came upon Nancy in a quiet corner communing to herself, and she looked so wonderful with the moon making a halo of her bright hair, and lighting up her face with a soft glimmer, that he almost let his passion run away with him.

"Nancy—let me call you Nancy," he whispered, after he had greeted her, "I shall miss these pleasant days terribly when I return to the city, and I have to go back in a day or two."

And the man in the moon blinked down with a knowing leer.

"But, Mr. Gray," the unsuspecting girl responded, "you have many attractions in the city, which surely cannot be equalled here: the gay society, the lovely women, the theatres, and all those things which call one to town."

"Perhaps; but sometimes there is one little link in the chain of attractions missing, and the rest fall flat."

"And what might that be in your case," came the query with half-enlightenment—a girl likes to be told she is an attraction even when she may not be in love.

"If you love a pretty girl, and she is not there, the city——"

Nancy, now half-fearful, broke in sharply, "The master will be wondering where I am. I must go quickly. Good-night, Mr. Gray."

She fled, and Gray found himself a medley of emotions as he watched her lithe form disappear.

To leave her—dainty little heart-breaker—would be a decided wrench, yet she was only a serving maid for all her pretty ways and delightful chatter.

Late that night he concluded to go back to the city and forget. But he had not yet seen Miss Pendragon, of whom the whole village spoke. It was unfortunate, he was disappointed; nevertheless, better not hesitate—he could not marry a maid. How could she possibly fit the *rôle* his wife must play?

* * *

Nancy had suggested that the attractions of the city would soon out-weigh the beauties of the country, and hush the cry of the fields for Gray. As a matter of fact those very attractions were not his chief pleasures. He was one of those men who are as much at home in a ball-room as in the slums, and could spend an enjoyable evening communing with himself in his own private den, or playing the part of onlooker, who sees most of the game, in a down-town beer hall or gambling den.

It was one evening when the mood had come over him to wander down into the purlieus of the city, that he strolled casually into a gambling saloon, and became interested in a party of card-sharpers endeavouring to fleece an apparent greenhorn. But the greenhorn did not intend to be fleeced. Not a city man evidently; more like a fellow with a small pile with which he determined to make things go, he held his own well. Gray drew nearer the table. The gamblers were beginning to look worried, when one of them jumped to his feet, aiming a blow at the strange player, and crying, "You durned cheat! you've been sharping!"

The table went to the floor with a crash as the others set about the accused, but they reckoned without the hitherto passive and unnoticed onlooker, who, built of iron, drove in and dragged the fellow out of the *mêlée* into safety.

For a moment, out in the dark street, the panting men stared hard in each other's faces. Their hands gripped unconsciously.

"Thanks for that helping hand; it pulled me out of a pretty mess," said the one at last. "Those fellows thought they had me landed, but I held them till the row commenced. Thanks again; I should have been a poor carcase now if you had not forged in."

"Thank your lucky stars," said Gray with indifference; "no need to thank me—I enjoyed the dust-up. Now you hustle away. Those fellows don't forget a 'let-down' so easily." And he turned on his heel, leaving the other still muttering words of thanks.

From out of a haze of thought in which Gray wandered home came one clear and fixed idea. It was that he must see the little country maid again. He loved her—he knew now. Did she love him? It did not matter what her position was; to win her was his ambition henceforth.

The next day's journey landed him at the door of Pendragon's farm, to the greeting of: "Hello! here again; glad to see you so soon," in a tone of not particularly convincing

warmth. This sudden reappearance filled Pendragon with fears—he misconceived the reason. Yet matters concerning the rent-free farm were not in Gray's mind. He had come to see Nancy, and Nancy was not present. She had gone down to the village inn, where William, returned penniless to his home, had put up.

Turning away toward the narrow village highway leading to the inn, the love-sick man saw that which raised in him the pangs of jealousy and doubt. At the inn door stood Nancy, about to enter, and she was talking earnestly to the inn-keeper.

The hot blood surged to Gray's cheeks, then flowed back, leaving him cold and trembling. "So my village idyll is shattered," he mused sadly; "she whom I have idolised loves another—a mere clod of an inn-keeper—a bumpkin. But perhaps she does not love him, maybe—oh, yes, maybe it is anything, only you're out of it, old man, that is evident."

On the morrow, wandering dejectedly through the fields, Gray all at once came across Nancy trimming beans. She seemed more charming than ever in her simple dress and apron, and her dimpled elbows showing, for her sleeves were rolled up. He could not restrain himself, the smouldering passion burst into flame, and forgetful of the dangerous sickle she was swinging, he rushed forward and attempted to embrace her.

A little shriek of surprise burst from



"It was a case of love at first sight with Gray."

Nancy, and then, seeing who it was, she turned on him indignant—which to say the least was unreal, considering that Nancy had been dreaming of the city gentleman, consequently, there was a welcome twinkle in her eye despite the admonition.

"How dare you, Mr. Gray. One would scarcely expect such presumption on the part of a gentleman"—with emphasis on the gentleman. "Perhaps, because I am a mere village maid, and you are lord of the manor, you suppose you may act caddishly towards me—and," pensively, "I had thought so different of you."

There was a plaintive note, and he did not notice the admission, or his heart would have raced with hope. He began to apologise, but she cut him short, observing blood on his hand from a wound caused by the sickle as he had tried to embrace her.

"Oh, you have hurt your hand," she cried. "It is bleeding horribly. You must let me bind it up."

He nonchalantly replied: "It is nothing; it doesn't matter."

Out came a tiny scrap of cambric—somewhat uncommon with maids—and she bound his hand carefully and daintily. All anger had disappeared, instead, an encouraging smile greeted him. If he would take her in his arms now, maybe——. But the fool of a man was too contrite, showing his lack of woman knowledge, and with a few words of thanks, intermingled with apologies, he left her.

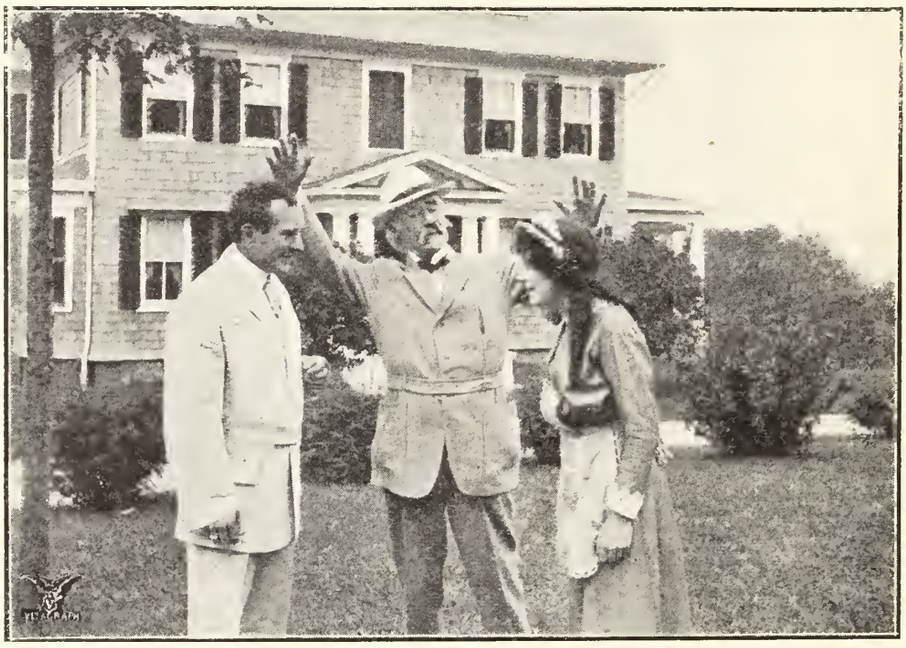
* * *

"It is impossible to remain here in hiding, William, uncle and aunty are beginning to wonder why I am so often in the village, and Mr. Gray has seen me enter the inn. It would be much better to come up and face it out." So appealed Nancy, facing William in the parlour of the inn. She little knew that Gray, even at that moment, was outside.

"Yes, it is quite all right what you say, but how can I go up to the old man and tell him I have returned penniless. You know he hasn't a good opinion of me as it is. I don't relish the meeting at all."

William knew his father, apparently.

"But your mother—she always talks of you——"



"Old Pendragon took in the situation at a glance."

"Leave it till to-morrow. I'll put a bold face on then, and beard the old man a-home." William had always been a procrastinator. "Never do to-day what can be put off till the morrow" was his motto, and Nancy had to leave with so much satisfaction. She did not see Gray, who, on her departure, slipped into the inn—and met the man he had defended in the gambling den.

The recognition was mutual, and young Pendragon advanced with outstretched hand, but Gray's grip was weak; he had suspicious thoughts which he was not slow in revealing.

"What have you to do with the maid whom I saw just leave?" he asked.

"Ho, ho! she's fascinated you too, eh?"

chuckled Pendragon. "The dainty little witch, and a mere serving wench, too. Well, you have a clear run—I'm not in the race; and, further, in part repayment of the debt I owe you, I'll whisper an encouraging little secret: 'Nancy is no serving wench, but my cousin, the sweetest little angel that deigned to don shoes. And if you love her, go in and win, and good luck to you.'"

"You don't mean——" started Gray.

"It's perfectly true. She's my cousin, and she has been visiting me here because, in my penniless state, I dare not face my father. Barker, here, is putting me up till a propitious moment to reveal myself arrives."

"Then Nancy does not love you—she is fancy free?"

"Well, I'm not so sure about that. At any rate, I think you have a chance, if you try hard. But, for goodness sake, don't say I gave the game away."

"I won't; I'll court and win her as a maid—and I'm off now. Good-bye for the present, and thanks."

A hand grip, and Gray was off to seek out the girl who had stormed his almost impregnable heart. He had not gone far when he ran into her, but already he had formed a plan.

"Isn't it rather unkind, Miss Er——, to try to evade a patient, when you are well aware he is suffering from a wound for which you are partly responsible?" he greeted her.

"I was not trying to evade you; and, indeed, I was not responsible for the accident," she replied.

"Really you were—indirectly. How dare you trim beans with a sickle when you are aware impressionable young men are about?"

"Mr. Gray, you are presuming." But the twinkle had come into Nancy's eye again, and this time the man saw it. However, in the street, it would not do to take her in his arms.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he said penitently; "but I want your assistance. This beastly cut is giving some trouble, and I have no one to dress it for me. You see, I'm all alone with a butler and a valet, and they have fingers like elephants." The incongruity of the simile escaped them both. "Won't you come up later on and dress it for me," he pleaded.

"If you promise to be good and"—reflectingly—"not presumptuous."

"Right, then it is fixed; tea-time this evening on the lawn in front of the Manor House. I shall go and fortify myself for the ordeal."

"Will it be an ordeal?"

"Well, it hurts some, you know!"

"Yes, I'll play the sister-of-mercy, as you so wish it. Good-bye."

She danced away with a laugh, and it seemed to Gray a lark was singing in his head, and a motor had taken residence in his breast.

* * *

Old Pendragon watched Nancy a long way down the path to the Manor before he realised the direction she was making.

"What the goodness does she want that way," he mused, and, interested, he followed in her track. She had a good start, and had met Gray on the lawn in front of the house, while her uncle was still padding his way over the broken ground.

Seeing the beam on Gray's face, Nancy intuitively felt he was not so pleased at the prospect of having his hand dressed merely. In fact, now she looked, there was no dressing on the hand.

"But the bandage—I thought you wished me to re-dress the wound on your hand," she observed.

"Oh, that has been healed a long time." He spoke blithely. "It is another wound I want you to heal—and only you can heal it. Don't you understand? I want you——"

The gleam in Nancy's eye ended the sentence, but before she grasped his intention she was in his strong arms, and he was kissing her, and talking about a wounded heart that was now perfectly healed.

Old Pendragon took in the situation at once—he had just come up—and taking on himself the credit for the pretty romance he had engineered, he gave the happy pair his blessing.



For the Crown.

A Page from Romantic History.

Written from the Film by Hester Hayward.

("FLYING A" FILM.)



CAST.

Jacques le Grand	Warren Kerrigan
Constance	Vivian Rich
The Duke	Jack Richardson
Queen of France	Charlotte Burton
The Archbishop	George Periolat
Jeanne de la Tour	Louise Lester
Crown Prince	Helen Armstrong

Nobles, Ladies, Servants, Jailers, etc.

"THE King is dead! Long live the King!" The cry, to which none other can compare in point of solemn import, had sounded throughout the kingdom. Peasant had rested his hoe, and scratched his shaggy poll as it boomed heavily in his ears, and noble had thoughtfully pondered over the happenings which had preceded it, and the events that the mysterious future might hold.

The King was dead, and so it was that one brilliant September morning, a sombre procession wound its way through the precincts of the palace to lay the dead monarch in his last resting place. The bier, upon the velvet pall of which lay the insignia of royalty, was born by sable-clad bearers, who were preceded by officers of the Court. In the rear of the procession were the ladies of the Court, in the midst of whom was the Queen, and behind the bier came a quaint little figure, that of the new king, a tiny lad of scarce six summers. Following him walked Jacques le Grand, a Gascon noble, who had rendered signal service to the late king, and who, it was freely whispered, was much beloved by his son.

"His Highness bears himself well in this trying hour," whispered one of the ladies-in-waiting to her companion, indicating as she spoke by a scarce perceptible nod the figure of the boy, who walked sedately along with bent shoulders, as if weighty cares of State already bowed them.

"Hush!" softly answered the other, Lady Constance, "some one will hear, and it is scarce decorous to make comment thus." She gazed steadfastly before her, her beautiful eyes lingering pityingly upon the boy, and then lighting with admiration as they wandered to the tall figure of Jacques le Grand.

The procession moved forward in stately solemnity, its dull reflection cast into the limpid waters of the lakes in the palace gardens. It reached the chapel at last, and at the end of another hour, the last rites were over and another monarch rested with his forefathers, freed at last from the weighty diadem of kingship. France was under the rule of a new monarch, still uncrowned, and a baby in years. Little wonder that courtiers glanced at each other as if apprehensive of what to-morrow's happenings might be.

As the returning procession came abreast of the palace façade, the young King indicated by a peremptory wave of the hand that he desired to be alone, and he entered a lateral door unaccompanied by any of his suite. Thus dismissed, the courtiers scattered in various directions, and the ladies-in-waiting receiving a similar order of dismissal, the courtyard was soon empty save for two

persons, the Queen and the Duke de Montserrat.

"Your Highness," came impetuously from the latter as the last of the ladies passed on her way, "you will permit me even in this hour of sorrow to lay my devotion once more at your feet. My love, the passion that you have awakened in this poor heart——."

"Hush," spoke the Queen rapidly, "hush, I pray you, my lord; I forbid you to speak to me thus."

"Forbid me!" responded the Duke almost as rapidly, the while a frown darkened his features, "surely your Highness would not forget the favours you have graciously bestowed upon one, who, although he be unworthy of them, is yet truly sensible of the honour that has been done him."



Jacques le Grand.

An exclamation from the Queen cut his sentence short.

"It is cruel to remind me of my folly thus," she said tremulously. "I was mad—grievously wrong to listen to you. If the King had been otherwise,—but alas, alas! Yet the past is dead, and now I have my duty to perform to my son, your King and mine. Duke, you must forgive me, and forget all that there has ever been between us. The past is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed the Duke. "Madame, you grieve and amaze me. Am I to forget the token of love you gave me, the words you whispered——."

"The past is dead. I no longer love you. You must forget everything. My duty is to my son. Forgive me, and farewell, my lord."

The words although faltering in accent were definite in their meaning, and admitted of no reply. The Queen, as if fearful of being observed in longer intercourse with the Duke, moved softly away as she finished speaking and disappeared through the side door, leaving the Duke de Montserrat to grind his teeth in bitter rage and disgust. His love for the Queen had long since grown cold, but through her he had hoped to reach his aim; and the Duke aimed high, to no less an object than the crown itself.

"We shall see—we shall see," he muttered between his set lips; "no white-faced infant shall keep me from the throne. As for the Queen, may her newly-awakened mother's love keep him from injury if he stands in my path."

He ended the threat with a sneering laugh, then strode away. To-morrow was the day for the coronation, and already there was intrigue and dissatisfaction current amongst the high dignitaries and officers of the Court, who found it expedient to cloak their own ambitions beneath a mask of concern as to the prudence of allowing the infant King to take his place upon the throne. Aware of this, the Duke reckoned, not without cause, upon securing strong adherents for the plan he was hatching.

The general dissatisfaction was intensified on the morrow by an unexpected incident. At the most important part of the ceremony, just as the Archbishop, who was to perform the supreme act, advanced with the crown in his outstretched hands, the young King signified by an imperious gesture that he wished Jacques le Grand to place the diadem upon his head.

The moment was a most awkward one. The prelate aghast, remained as if petrified, and amidst the general stupor a murmur of disapproval rose from many of the nobles.

It was silenced by the act of Jacques le Grand, who, after a few minutes hesitation, stepped forward and taking the crown from the unresisting hands of the Archbishop, set it firmly upon his royal master's brow. Then with a cry of "Long live the King," he knelt to do him homage.

None dared to refrain from following suit. Nobles and ladies knelt before the King, and

the boy, now all placidity, received their acts of fealty with a smiling dignity which would not have disgraced one of far maturer years.

The next day, however, the Duke de Montserrat's task was easy. Discontent at the favour shown Jacques was only too rife, and the poisonous whispers and innuendos of the Duke worked their mischievous way throughout the palace. Before many days had passed, it was a seething hot-bed of intrigue and revolt, and a plan of attack upon the palace, to be followed by the abduction of the King, had been decided upon.

Jacques le Grand was entirely in ignorance of these proceedings. His allegiance to the King was well known to be unshakable, and the suspicions which might have been aroused in him at any other time lay dormant, principally because he was devoting the greater part of his time to basking in the smiles of Lady Constance, who had long ago won his heart.

Such was the condition of affairs when the plan of attack was put into operation. Much to the Duke's gratification, it succeeded far beyond his expectations. Opposition on the part of the Royal Guard was weak and dispirited, and the boy King was literally snatched from the arms of his attendants, and placed in the hands of picked members of the malcontents, these having strict orders to carry the child to a safe hiding place, known only to them and the Duke.

The news of the insurrection and the fate of her son was first carried to the Queen, whose anguish and despair broke down her customary calm. Her thoughts turned swiftly to the one strong man of her party, and her first command was in the nature of an appeal.

"Send for Jacques le Grand," she said.

Jacques, summoned by the messenger, came in hot haste.

"The King has been stolen by spies and base traitors," explained the Queen, hurriedly; "you must help me to recover him—the throne of France totters. Jacques, Jacques le Grand, you must think; you must act quickly. It is a woman, a mother and a Queen who appeals to you. You must devise some plan of rescue; I conjure you in the name of loyalty."

She broke off short, her agitated words scarcely intelligible.

Jacques stood straight and still before her, then, with a proud lift of his handsome head, he made his answer:

"I will save the King, or die for him!"

The Queen smiled at him, with trust in her eyes, as he bowed himself out of her presence. She turned then to speak to her favourite attendant, but the Lady Constance had slipped out into the courtyard, where Jacques was already questioning lackeys and guards.

"Which road did those who had possession of His Royal Highness take?"

"The road to the mountains—the Pyrenees," faltered a wounded guard. "Ha! the rogues, the *scelerats!*"

"Saddle me a horse, the swiftest and surest in the stables," came the reply.

Constance waited for no more. She stole quietly away, but was presently back again in the courtyard.

Jacques was still there, and he stared at her in amazement, for she was wearing the apparel of a page.

"You," he gasped, "what is this mummery?"

"Hush, Jacques, my love, I am coming with you, don't say me nay; remember, 'tis for the King—mine, as well as yours—and for the crown, and God knows I may be able to aid you."

Remonstrances on the Gascon's lips died away.

"Another horse," he said, and when it was brought he silently helped Constance to mount.

As silently the two turned their horses to the road leading to the mountains. The sun setting in a glory of gold and black cast their faces into shadow, a shadow as heavy as that which darkened the face of the boy King.

* * *

The holders of the young King had galloped hard and fast along the road leading to the mountains. They continued until nightfall, then halted at a mean-looking inn of dilapidated appearance, which lay at the foot of a narrow road, or bridle path, which wound its way through a low pass in the mountains. The inn was known as the "Cochon d'Or," and a rough representation of a golden pig could just be discerned on a weather-beaten sign, which swung and creaked ominously in the rising wind.

One of the men dismounted, and

thundered with his sword hilt upon the door.

"Shelter!" he called, as it opened; "shelter, food, and drink for weary men—and rogue," he added, mysteriously, to the inn-keeper, who cowered before his authorative manner, "tell me where this boy may be kept and cared for, for a few days. A trusty peasant, my friend, is what I require; a man who will ask no questions, for they will ill-befit him, as indeed they would you."

The inn-keeper trembled as he noted the rich dress of the man before him, but he answered quickly, although his speech faltered:

"Pierre, the herdsman, will guard him. His hut is on the path leading to the left."

"To Pierre, the herdsman, then," responded the noble, as he swung into the saddle again, "and you, inn-keeper, get food and wine against our return."



"Long live the King."

The party of horsemen galloped off to find the herdsman's hovel, which was easily discoverable: and, in fear and trembling, the peasant, a dull clod, learnt that he was to keep the boy with his own son, until further orders. He received his charge with a countenance that betokened his fright only too plainly, and which not even a purse, flung carelessly at him, could efface.

Their business transacted, the party of five or six horsemen returned to the "Cochon d'Or," where the table was already set in their honour. Wine was poured out freely, and jokes and rough witticisms soon passed from mouth to mouth in true roysterers' humour.

Midnight had long sounded, when the inn-keeper was again startled by a knock upon the door, and a voice demanding admittance.

"Who is there!" he demanded.

"Travellers—two," came the reply. "Open."

Fearing of disobeying, the man swung open the door, and Jacques and Constance, who had ridden hard and fast, entered the low room where the roystering nobles were seated each side of a long table, one end of which extended to the window.

No word was spoken as the two seated themselves at the end of the table farthest from the window, whilst Jacques called for wine.

He drank his with a gulp when it was placed him, for the heat of the ride had left him thirsty. Constance was more leisurely, and so occupied was she in doing her utmost to preserve the demeanour of a youth that she failed to notice the suspicious glances which were cast in her direction, and that one of the wine-flushed men stretched out his hand towards the cup before her. She drank presently, and in another minute fell with a thud half across the table, rendered almost totally unconscious by the effects of a powerful drug.

Jacques was on his feet in a flash, with drawn sword. With a fierce cry, he seized the girl, shook her roughly and dragged her upwards. Then, with a sweeping movement of his sword, he cleared the table, swung his weapon around him so that the roysterers fell back, and with a spring vaulted on to the table. Spilled wine beneath his feet caused him to slip, but recovering quickly he again caught the girl, and dragged her upon the table beside him. Still half-dazed she clung to him desperately.

Swords, however, were unsheathed by now, and with a quick rush the drunken nobles made their onslaught. Jacques thrust and parried. Blood mingled with the spilled wine, and oaths sounded. One man was disarmed, another sank into a seat with a wounded arm, and still Jacques fought and parried. Step by step he moved backwards,

supporting Constance, and wielding his rapier like a man inspired. Then a crash told him that his foot had encountered the window, and quick as lightning, he turned, broke pane and lattice, and sprang through the window with the girl in his arms.

"Come," he whispered, "courage, courage Constance, we must get away."

The darkness befriended them as they fled, and the shouts of pursuers soon grew fainter and fainter until they died away in the stillness of the night.

* * *

Morning dawned, bright and inspiriting, and the boy King woke, in a bed of straw, to be greeted with a rough "*Bon jour*" from a lad a few years older than himself.

Considerably astonished, the King undertook to question his companion, but, receiving no intelligent reply to his many demands, he resolved, with the equanimity of childhood, to put aside his troubles for the time being. In place of the clothes, which had already been taken from him, he was given a few filthy rags, and a hunch of bread formed his breakfast. The meal finished, he was allowed to start off on a wandering expedition with his new companion.

From that expedition he never returned to the herdsman's hovel. Wandering into the woods on the lower slopes of the mountains, the two boys, one of whom knew brutal treatment, and the other feared it, resolved, with the peculiar hopefulness of youth, to live there for the time being.

The fact of their disappearance, needless to say, placed the herdsman and his wife in a most unenviable position. News of it had to be carried to the inn-keeper, who, much against his will, undertook to send word to the Duke de Montserrat, whom, he understood from words dropped by his visitors of the night before, had been the cause of the boy's coming. A messenger was despatched to the palace, and it was in much fear that the mountain folk awaited the expected advent of the Duke.

He came in hot haste, pounding along the road on his fine horse. His coming was observed by two dusty and travel-stained people, who were tramping the road with their backs to the mountains.

"'Tis Montserrat," exclaimed the shorter of the two travellers, as the Duke drew nearer on his big horse; "Jacques, we are lost!"

"Nay, Constance, my love, never fear," replied Jacques, for it was indeed he; "I relish this encounter."

He drew his sword as he spoke, and waited. The Duke, on approaching, flung himself to the ground, and the duel opened. Unhappily, Jacques, wearied by the wanderings of the night, was less alert than during the fight at the inn, and a heavy thrust by the Duke pierced his arm. His sword fell, but was instantly snatched up by Constance, who turned upon the enemy with right good will. Alas! although she fought bravely, she was soon disarmed, and the attendants of the Duke, now appearing, orders were given for Jacques and Constance to be made prisoners, and carried to the Chateau d'Alroy, some few miles distant.

* * *

A fortnight passed wearily. Constance, in her cell, had had no news of Jacques, whilst the Gascon had more than once reviled his inactivity. His wound had healed slowly, and his right arm was still stiff and almost immoveable. He was practically helpless.

To Constance the suspense was intolerable, and at the end of the fortnight she resolved to make a desperate attempt to escape. Her jailer had proved susceptible to a bribe, and he had sworn to bring her a file in her next loaf.

With what devouring anxiety, Constance awaited the hour when her day's rations would be deposited in her cell, may be well imagined. She seized the loaf the moment it was placed before her; and, as the door clanged, tore it open. The file was there!

Thereafter she worked breathlessly, filing steadily at the bars of her cell. One by one she ground them down, broke them, and then peered cautiously out. Below her was a good drop; a bold venture for a girl, but she must take it.

Slowly, very cautiously, she thrust her body through the aperture, and commenced to slide down the wall, grasping a projecting stone here, and thrusting her fingers into a crevice there.

She was slipping down slowly, when suddenly, to her immense astonishment, she felt one ankle firmly grasped, and support given to her other foot. It was with difficulty that she restrained a cry. A glance downwards hardly reassured her, for she was just able to see two hands thrust outwards from the wall. To get back, however, was impossible, and she continued to let herself down gently, now sustained by the two hands.

Her face presently came level with the top of a barred window, and to her joy a familiar voice breathed her name. It was Jacques, who, whilst peering out of his cell, had suddenly found his vision partly darkened, seen a portion of her perilous journey, and had rendered her such good service.

In the joy of reunion, the lovers almost forgot that Jacques was still a prisoner. Constance was the first to remember that there was work still to do.

"Quick!" she said to Jacques, "take the file, and file the bars."

Jacques obeyed her, and used the tiny tool to such good purpose that he was shortly able to break his bars and free himself. It was all done rapidly, and when entirely free, the lovers sped swiftly away from the grim old chateau. None challenged them, for it was a desolate place, and their jailers were limited to two or three men, who were evidently unsuspiciously occupying their time in another part of the dreary building.



"Quick," she said to Jacques, "file the bars."

"Now for the palace," said Jacques: "we must get to the first inn and secure horses. God grant that the King be still alive, and that he be found speedily, if it so be that he has not already been restored to the Queen."

Some hours later, Jacques and Constance were both mounted, and travelling towards the city which they had left a fortnight before.

Not a soul encountered them until close upon mid-day. Then a peasant woman suddenly stepped out of the woods on to the road. She was leading a boy by the hand. He was dirty, barefoot, and clad in rags, but in spite of the filth covering him, Constance recognised him.

"It's the King—it's the King!" she exclaimed excitedly.

Jacques rode forward.

"*Ho*, my good woman!" he called, "whom have you there?"

The peasant glanced at him suspiciously.

"I know not," she answered suddenly; as if satisfied with her scrutiny. "I found him fifteen days ago with an older lad in the forest. 'They had wandered away,' they told me. Out of pity I befriended them, and this child . . ."

"Is the King," said Jacques, smiling at the woman's astonished face. "You have done well, peasant. Give the boy to me! Here is my purse to recompense you, although I doubt not the Queen will make you far worthier reward. Your name, my good woman?"

"Jeanne de la Tour," was the answer from the astounded woman.

"Jeanne de la Tour, I shall not forget; and now farewell."

Clasping the boy, who, recognising his old friend, now wearily murmured: "*Jacques, mon bon Jacques!*" the Gascon lifted him into the saddle, and with a parting nod to the still astonished peasant, he and Constance spurred on their horses.

Had the Duke de Montserrat, who had successfully put aside the Queen's party, known of what was happening on the road to the mountains, he would have been sorely dismayed. During the fifteen days Jacques and Constance had languished in their dungeons, he had strenuously furthered his cause. The Queen, without a single firm adherent, had been ousted, and nothing further barred the ascension of the Duke to the throne, he having been elected leader, by the right of might. His claim to the throne had proved the stronger, inasmuch as the members of the revolting party fully believed that the boy King had perished in the mountains.

As Jacques and Constance approached the palace, a cheering multitude gave the clue to the fact that some great ceremony was about to take place. A question put by Jacques

elicited a ready answer:

"'Tis the day of the Duke de Montserrat's crowning! He ascends the throne to-day."

"*Hé!*" replied Jacques; "*hé!* my friend, *merci*: that's good news."

His face looked grim as he spurred on his horse. Constance looked grave.

At the palace gates, guards barred their passage.

"Open!" stormed Jacques—"open, in the name of the King, who sits here." He held up the lad as he spoke, and the affrighted guards drew back and flung wide the gates.

Within the palace, in the great council-room, Montserrat was seated on the throne. The crown was poised in the hands of the Archbishop. Another minute and it would have rested on the Duke's brow. Suddenly a shout and a clamour arose in the outer corridors. Montserrat sprang to his feet. A curtain was drawn aside, and Jacques, torn, travel-stained and haggard, rushed into the room, bearing a boy covered in filth and rags, whom he literally flung upon the seat of the great throne just vacated by the Duke. Surely, no King was ever so unceremoniously treated, nor viewed by subjects in so dire a plight. For a second, the boy was bewildered, then, as Jacques unsheathed his sword, before turning to the astounded nobles to command them to renew their oaths of allegiance, he recovered himself, and in spite of his rags, he drew himself up with dignity, and with a gesture of grace and gratitude joined the hands of Constance and Jacques, as they knelt on the steps of the throne.

* * *

"Sweetheart!" said Jacques, that evening as he walked with Constance on the great terrace: "you risked your life for mine. How can I be worthy of you?"

"By fighting, my brave Jacques, always for the crown!"

A CINEMA FAVOURITE.

Willie Sanders

(The delightful child humorist of the Eclair Company).



Weldon Halliday.

LUBIN

The CLOD

Written from the Film by EVAN STRONG.



This Lubin Feature by Geo. Ternilliger, produced by Romaine Fielding, will be showing at the Picture Theatres, on and after November 24th.

They attempt to coax Pedro to fight.

CAST.

Pedro Mendez	ROMAINE FIELDING
His Wife	MARY E. RYAN
His Mother	MINNIE FRAYNE

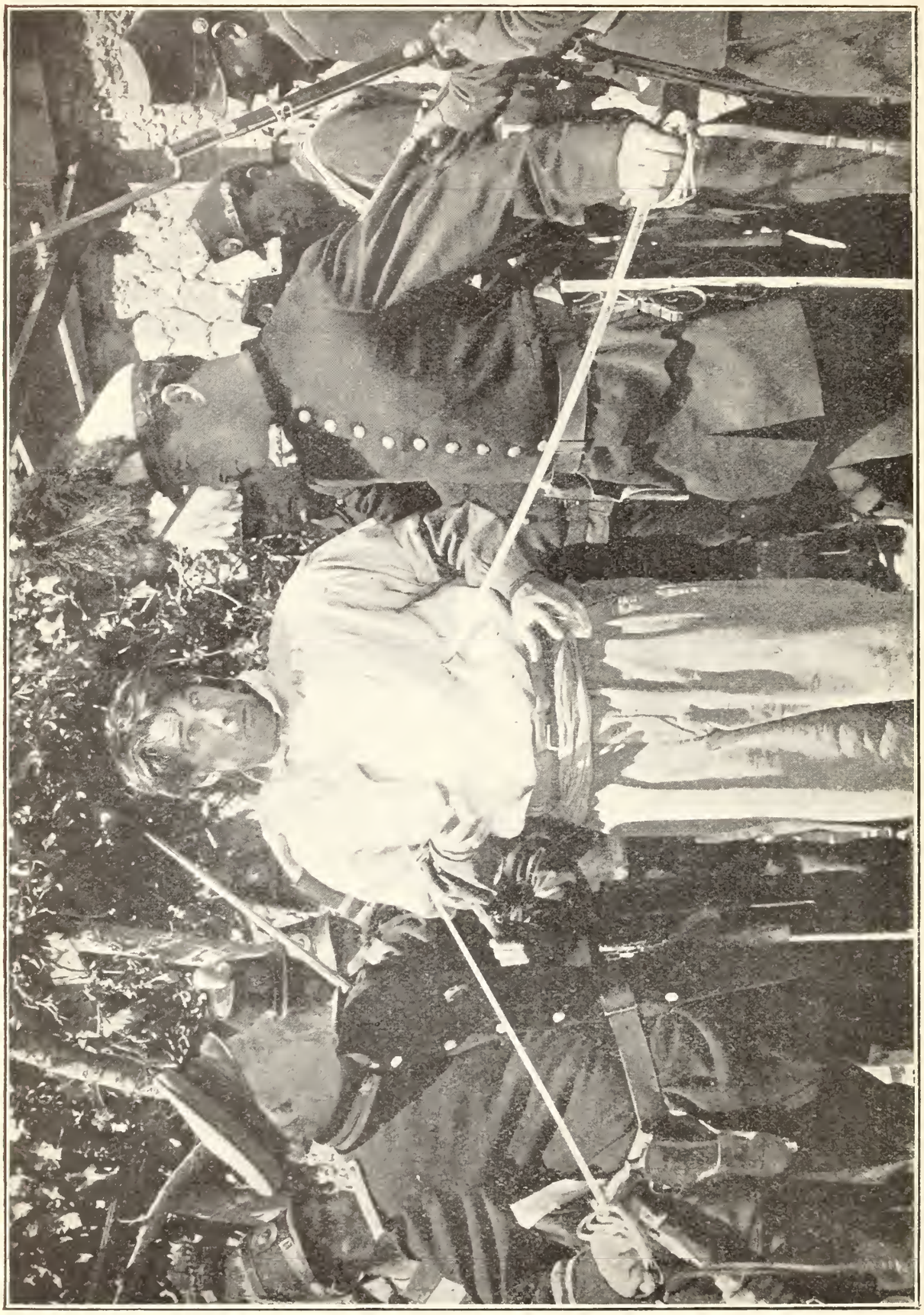
THE sun threw a lingering caress across the hills at the back of Mexico. Pedro Mendez, the big lumbering farmer, straightened his back, and shouldering his hoe, turned down the slope towards the farmhouse. Of huge build and heavy countenance, Pedro was of the type often found out West: a good farmer, a herculean worker, but dull, mentally incapable —a clod.

His wife and mother, stolid creatures like himself, his cattle, pigs, horses, and fowl, comprised his whole world. He knew nothing of the outside, and even when he went to the neighbouring town for provisions nothing interested him. He listened to no chatter, being unable to comprehend: he neither took nor carried back news from the town. He had never known his heart beat increase with emotion, or his heavy footstep increase pace with anticipation.

* * *

At the time our story opens, one of the revolutions which periodically convulse Mexico, had just broken out. The countryside was alive with troops and insurgents. But Pedro knew nothing about such things, nor could he understand when the Federal soldiers in the town stopped and pressed him to join them with promise of great reward.

"I don't want to fight," was his simple response to the dapper sergeant who flattered his huge limbs, a remark he repeated to the



"They both seized his shoulders and pressed the points of their swords against his breast."

young officer who attempted to cajole him.

They tried to explain to him what all the trouble was about, but his simple mind could not grasp the meaning.

He saw the drilling, but failed to follow its object. The coaxing of the gaily-clad girls was met with one stereotyped reply: "Why should I go out to fight? I want to kill no one."

And he tramped sullenly away back to the farmstead, still unable to realise the significance of the movements he had come in contact with.

He had hardly turned his back when the sergeant of the squad went up to the officer, saluted, and whispered: "That man has much that would be useful to our troop."

"What do you mean?" asked the eager officer.

"He has a large corral of horses, and he has cows and pigs: such would be useful to us with the insurrectos prowling round the hills yonder."

"H'm, is that so?"

Yes, the little township was poorly stocked, and horses were necessary to mount the recruits. "The idea is a good one—we will put it in motion," thought the captain. To the sergeant he said: "Parade a strong squad of men at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and be prepared yourself to lead us to the farm of yon dolt."

With his hand at the salute, the sergeant turned on his heels, and at ten o'clock next morning the squad set out on the marauding expedition. Before noon they met Pedro at the porch of his humble dwelling. Unaware of the soldiers' purpose, with his wife and mother he awaited them. There was no amazement—he could not realise until spoken to what was happening, and he watched and listened stupidly to the orders given. That they would steal never entered his head; not until two officers with drawn swords advanced towards him.

He listened to their demands with an insipid expression on his face, and remonstrated in a lifeless way.

"I want my horses; don't take them away from me—I have had them since they were foals—they are mine: why should you take them?"

"Stupid swine!" snarled the elder of the two officers, as they both seized his shoulders and pressed the points of their swords against his breast. "The Government wants them, and what the Government wants we take. Come, quick, lead us to the corral, and thank heaven we leave you your skin whole."

Hustled out away from the terrified women, the affrighted fellow led the way to the corral and opened it. The horses, even the colts were commandeered by the soldiery.

Pedro made one beseeching gesture, but, cowed by the attitude of the officers, his tongue fashioned no words, and sheepishly following the troops with his eyes, he strove to think the why and wherefore, but his churlish brain could not even then conceive the significance of what had occurred.

* * *

Over the western range the sun was glorifying the horizon with the ruddy light of sunset—just such a day as when we first saw Pedro. At the time we speak of he was hoeing on the hillside, when, with loud shouts, a horde of ragged and uncouth men burst upon the farm, rifles in hand, all wearing the tall-crowned sombrero—typical Mexican insurrectos—led by a villainous creature with features as evil as could be seen anywhere. As ruthless as the soldiers, they had no saving grace, and ignored the protests of Pedro, who, on hearing the noise, had hurried to the goat pen to see the cause.

The goats were being driven out, the pillagers laughing and bandying coarse words as they urged the animals from the pen. The sight partly roused Pedro's dull senses. He went in and appealed to the men to stop. As well appeal to wild beasts; they only laughed the louder, and, hurling him to the ground, they kicked and pummelled him as he lay. The chickens, too, they took, leaving him deprived of all his live stock.

As he dragged himself back to the house, his shoulders drooping, an ugly light came into his eye, but quickly died out as the women came running forward to meet him.

"What has happened?" both gasped rapidly. They knew well what had occurred, but their speech was limited, they had no more to say; no words of sympathy.

"They have taken my horses, my little colt, my pigs, goats, and all I had. Why have they done it, these fighting men? I do not want to fight. It is not to do with me," and without another word the simple soul put his arms about the women and drew them into the creeper-sheltered porch of the farmstead.

* * *

There was a rumble of shooting townwards, at daybreak, a spit-spat of intermittent



"Leaving him deprived of all his live stock."

sniping. The insurrectos had opened on the troops. The sharpshooting continued some hours, gradually increasing in volume, and steadily drawing nearer and nearer to the farmstead of Pedro. The rebels were being driven back. They fought for every inch, but the fire of the regulars was hot, and a couple of small calibre guns sought out every nook where half-a-dozen men might shelter safely from mere rifle bullets. The shooting came round the farmstead, and, being driven into the open, the insurrectos made a rush for the house, burst in on the terrified inhabitants, and, with rough threats of violence, forced them to help barricade the building. It was a death-trap, the inside of that house. Bullets whistled through the half-closed windows, as tables and chairs, mattresses, and other articles were brought to assist in defence, and now and again a small shell burst against the mud-walls, sending clouds of dust and earth over the defenders. Men sank down with horrible gurgles, writhing and clutching at small holes in head and body, and amongst them Pedro's wife who was tending the wounded. But Pedro did not know. He was helping, with his mother, to fortify another room. Shells fell through the frail roof, scattering death everywhere: the walls crumbled to pieces under the bombardment. Suddenly a curse and a cry arose: "Hell—the place is afire—those guns!—we're finished if we don't get away."

No lack of fighting pluck in these insurrectos, but the fire drove them from whence bullets failed to dislodge them.

The shack—it was scarcely more—blazed up rapidly. Volumes of smoke poured through window, shell-hole and doorway. Like hunted rats the defenders scuttled away and the fighting passed down the valley.

The deadened senses of the clod were awakening. This disaster called for action. Pedro's lethargy forsook him—he was beginning to see the results of war even if he could not understand the reason for it.

Outside the blazing building he found his old mother, and leading her to a quiet spot he tenderly laid her down, while with scared look and a glint of hate and rage in his eyes he hastened back to seek his wife.

It needed a brave spirit to enter that roaring furnace, but there was no hesitation. His cry brought no answer, yet she must be in there.

He found her lying limp across a table, insensible—she could not be dead? Like a crazed hare he dashed out of the flames with his life-companion in his arms, his face strained queerly, his eyes seeking the fighting-men. Down to his mother he carried her. He laid them side by side—a dozen paces away a dead rebel fallen across a rock, a silenced soldier face downwards nearby.

The women moved not. Their faces were calm and their limbs limp. Why did they not move or speak to him? He shook them. There was no response, no sound save the distant rattle of musketry, and the gurgling of a brook merrily splashing down between the rocks.

He must rouse them—they must speak to him. Water!—yes, water he required, and he fetched it from the mountain stream, and laved their faces—the faces of those poor, heavy women who were all to him. He laved their faces and brought more water to splash over them. Still there was no sign. But it could not be that they were like that ragged insurrecto, or the stiff thing face downwards just within reach—the cold thing that a short space since had been a warm, enthusiastic, death-dealing soldier. That they—his all—could be like those bodies scattered down the valley was impossible to his slow brain. But why did they not move or answer? And why was there no light, no gleam of recognition in their eyes? They must be awakened. He shook them, raised their forms gently in his strong arms. Their heads fell back inanimate. There was no life—and they were so cold.

He was on his knees, and as the quivering of suspense left his frame, his rugged features softened momentarily. He looked round at his burning home, thinking of the battle which had passed by, and which had left a trail of dead and dying in its wake. He turned again to the forms at his knees, and strove to recall the incidents of that crowded evil day. Incomprehension, fear, amazement, chased each other in his dull brain; then a glare of rage crept into his eyes and fixed itself there—such a glare as one could imagine in the eyes of a wounded and passion-maddened gorilla.

He was aroused at last—the Clod. A terrible cry escaped his lips—a shriek, more animal than human. Wrenching a rifle from the death-gripped hands of the soldier, he swung it wildly round his head as he stumbled towards the battling soldiers. He desired to kill now—anyone or anything, it mattered not—only to kill. Robbed of his

cattle, his horses, and his fowls, his home burnt down, his farm devastated and his loved ones murdered, he was mad in his lust for blood. Red blood was all he saw, streaming before him; he wanted to kill, to appease his passion, and into the *mêlèe* he hurled himself with his clubbed rifle, swinging right and left, cracking skulls, dealing death-blows with each sweep, till a bullet from a scornful, laughing soldier piereed his chest, making a small, round hole from which the blood poured out in thick, dark gouts.

The red flame sank from his eyes, the old sullen look crept o'er his face as his life force welled from that insidious small hole. His gaze wandered round dully, he became the clod again now his passion had left him. Staggering against a boulder, clutching at the wound in his chest, he strove to realise the meaning of it all. But it was even less comprehensible now than before. Dying, he wondered: "Why?" Wife killed, mother dead, home wrecked, farm ruined and cattle dispersed—and for no reason that he could find. It was all a confusion of things—he understood not the least. A mist swam before his eyes, a vision arose of what was yesterday, and what was at that moment, of what war, in which he had no hand, no concern or desire to engage in, had accomplished there in that innocent valley, with its sweet pastures and rich soil. Blankness succeeded—a black bank of mystery. To his knees slowly he drooped, still clutching at the hole through which his life was oozing; then, falling forward, he rolled over on to his face.



"He dashed out of the flames with his life-companion in his arms."

A Paradise Lost.

Nordisk Film.

Featuring Miss BETTY NANSEN.

CHAPTER I.

SOME women would have been perfectly happy in Muriel Yorke's position. She lived in a beautiful house, had a host of friends, as much money as she wanted, and a husband. Yet she was not happy. As she sat listlessly now in her luxuriously-furnished boudoir, she was feeling that her marriage had not been a success. Gerald Yorke and she had loved one another. In the first year of their married life there had not been a happier couple in the country. But then, Gerald had gradually become more and more absorbed in his work, and rarely indeed did he spare time to devote to his wife. Months had gone by since they last went to a theatre together, and those little evenings when they had been accustomed to dine in town, and go on afterwards to some entertainment or other, had become altogether pleasures of the past.

Gerald was kind enough to her—oh, yes, there was no cause for complaint on that score. He was constantly giving her presents, and she thought bitterly that perhaps he intended them as a solace for his neglect. It was not his presents, but himself that she wanted; not his kindness, but his love. She felt that if this state of things lasted much longer her love for him would die, as she believed his for her had died already.

Something of all this she had tried to explain to him, but he did not seem to understand. He was rather inclined to laugh at her seriousness. He had his career to think about, he said. He wanted to become famous, more for her sake than his own. He added that he would like nothing better than to spend more time at home, or in going out with her, but success was not to be won that way.

She had given up the attempt, and determined never to make another. If he cared more for his career than for her, well, so it must be. She wondered idly how it would seem to him if he won world-wide fame, and lost his wife. Perhaps he would not care.

To tell the truth, Gerald Yorke had been rather disturbed by what his wife had said. Poor little girl, he thought; it's too bad to leave her alone so much. He determined that as soon as he had got through with an important case, upon which he was engaged, he would manage to spend at least one evening a week with his wife. It was perhaps a pity that he did not tell her this, but he kept silence, and was soon as much absorbed in his work as ever, while his wife smarted under his neglect.

Gerald Yorke was one of the ablest detectives of the day. By sheer cleverness he had made his way up the ladder, until he had been appointed head of the Detective Department. He was young for the post, and his rapid promotion had made him enemies. There were men who would be only too glad to see him make a hash of things. Up to the present, however, he had been brilliantly successful, and he was now engaged upon the biggest task he had yet tackled. A dangerous gang of revolutionaries had their secret headquarters in the City. He had trustworthy information that they were plotting against the Government, even against the throne itself. The plot was deep and widespread, but Yorke believed that if he could arrest the leaders the whole conspiracy would be broken up. His chain of evidence was not quite complete, but he was working quietly, and hoped to be able to effect the arrest of the leaders of the gang in a few days. He knew that he was dealing with desperate men, and until they were safely under lock and key, he could not relax

his vigilance, or enjoy a moment's peace of mind.

Perhaps, if he had taken his wife into his confidence, her heart would not now have been filled with such bitter thoughts. Her thinking had carried her into a reckless mood. She determined that she would no longer play meekly the part of a neglected wife. If her husband could not spare time to be with her—well, there were other men who would be only too pleased to do so. She was young, and her friends and her mirror told her she was beautiful. Why should she not get some enjoyment out of life? At any rate, it would be interesting to try, and she need not go too far. She dressed herself with more than usual care, and went out.

She had dinner alone at a smart hotel, and took her coffee in the lounge. She was a little embarrassed at first on finding that she was almost the only woman present, but the feeling vanished, and she was conscious only of a pleasant thrill of excitement. The place was nearly full, and her table seemed to be the only one which had not two or more occupants. It was easy to see that her appearance there alone had attracted attention, and many masculine eyes glanced admiringly at her. Presently a newcomer entered the lounge. He looked about him as if to find a table, and then came across to where she was sitting. She eyed him curiously as he approached. He was handsome, faultlessly dressed, and seemed a gentleman. His age, she judged, was somewhere about thirty-five. As he reached her table he seemed to stumble against it, whether by accident or design she could not tell. He turned, and apologised for his clumsiness with a charming grace. She bowed without speaking, but he seemed in no hurry to pass on.

"There is no other table," he said with a smile. "Will madame permit me to share hers?"



"He rose, took a card from his case, and presented it to her with a bow."

It was an impertinence, of course, and at any other time she would have resented it; but just now she was feeling reckless and lonely. She returned his smile, and he took her permission for granted.

He proved an entertaining companion, and though, at first, her manner was constrained and nervous, she soon found herself as much at ease with him as though she had known him for years. He treated her with perfect courtesy, and the admiration which his eyes expressed was not unpleasing to her.

They had been talking some time before he introduced himself. He rose, took a

card from his case, and presented it to her with a bow. He was, it appeared, the Baron de Cochefort. She placed the card in her handbag, and rose to go. A look of disappointment clouded his face for a moment as he realised that she did not intend to give him her name, but he accepted the situation.

"It has been a pleasant evening for me," he said. "May I hope that there will be others?"

She hesitated. Then she said hurriedly: "I shall be here again to-morrow."

They met again and again, at the hotel and elsewhere; until Muriel Yorke began to find that what had begun in a fit of pique, and a craving for excitement and admiration, had developed into something far more serious. She was falling—had, in fact, fallen in love with the Baron de Cochefort. He, on his part, made no secret of his feeling for her. He knew by this time from her own lips that she was married, and that she was unhappy Her name, as yet, she had withheld from him.

Meanwhile Gerald Yorke was in complete ignorance of what was going on. He had an occasional twinge of conscience on his wife's account, but promised himself that when he had completed his great case he would make up to her for past neglect. At present, his duties demanded all his time and devotion. His chain of evidence was nearly complete, and the moment for the final coup was approaching.

It had become known to the conspirators that the finest detective in the country was on their track, and at one of their meetings a speaker created a sensation by announcing that Yorke had in his possession a full description of every member of the gang, together with a mass of documentary evidence.

The leader, Eric Leblanc, a gentleman by birth and education, and a man of courage and resource, pooh-poohed the idea. It was impossible, he said, that Yorke could have obtained the information.

"If he has," he added, grimly, "his mouth must be stopped. I take it upon myself to find out what evidence he possesses. I shall know to-night."

Chapter II.

Muriel Yorke had come to the conclusion that she could no longer go on living her present life. The realisation had came upon her suddenly. More than once, De Cochefort had pleaded with her to leave her husband (of whose identity he was unaware), and go away with him. He had pleaded eloquently, passionately, with the love-light in his eyes. She had put him off time after time, but always she knew the hour would come when she would give way, leave her home and her husband, and go with the man of whom she knew nothing, except that he loved her. Her husband, she told herself, had destroyed her affection for him, and her love for De Cochefort was her whole existence. She felt that there was nothing in the world she would not give up for him.

It was only to-night things had become clear to her. Her husband had come home late, and before going to his study to work, as his custom was until the early hours of the morning, he had entered her dressing-room to say good-night. She had answered him coldly, and then he had put his arm about her shoulders, and bent to kiss her.

It was more then she could bear. She threw off his arm with an exclamation, and then, realising what she had done, stood looking at him with frightened eyes. He waited a moment or two, and then went off to his study without a word.

Muriel felt that this was the end. In her bedroom she sat down to think things out. She had come to the parting of the ways, and she would take the path along which love called her. To-morrow she would go to De Cochefort, and tell him she was ready to go wherever he chose to take her.

With a mind more at ease, now that her decision was made, she put out the light and got into bed. But sleep was not for her that night. For hours she lay with wide-open eyes staring into the darkness.

The house was very still. She had not heard her husband come upstairs yet, and supposed he was still in his study. Suddenly the handle of her door was turned, and she saw the door opening slowly. Thinking it was her husband, she made no sound, but closed her eyes, hoping that, thinking she was asleep, he would go away again.

He seemed curiously afraid of making any noise, and only by straining her ears could she hear his stealthy footfall on the carpet. She opened her eyes cautiously, and saw that the intruder was bending over a writing table which stood in the window. With a sudden movement she reached the switch above her head and turned on the light.

The man sprung up in alarm, and faced

her. She was sitting up in bed now, and the light was between them. Each saw the other clearly. A little cry escaped the woman, and the man's face went as white as chalk.

"You!" she whispered in horror, "you!" For the man who had come so stealthily into her bedroom was not her husband, but the Baron de Cochefort, the man she loved with her whole heart and soul.

Then the man found his voice. "Who are you then?" he asked, in a low, intense voice. "My God! Who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Yorke," she said. "This is my husband's house. But I do not understand. What are you doing here? You are not a thief—a burglar?" There was a note of terror in her voice.

"No, no!" he burst out, "of course not. How could you think it? I have come here to-night for a political purpose. Yorke has documents which we must get hold of, and I came to see if I could find them."

Mrs. Yorke was half convinced. "But you are in danger," she cried. "You must not stay. My husband is not in bed yet. He may come upstairs at any moment. Oh! he must not know you have been here."

De Cochefort stepped quickly to the door, and turned the key. Then he knelt down by the bed, and stretched out his arms.

"My darling," he whispered passionately; "I did not know, or I would not have come here. Even now I will give up everything for your sake. Only promise to come to me."

But she could only say again, "You must get away—oh, you must go quickly! To-morrow I will see you." She started. "Listen! Oh God! my husband!"

Steps could be heard in the passage outside. The man and woman waited, with hearts furiously beating. Someone was listening at the door. Then the handle was softly turned. How fortunate that de Cochefort had locked the door. Then Yorke spoke.



"He compared the sheet with the print on the door."

"Muriel, are you all right?"

She forced herself to answer. "Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I saw your light, and thought you might be ill."

"No," she said; "I'm reading, that's all. Good-night."

"Good-night," repeated her husband, and they heard him walk away to his room.

As soon as she judged it safe, she urged de Cochefort to make good his escape; promising again to see him next day. Her bedroom was on the first floor; the window

opened on a balcony, and it would be easy for him to drop to the ground. She opened the window for him, and he passed out

Chapter III.

Gerald Yorke awoke early in the morning with a feeling of uneasiness. He had been conscious of unusual sounds in the house when he was working in his study the night before. At first he had paid little attention, thinking that his wife, or one of the servants, must be moving about. But he found it impossible to settle to work again; at last he left his study, and made a tour of the house, trying to discover the cause of the faint sounds which had disturbed him. From room to room he went, but could find no trace of any intruder. His wife's answer to his question had convinced him that everything was as usual, and he went to bed.

With the morning light his uneasiness returned, and he determined to make a thorough investigation.

He soon found indications, slight enough in themselves, but which to his trained detective sense, pointed to the fact that the house had indeed been entered during the night. An idea occurred to him, and with sudden excitement he went to the door of his wife's room. She had not yet risen. He examined the door minutely with a magnifying glass, and found finger-prints!

Why, then ——! He brushed aside the dreadful thought which flashed into his brain; but it was with fear at his heart that he went to his study.

He had there a number of finger-print records, among them those of certain members of the gang upon whose operations he had been keeping so close a watch. He found the sheet containing these impressions, and, comparing them side by side with the print on the door, he came to the conclusion that his house had been visited by Eric Leblanc, the chief of the conspirators.

Beyond doubt he had hoped to obtain certain incriminating documents which were in Yorke's possession. That was clear enough, and the detective was angry with himself for having felt even a momentary suspicion of his wife.

He told her at breakfast that someone had entered the house during the night. Her face went as white as the cloth, and she clutched with nervous hands at the table. He could not help seeing her agitation, but he mistook the cause, and added quickly:

"He does not appear to have done any damage, and he very considerately left his finger-prints behind him. I know who he is."

"You know!" Her voice sounded curiously strained. "Who was it?"

"Eric Leblanc," was the reply. "The chief of a dangerous gang of revolutionary desperadoes. He passes under many other names, but that is the one to which he is legally entitled. I'm hoping to arrest him very soon, with others of his gang."

She stared at him with terror-filled eyes, and he went on:

"It has been a troublesome job, but I've about finished it now, and in a day or two, perhaps to-day, Eric Leblanc will be laid by the heels."

Yorke continued to talk, but she scarcely heard him. Her mind was wholly occupied with the thought that the man she loved was in danger. She did not doubt that the Baron de Cochefort was the man her husband had called Eric Leblanc. His own explanation of his nocturnal visit was sufficient confirmation. But that fact did not trouble her. She loved him utterly, and would save him if she could, even though in doing so she ruined her husband's career.

Presently Yorke went out, and she was left alone. There was no time to lose. She must act quickly. A few minutes after her husband had left the house, she too went out. She knew where Leblanc's rooms were, and she found him at breakfast. He met her with outstretched arms.

"My darling," he cried. "You have come to me!"

But she held him off. "You must go away! Go at once! You are in danger. My husband, and his men, may come here at any moment to arrest you."

He took a step towards her, but she sprang away.

"No!" she said fiercely; "this is not the time. Oh, go! go, while there is a chance for you!"

Again he held out his arms. "And you have risked everything to warn me! Oh, how I love you!"

"Oh!" she cried: "what does my risk matter? It is you who are in danger. Oh, go for my sake!"

He shook his head. "No," he said quietly. "I am not a coward. I will stay. I have been thinking things over. I love you, love you so much that I will not let you sacrifice

your good name for me. I love you well enough to give you up."

She clutched his arm. "Oh, you are mad!" she cried. "I will not let you give me up. I love you—I love you!" And she burst into passionate weeping.

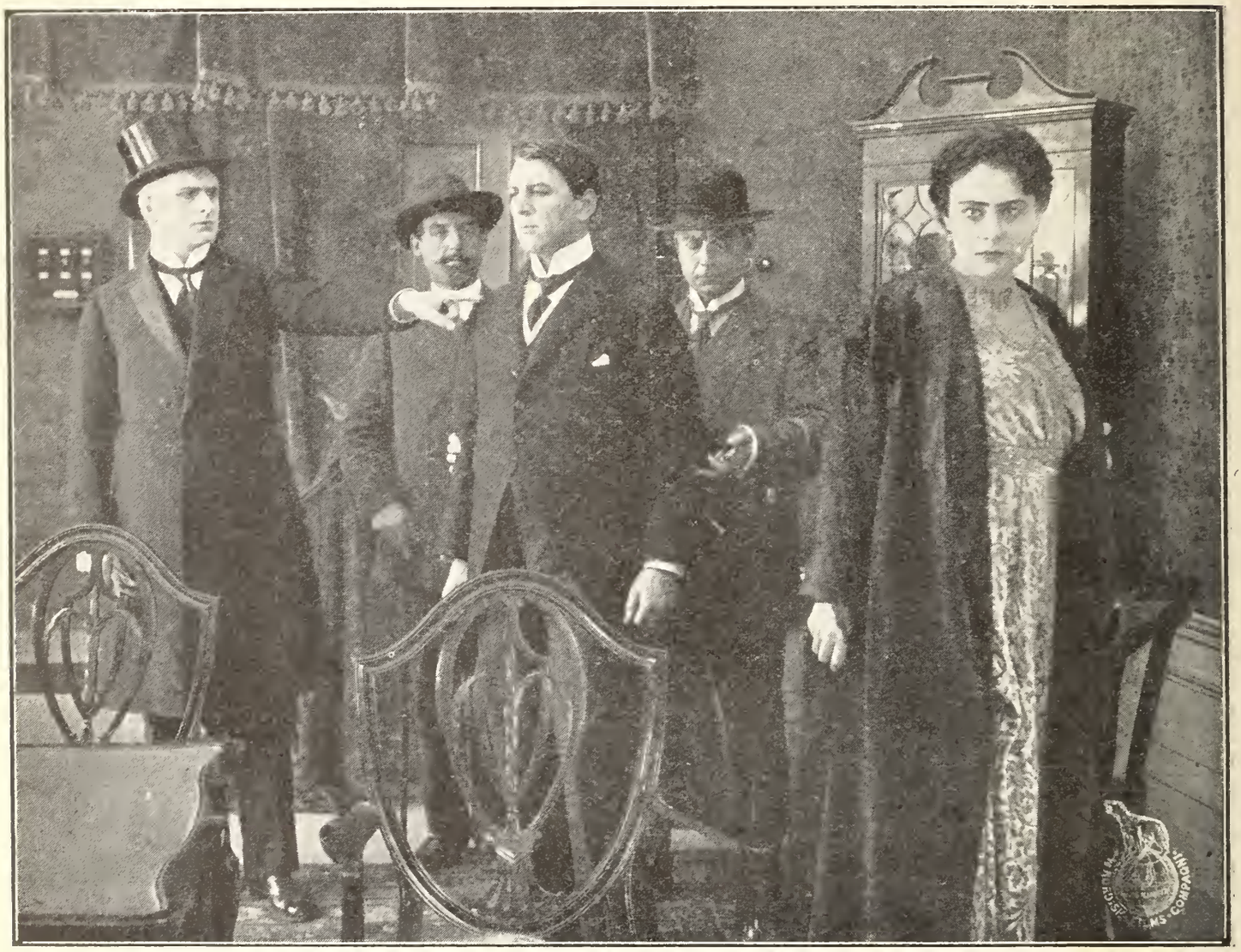
The man stood and looked at her awhile, his face working. "My darling," he said tenderly, "it is better so. I must pass out of your life, and suffer for my misdeeds. In time you will forget me, and be happy."

Suddenly the door was burst open, and the woman sprang up with a cry. Gerald Yorke entered the room, followed by two of his men. He stopped, thunderstruck at the sight of his wife, and his face flushed a dull red.

"My God!" he burst out, and raised his hand as though he would have struck her.

Leblanc stepped forward impulsively, and on the instant, Yorke turned. "Arrest that man," he said loudly, "and handcuff him; he's dangerous."

Leblanc offered no resistance. He held out his hands for the handcuffs.



"'Arrest that man,' he said, loudly."

"Away with him!" Yorke commanded, and the men turned their prisoner roughly to the door. With a wild, despairing cry, Muriel Yorke rushed forward, but her husband seized her, and flung her ruthlessly aside. Then, without another look at her he followed his men and Leblanc.

On the Screen



Musings by Evan Strong.

IN my first appeal to the readers of the "Illustrated Films Monthly," I would like to sound a battle-cry and to awaken interest in the artistic side of the film trade. Film manufacture has progressed so rapidly that we may look upon it as one of the most appealing arts in the present day. Let us then have it a pure art and make an effort to increase its potency and influence by avoiding all that may tend to degrade it in the eyes of the educated and more critical classes. By this I do not mean the requirements of that class which has supported the cinematograph so solidly in the past should be neglected, but rather that the story which appeals to that class should be improved. The cheap sensationalism of the Western so-called drama is a thing of the past—we do not want it any more ; the chapter-of-accidents picture is passing into the limbo of the forgotten, and we must give it a push. Good comedy is taking the place of the absurd comic knock-about, and generally the straight, clean story, the historical novel, and the reproduced play are coming to the fore. The "Illustrated Films Monthly" is out to assist in the movement toward a higher plane in cinematography, and readers, I am sure, will back up this intention.

In what I have written above I do not intend to hit at anything except what tends to lower the cinematographic art : the coarse, the vulgar, and the absurd. There is very little to complain about at the present ; but there is no harm done in urging higher aims for this wonderful art.

For a long time enterprise in film production has been dormant in Great Britain, but now it is gratifying to remark that we have awakened from our somnolent state. The hibernating period is over and we are looking forward to the summer of British film production. The pioneer firms who laboured under difficulties for some time have fought through and are putting out real, good British stuff, while new and well-financed firms have come into being—people having realised the possibilities of the business are laying themselves out not merely to vie with the productions of the Continent and America, but to surpass them.

It is difficult to realise the tremendous advance of cinematography, to recognise in the lusty youth of to-day the weakly infant of ten years ago. The vitality of this new business—this new art—is extraordinary. Prejudice, ignorance, and prudity have risen up in their manifold guises against the motion-picture, and all have been hurled down and trampled under foot. Scorn, contempt, and indifference has had to be fought, but always the new entertainment has been victorious. Later, a new danger threatened, and indeed still threatens. In many countries puny film manufacturing firms, working with poor materials and third-rate artistes, appear intent on flooding the market with a quantity of cheap and nasty stuff. Many little men are awaking to the possibilities of the film trade and are squeezing to get a nibble at the big cheese.

The endeavour must be to squeeze them out if they try to depreciate the trade by floating films not up to the standard.

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We of the cinematograph world are coming into our own, and the high and mighty disdainers and the daily Press are stooping to pat us on the back. Doesn't it seem like a story of Devil M'Care reversed ? Those who gave the art a kick and tried to strangle it with adverse criticism in its infancy, now, in the days of its prosperity, knowingly chatter on its educational value and moral influence. Those who were "there" long ago told the world all about this and got snubbed for their pains. But there, the cock makes as much of the dawn each morning as if it were something entirely strange and unusual, and a hen will cackle over a newly-laid egg with all the assurance that no such thing has ever before been seen.

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These are the days when the Old World is settling down to the idea that the New World has everything to teach us, and yet we find that the pioneers and the greatest and most enthusiastic producers of the educational film are Europeans, while the one great man in America who is doing work for science in cinematography is Mr. Siegmund Lubin, originally of Berlin.

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A little while ago the "Morning Post" said : "The time must come when history will be largely taught on the film." That is a one-sided light on the instructive possibilities of the motion-picture. Is not geography, botany, and general natural history, the customs of strange peoples and a hundred-and-one other useful subjects being taught to millions at the present day by the aid of the

film? The Italian government, realising the difficulty of inculcating in an illiterate population the principles of the electoral system, has instructed the Cines Company to film the electoral procedure from beginning to end, to be shown in the public schools and in all the municipalities to the number of 8,000. The new Italian electoral law gives the vote to all males over thirty years of age. When a government, realising the educational value of the cinematography, utilises it to teach a whole nation, it is too late for newspapers to talk of the future.

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ONCE upon a day when musing, as I often do, my thoughts flew to the future many years ahead. I was a decrepit old man without a profession—the tools of my trade were obsolete, pen and ink and the printing machine were relics merely of bygone ages. The scholar in the school and college was taught by picture and slide, the apprentice learnt his trade in the same manner, the singer sang in his own house, posed before a camera, and then packed up his voice and picture to send all over the world; the novel reader, the law student and the medical man read at special picture palaces, and the business man devoured the news of the day projected on a screen in the corridor aerotrain!

This has recurred to me on reading the manifold uses cinematography is now being put to, and by the advent of recruits from the ranks of authors, short story writers and playwriters, the lecturers, and the University dons. You know, of course, that Miss Marie Corelli has forsaken her ordinary work to write for the cinematograph and has presented her first play to Sir Herbert von Herkomer, R.A., that the Countess of Warwick has taken to the game, together with the Marchioness of Townshend and Lady Trowbridge, while it is said that Their Majesties' daughter has written a short comedy scenario.

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I AM not at liberty here to voice my views on the magisterial system in Great Britain, but I would call attention to the grave danger which the trade is exposed to by the interpretation of the Cinematograph Act of 1909, as understood by interfering busybodies. Within bounds, surely, we can trust to our exhibitors and our fathers' and mothers' judgment on the question of what class of picture shall or shall not be shown? I am not going to enter into any controversy on the subject or shout a tirade against anyone, but would simply call attention to an all-important matter.

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BY-THE-WAY, now the scenario writer is such an important person in the world, and the fraternity is growing so extensive, why not a Scenario Writers' Club? Call it the Cimmerian Club.



Miss Lillian Logan

(London Film Company).



Photo by Dover St. Studios.

WHEN I surprised Miss Lillian Logan, I was struck by her typical Irish beauty, for I had heard that she hailed from across the Atlantic. In the course of the interview, however, I learnt whence came those deep blue eyes, and the black lashes that half hid them. Miss Logan is of Irish descent, though her home is in America, and she has inherited the charm and the warm heart of her ancestors. The fame of Miss Logan ma le me approach her with some timidity, but she quickly put me at my ease, and in a musical voice gave me the information I sought.

Miss Logan is one of those rare women of world-wide knowledge and high ideals, whose influence makes for the advance

of humanity. She started her stage career in musical comedy, and created a furore in America when playing the leading part in "Madame Sherry." She also touched dramatic work, and later joined the Selig Film Co., of America. Her success in film-world is too well-known to need repetition here.

One of Miss Logan's great ambitions was to sing in Grand Opera, and for some years she studied in Milan and Berlin. Extremely fond of music, she has an excellent voice, and at home is generally found singing with keen enjoyment whilst at the piano. An odd chance brought her back to pictures, and for six months now she has been with the London Film Co., of St. Margaret's.

Naturally, I asked Miss Logan how she liked England.

"Well," she replied, with a delicious touch of "twang," "I find the people nice and interesting—but oh, your weather!"

I asked no more questions on that score, for I'm afraid there was no defence.

"As to the difference between stage work and the pictures?" I ventured.

"As a matter of fact," was the reply, "though I like the pictures, I find the work much harder than on the stage, for one receives no assistance from the camera, which ticks away without the least sign of approbation or displeasure. And I miss the audience's encouragement."

"I would just like to disillusion people," she continued, "who imagine we need no feeling in playing for the pictures. Without heart one cannot act, and deep, natural feeling is as essential for the pictures as on the stage."

"Have you ever had any thrilling experiences, such as one hears befall picture-players?" I suggested.

Silence for a while; then this story tumbled modestly out.

"Yes, I remember one interesting incident. I had to walk backwards waving my hand, eventually to fall over a cliff into the waters of a lake. As I am a good swimmer this was not particularly difficult, but unfortunately the lady who had to dive in and rescue me could not swim a stroke. When she reached me in the water she grasped me tightly round the neck, and I was dragged to the bottom twice before I could manage to save her and myself—all the while making it appear that she was saving me. It was rather trying; but we got out, and would have been quite all right had not part of the picture gone wrong, the consequence being that we remained in the sun with our wet clothes on till they dried."

Besides being an expert swimmer, Miss Logan is a good horsewoman. In fact, she enjoys all sports, and is a capable cueist. Yet I think music specially appeals to her, though she told me frankly that she loves the picture shows, and spends hours in the cinema.

As you well know Miss Logan made a decided hit in "The House of Temperley"; also taking the lead opposite Mr. Cyril Maude, in "Beauty and the Barge," whilst in other London Film Co's. works, shortly to be released, we shall see her featured.

Born in Chicago, America, this charming actress is proud of her Irish ancestry. She lives somewhat apart from, yet knows the world intimately. In her you will discover many a paradox, the most interesting being, perhaps, that with all the attractions which fall in the path of a renowned actress, she prefers home life, and glorifies it.

Our interview ended, I came away with the feeling that it would be to the advantage of our race if more beautiful women of the depth and nature of Miss Logan realised their influence for good, and utilised it.

The Photo-Play Writer.

Conducted by Rowland Talbot.

HOW TO WRITE A PHOTO-PLAY

THE cinematograph industry has called into existence a new profession namely, that of the photo-playwright.

On the continent, and particularly in America, comfortable incomes are being made by the photo-play writer, and when one realizes the demand for these plays, caused by the number of picture theatres in existence, this is scarcely to be wondered at.

Yet strangely enough, though our picture theatres include the finest in the world, and the pictures projected on the screen are of the best class, there are few professional photo-play writers in England.

Writers, particularly in America, have not been slow to realize the possibilities of this new art, and a new body has sprung up to meet the increased demand for better-class pictures. Many well-known writers of fiction, also dramatists, have entered the lists, and are greatly adding to their incomes by writing for the silent drama.

This is what is required in England—an infusion of new blood is wanted in the ranks of English photo-playwrights ; people with new ideas and imagination.

The fact that new producing companies, turning out one, two, and three subjects weekly, are springing up all over the country, all clamouring for good plays and offering good prices for them, should do something towards encouraging the right people.

It is true that some of the producing companies employ an inside staff of writers, but these ladies and gentlemen are not machines, and cannot keep pace with the constant demand, consequently additional plays mnst be procured from outside sources, and if only the right people will take up the work substantial remuneration awaits them.

Many writers, no doubt, have ideas that, properly worked up, would make a good photo-play; but, lacking the technical knowledge of writing for the screen, allow the idea to pass, and probably a good photo-play is wasted.

Perhaps the few following hints from an experienced photo-playwright, who is also an editor of scenarios for one of the leading English-producing companies, will help those, who, if they had just a little technical knowledge, would in time become successful photo-play writers.

The first item, is of course the theme, or the main idea. Here we advise budding photo-play writers only to write upon subjects that they *understand*. Study your subject well before you put it to paper. Another thing: do not use dialogue: scenario editors do not want it, and will often refuse to read a play where it is used.

It is never advisable to rush to your desk and dash off a photo-play as soon as you think that you have an idea. Good work is never hurried. As soon as you have conceived in your brain the germ of an idea (a paragraph in a newspaper, an incident in the street, or a few lines from a book may plant it there), leave it and allow it to germinate. It may be days, or even weeks, before that germ has evolved itself into a logical story, and the waiting may be tedious, especially if you are impatient to set pen to paper. However, it is far better to write one successful photo-play in a month, than one or two that never gain acceptance, a week.

The demand now is for strong three-reel dramas. These, of course, are well paid for, and cannot be hurried in writing.

The photo-playwright must remember the limitations of the camera. He should be able to see and think with the camera's eye, and the best way to acquire this knowledge is to see as many pictures as possible projected on the screen, for this is by far the best education for the would-be photo-playwright.

In setting down your photo-play, write your title first, then your cast, and follow it with a brief synopsis. This synopsis should not exceed from two-hundred to two-hundred-and-fifty words, and must contain the gist of the entire play. A scenario editor will often turn down a play because the synopsis does not interest him.

Then should come your scene plot, or list of scenes. In setting these down it is a good idea to make the exteriors distinct from the interiors, as this enables the producer to tell at a glance how many scenes he must set in the studio, and how many outside. When writing the scenes of the play, the author must clearly understand that one scene must only contain *one main incident* having a direct bearing on the story. There must be no under-plot. Many inexperienced writers will write (say) Scene 1: but in that scene are perhaps *three* or more. You cannot move from one room to another without changing the scene—in fact, every time the camera moves it is a fresh scene.

Let me give a brief example :—

SCENE 1.

INTERIOR OF STUDY.

John Smith seated at desk—servant brings in letter, Smith opens it—reads, shows agitation, rises from desk and exits hurriedly.

SCENE 2.

EXTERIOR OF HOUSE.

Door opens—Smith comes out, looks round, calls taxi, enters and drives off.

* * * *

All this is so simple, and when the knack is mastered the photo-playwright is born.

Writers should have their 'scripts typed when possible, for if they do this their MSS. will receive far more careful attention.

When the play is complete in every detail, and the author is satisfied that it cannot be improved, let him consult his trade journal, and select a firm which he thinks will be most likely to accept his play. The author should be very careful here, for what will suit one firm will be rejected by another. We hope in a future article to set out a list of leading producers, and the class of play they are most in need of.

The young photo-play writer must not be discouraged if his first few efforts are returned, for very few writers have won immediate success with their maiden efforts. Let him keep pegging away, and if his stuff improves, and his construction is good, success is sure to crown him in the end.

A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE.

Do not be too impatient to receive a decision regarding your play. Editors have others to read, and yours will be read in strict rotation. The usual time is about a fortnight, though some houses give a decision the same week as the sending in.

Always put a definite price on your 'script. It saves the editor time and trouble.

* * * *

Very seldom does a producing house give a reason for the rejection of a photo-play, and many young writers, after several rejections accompanied by the usual "Editor regrets" slip, will throw up the sponge in despair. Whereas, if the scenario editor had thrown out a little timely aid in the shape of kindly criticism on the plot, or the carrying out of the story, the novice would have gone on with renewed enthusiasm, and benefiting by the advice given become in time a successful photo-playwright.

Picture Actors we Know.

1

My fellow readers, one and all,
Whose pastime is the picture hall,
To see these players here below,
Again, and yet again, you'll go.

2

That wicked outlaw, Broncho Bill,
Whose daring exploits make us thrill,
The star of Western Photo-play
So give three cheers for G.M.A.

3

Who is it now that has not seen
John Bunny's face upon the screen
And vowed in rhapsody of mirth
He is the funniest man on earth.

4

But then, you gaze with wondering eyes
Is it an angel from the skies?
No! only modest Alice Joyce,
For beauty's queen she is our choice.

5

A B have many favourites, too,
Whose acting must appeal to you,
A lovely blonde of world-wide fame,
Known everywhere as Daphne Wayne

6

Then Violet Crawford, Lillian Gish,
No better actresses I wish
To see, than these two ladies fair
Indeed they are a pretty pair.

7

Immaculate, and handsome Max,
How incomparably he acts,
Max Linder surely has some part,
In every lady's loving heart.

8

King Baggot, too, you all must know,
Our modern, stately "Ivanhoe,"
Sir Walter Scott would proud have been
If he, *this* hero, could have seen.

9

Wiffles, "a prince" of fun thou art,
No one could ever play your part,
The drell expression on your face
Loud laughter brings in every place.

10

But one thing more I have to say,
This little book *has come to stay*,
So popular it has become,
'Twill soon be found in ev'ry home.

—W. G C. WRIGHT (age 17).

Items of Interest.

A NOVEL competition, and one that should appeal to all Picture Theatre Patrons, has been arranged by Messrs. Ruffell's in connection with a dramatic 101 Bison Film they have secured.

In co-operation with "Tit Bits" they are offering £100 for the best title submitted by Picture Theatre goers for this film.

All competitors have to do is to fill in one of the coupons cut from "Tit Bits" with the suggested title, and they can send in as many attempts as they please.

Full particulars can be obtained from each theatre at where the film will be shown from November 3rd.

A list of these theatres will appear each Monday from November 3rd in the leading Daily Papers.

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MISS WINNIFRED GREENWOOD joins the forces of the American Film Mfg. Co., at Santa Barbara, California, as leading lady of the second company.

Miss Greenwood has enjoyed a thorough training in the "legitimate," and for a number of years has appeared as leading lady. Her appearance in the popular "Flying A" pictures will be pleasing indeed to her hosts of friends, who have been watching her every movement with profoundest interest.

Her first experience was acquired in vaudeville, when she toured the States and Canada with the Kings' Carnival Co. The first speaking part was an ingenue lead in "Jig Zag Alley." From musical comedy she went to melodrama, starring with J. J. Kennedy in the "Midnight Express." She scored big successes in "Sapho" and "Camille," and acquired an enviable popularity throughout the country in various well-known stock companies.

This extensive experience makes a very versatile lead, and she ranked among the foremost stars of the silent drama. Her favourite pastimes are the popular athletic sports, riding, swimming, tennis, golf, etc.

The key to her phenomenal success is traceable to her innate desire to please her audience.

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WE are pleased to see so many of our readers taking advantage of our cash offer. Several poems, short stories, sketches, etc., have been submitted to us during the month, the best of which have been included in this issue. There is no limit fixed as to the number to be inserted each month, so that everybody who submits any matter stands an excellent chance of having it accepted, provided it is passable.

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OUR readers will be glad to notice the increase in the size of the art supplement, and also the several new features introduced into this number.

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UNFORTUNATELY we were unable to include the whole of our answers to correspondents owing to lack of space, but we shall probably enlarge the book next month to make room for them. Then we hope that everybody will be satisfied.

Cash for our Readers.

Readers are invited to submit any original literary matter of interest—poems, short humorous stories, sketches, etc., etc., the basis of which must be relative to films.

For each of these items published in "Illustrated Films Monthly," we will pay the contributor the sum of five shillings.

The Editor does not bind himself to accept any matter submitted, and will take no responsibility for any MSS. that may become mislaid. Readers wishing their efforts to be returned must enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

All articles must be accompanied by the attached coupon

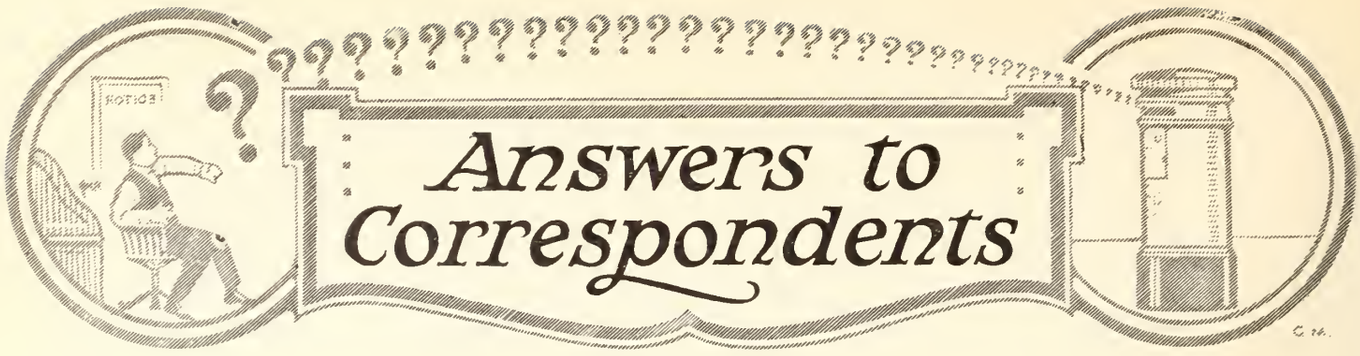
Editor,
"Illustrated Films Monthly,"
Dugdale Street Works, Camberwell,
London, S.E.

Date _____

I herewith submit copy entitled _____ *for your consideration, which I declare to be my own unaided work. If you decide to insert same in your publication, you are to pay me the sum of five shillings. I agree to abide by your conditions as printed in "Illustrated Films Monthly" of October, 1913.*

Signed _____

Address _____



We shall be pleased to answer any questions on subjects of interest relating to the Film World. Give as many particulars as possible and write on one side of the paper only. Whilst we use our utmost endeavours to make these replies correct, we cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracy.

A.P., Northampton.—There are two different pictures of "Quo Vadis" at present on the market:—(*a*) The original by the Cines Co., of Rome, issued by Jury's. (*b*) An American production issued by the Quo Vadis Film Co.

"Curious," Chiswick.—"The Pit and the Pendulum," after Edgar Allan Poe, is a Solax Film featuring Darwin Karr. It is being issued as an exclusive picture by the Capitol Film Co.

C.R., Southampton.—We believe that the "Adventures of Jacques" was the first of a series. "For the Crown," which we include in this issue, appears to us to be the continuation of the "Jacques" picture of our October number. The pictures are excellent enough to warrant quite a lengthy series.

"Picture Mad," Southampton.—We are very pleased to see you so interested in our journal. It would not be fair to only relate the stories of British and American films. Really we are indebted to the Continental firms for some of the finest films yet produced—"Quo Vadis," "Antony and Cleopatra," etc., etc. We thank you for your other suggestions, and same have been noted.

A.C., Streatham.—"With the Greeks in the Firing Line" was filmed by the Express Film Co., of Freiburg, Germany, with the permission and assistance of the Greek officers. This film has been secured by the New Century Film Service, Ltd., of Leeds. The pluck of the camera-men is becoming proverbial—in this particular picture they were in the thick of the fighting, calmly turning their camera handle as tho' in the studio.

"Author," Liverpool.—Your form of receipt should read as follows:—

> "In consideration of the sum of.....(£ : :), receipt of which is hereby acknowledged and which is to be deemed as on account of royalty at the rate of.....% of the proceeds from the sale or letting of any and all films made therefrom, I, the undersigned, do hereby assign the sole right of Cinema reproduction of the Plot written by me, and entitled.....to..... from the above date, it being further agreed that the author's name appears on the films and advertising matter with due prominence."

A.J., Carlisle.—The Westminster Bridge sensation, as reported in the daily papers some days ago, when a film actor dived from the bridge into the river, was an incident from a film produced by the Motograph Film Co., entitled "The Gold Robbers," or "A Romance on Old Father Thames." This picture will shortly be seen at our theatres.

T.S., Dulwich.—There were rumours about a week or two ago that Mr. Carlyle Blackwell had left the Kalem people, but we are inclined not to credit this. Mr. Blackwell has been with Kalem for over four years.

The Editor regrets being unable to include the many other answers to queries he has received, owing to want of space.

ILLUSTRATED FILMS MONTHLY.



FEATURING

Miss MERCY MANNERS

Of "Hullo! Ragtime."

The Lady whose portrait we have pleasure in reproducing on the front cover is one, who, appearing on the variety stage has charmed and amused many an audience. She is now to favour cinema patrons with her delightful and care-removing dances as she has been taken by the camera and will soon be seen with four other bright girls in a new Selsior Dancing Film, entitled, "The Spanish American Quickstep."

THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY

SIXTY YEARS A QUEEN,

ON THE SCREEN,

THE PHOTO-PLAY WRITER,

FILM GOSSIP,

BEAUTIFUL ART SUPPLEMENT,

&c., &c.

Copyright 1913 by Messrs. F. W. Oldfield & Co.

Film Favourites



Miss Lottie Briscoe.

Film Favourites



Mr. Arthur V. Johnson.

Film Favourites



Miss Edith Storey.

Film Favourites



Mr. John Bunny.



M. Jean Dax.

THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY.

(RODNEY STONE).

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Produced by - - - - -	HAROLD M. SHAW.
Filmed by - - - - -	THE LONDON FILM CO., LTD., in their Studios at St. Margaret's, near Twickenham, Middlesex.
Exclusive Rights secured by - -	JURY'S IMPERIAL PICTURES, LTD., Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

CAST :

Sir Charles Temperley	BEN WEBSTER
Sir John Hawker	CHARLES ROCK
Captain Jack Temperley	CHARLES MAUDE
Ginger Stubbs	WYNDHAM GUISE
Tom Cribb	JOHN EAST
Jakes, bookmaker	EDWARD O'NEILL
Gloucester Dick	REGINALD DAVIS
Joe Berks	F. BINNINGTON
Gentleman Jackson	C. M. YORK
Shelton, trainer	HUBERT WILLIS
Lady Temperley	CLAIRE PAUNCEFORT
Lucy	YOLANDE MAY
Ethel	LILLIAN LOGAN

THE two sons of the House of Temperley were of widely different temperaments. Captain Jack Temperley, the younger son, was an active, energetic youngster, who, to satisfy his restless craving for excitement, had joined the army and served through the war in Spain. There he had received a serious wound, as result of which he had been invalided home. Now that he was convalescent, however, country life was beginning to weigh on him, and would have weighed on him a good deal more had it not been for his cousin Ethel.

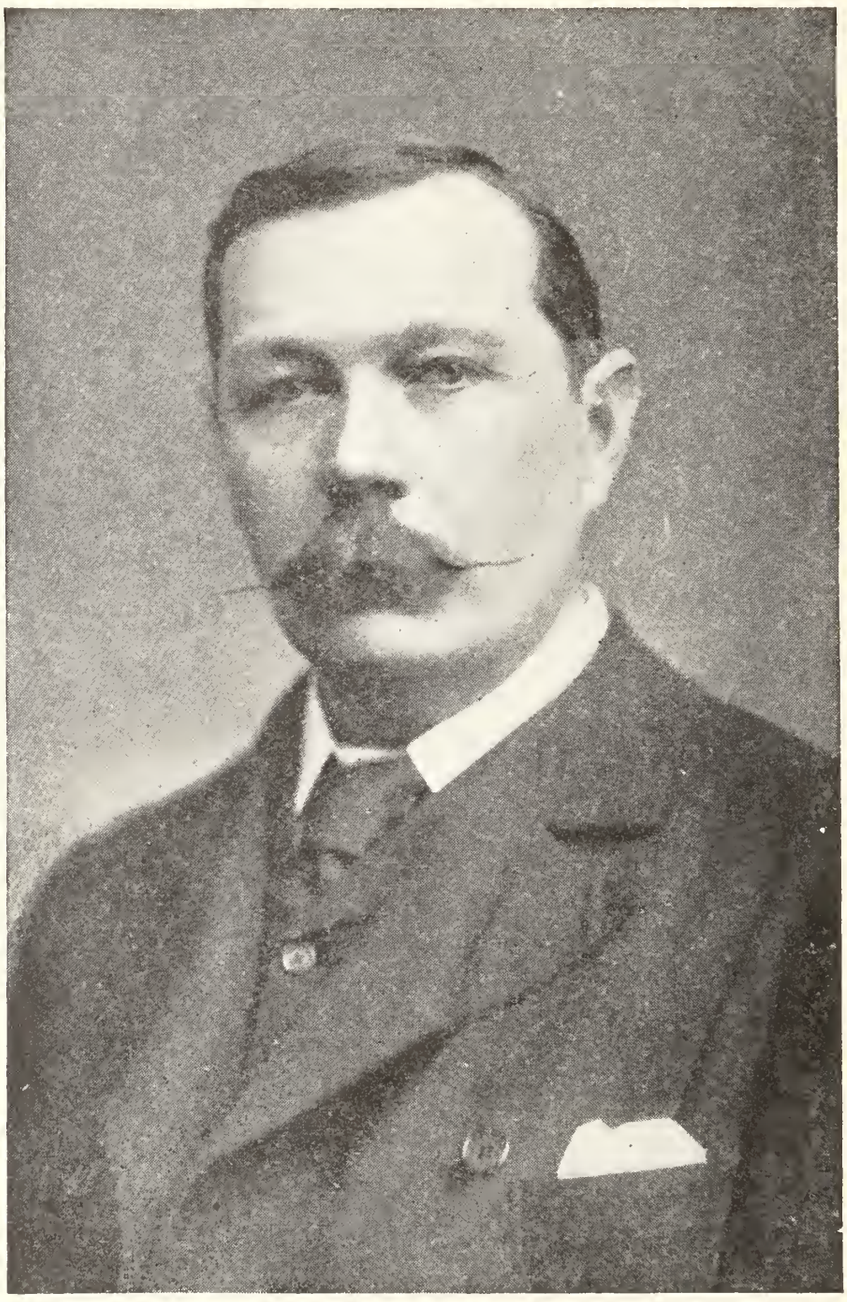
Sir Charles Temperley, the elder son, had none of his younger brother's physical restlessness. He was an easy-going, kind-hearted man, perfectly content to pass his days in the mild excitements which London offered to a man who was fond of cards and wine and horses. If anything, he was too good-natured, for it caused him to permit some men to enter the circle of his friends who had no right there.

Among these was Sir John Hawker. Sir John's reputation was far from speckless : he was a reckless gambler, and was not above taking advantage of a marked card when occasion favoured him. He was well-known in fighting circles as a good judge of a man and as being a very capable, formidable amateur with the gloves himself. He had lately been devoting himself to Sir Charles Temperley, and to such good effect that, partly by fair means and partly by foul, Sir Charles was already heavily in his debt. He took good care, however, that this fact should

not worry Sir Charles, which was, owing to Sir Charles' heedless good-nature, an easy matter to arrange.

As a matter of fact, Sir Charles was, without suspecting it, nearing the end of his resources. His many extravagancies, his utter disaster to the fortunes of her house loomed ahead. She knew her son's gay, pleasure-loving disposition, and had little hope of awaking him to the perils of the situation until too late.

Living with Lady Temperley was her



[*Photo, Elliott & Fry.*

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

generous gifts, and his gambling debts, had already run away with all his fortune, and Temperley Manor was beginning to be beseiged by anxious creditors.

Much to her distress, Sir Charles' mother, Lady Temperley, was forced to realise that ward, Ethel, a beautiful young girl, and a heiress in her own right. It was to this girl that Lady Temperley now turned in her extremity. If only Ethel could realise the lovable side of Sir Charles and consent to marry him, she might be able to arrest him

in his dissipation, and the fortunes of the House would be saved. Unfortunately for her, however, her niece's affections were centred on Jack Temperley, and she was daily hoping that Jack would declare himself. Jack, however, was proud. He loved Ethel, but the fear of being thought a fortune-hunter tied his mouth, and although he was several times on the point of an avowal, he restrained himself in time.

One morning the duns invaded Temperley Manor and insisted upon a settlement of their accounts. They became so abusive that the servant at last went to fetch Captain Jack to speak to them. Captain Jack was discovered in a friendly bout with the gloves, his opponent being his own man-servant, Ginger Stubbs. Ginger had once been a promising candidate for prize-ring honours, but five years before had thrown up prize-fighting to follow Jack Temperley to the wars. Under his able tuition, Jack had become a very skilful boxer, and more than once lately, had succeeded in beating the adept Ginger.

When the servant broke in with the news of the duns' rudeness, Ginger was for promptly ejecting them, but Jack restrained him and attempted to persuade them to postpone their demands. This they angrily refused to do, and they were in an angry altercation when Sir Charles unexpectedly arrived. Greeting his mother affectionately, he entered the hall, and by his lazy good humour, his affability, and his obvious, careless honesty, succeeded in disarming the anger of the duns.



"The famous scene in Watiers' Club."

In vain Lady Temperley tried to impress Sir Charles with the gravity of the situation. He laughed gently at all her fears, and assured her there was nothing to worry about. Next day, in the hope of retrieving some of his bad luck, he gambled heavily at the races, but the only result was to plunge

him still deeper into debt.

During his absenee from home, Sir John Hawker, who held an I.O U. for £3,000 signed by Sir Charles, visited the manor. He told Jaek, who interviewed him, that he had come to give Sir Charles his revenge at cards, and Jaek, who suspeeted Hawker's honesty, told him angrily that Sir Charles was gambling too mueh. The two men had an angry s'ene, at the end of whieh Hawker stamped out of the house, nearly upsetting, at the suggestion, and realised for the first time the extent to which he was involved. In a revulsion of feeling he solemnly promised Jaek never to touch cards or dice again.

Before long, Lady Temperley's entreaties affeeted Ethel so much, that, to save her friend and guardian from further distress, she consented to marry Sir Charles. Lady Temperley, overjoyed, told Sir Charles of his good fortune, and the engagement was quiekly coneluded. In the meantime, Jack,



"Captain Jack and Ethel."

as he did so, Ginger Stubbs, who was with difficulty restrained by Jaek from punehing Hawker's head.

Later, Sir Charles returns from the raees, very depressed over his losses. Jack seized the ehanee to try to pull Sir Charles up. He infor med him that the lawyers had told Lady Temperley that Temperley Manor must be sold as a result of his gambling extravagancies. Sir Charles was horrified his pride vanquished by his great love for Ethel, mustered the eourage to propose to her, only to discover he was too late and that she had become engaged to his brother. Ethel was unable to hide the faet that if Jack had spoken earlier she would have preferred him, but the two aeeepted the situation honourably, and hid their feelings.

Tom Cribb, a retired ehampion of the prize ring, was running an inn and a boxing

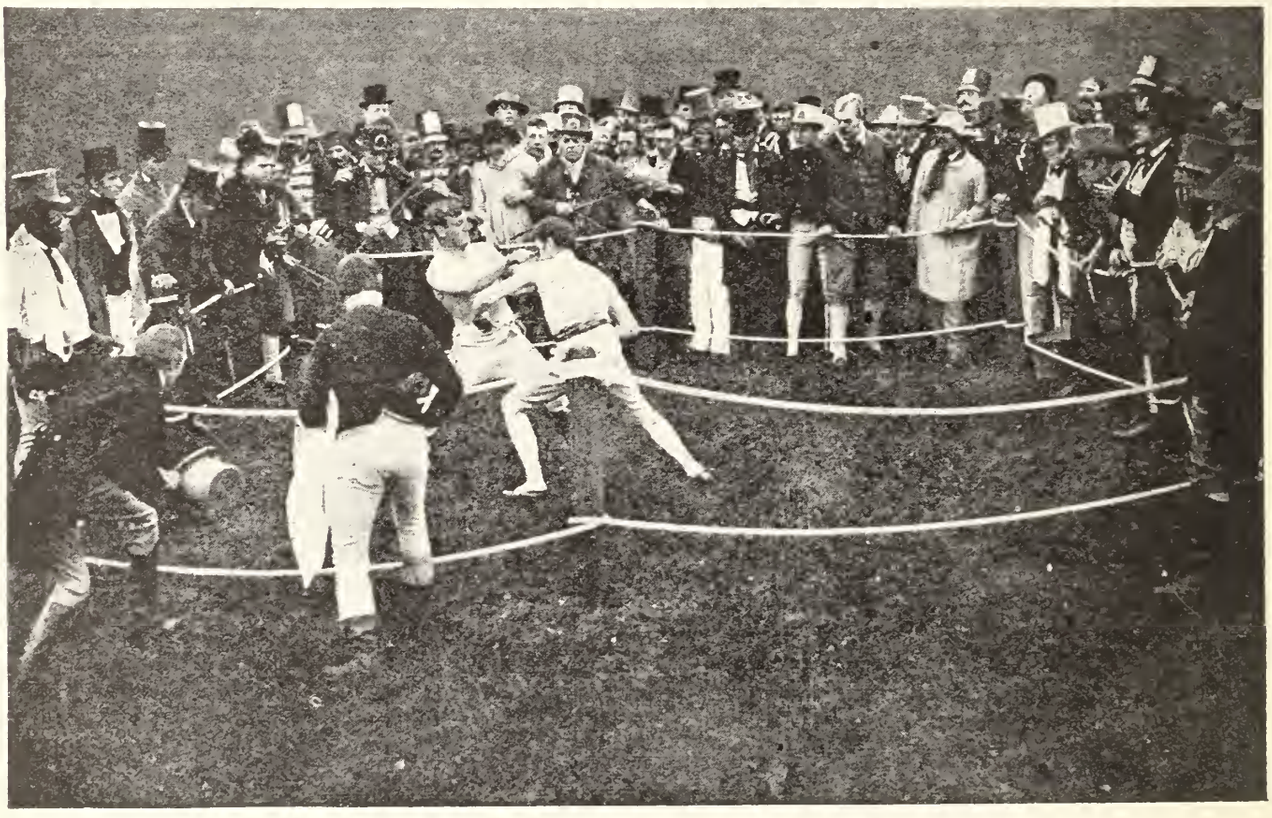


"Sir Charles interviewing the 'duns.'"



"The big fight arranged."

saloon not far from Temperley Manor, and here the Corinthians used to meet, to gamble, to drink, and to watch their favourite fighters. Tom Cribb had discovered a very promising prize-fighter in Gloucester Dick, and when Sir John Hawker visited the Inn and asked for news, he was told of Gloucester Dick. Curious to know Dick's capabilities, he took him into the saloon for a sparring match. Dick, however, was no mean antagonist, and Hawker received a thorough drubbing. Hawker was furious, but kept the matter private. A little later Sir Charles visited the inn, and was thoughtlessly about to engage in another game of cards when Jack entered. Under cover of Jack's entry, a prize-fight, each party to nominate a man who had never been in the prize ring before, the stakes to be £3,000. Jack, to whom the proposed match was explained, suspected a trick, and arranged a counter-move. He so altered the terms of the match as to include any man who had not been in the prize-ring for five years and increased the stakes to £10,000. Both Hawker and Sir Charles were amazed at this unusual rashness in Jack, but Hawker, having Gloucester Dick in mind, thought himself safe. Jack's idea in altering the match was to have Ginger Stubbs fight for his brother. Ginger had not been in the ring for five years, and could be relied on to deal with



"The Fight on Crawley Downs."

Hawker marked the pack of cards before him, but in this manœuvre he was observed by Jakes, a shrewd bookmaker, whose enmity Hawker had already aroused by his rough manners.

Greetings over, Jack noted with dismay the cards in front of Sir Charles and reminded him of his promise. Sir Charles admitted his mistake, told Hawker of the forgotten promise and declined to play with Hawker, either with cards or with dice. Hawker, seeing his victim getting out of his clutches, suddenly thought of another way of getting Sir Charles' money. He suggested any ordinary opponent. The bet was therefore duly completed, the men shaking hands on it.

After the rest of the party had gone, Hawker secretly examined the pack of cards, found one of the marked cards to be missing. While he was searching for it, Jakes, who had quietly abstracted it, entered, and in a scene of tremendous power, threatened to expose Hawker as a card-sharper, if he did not consent to hand over one-half of his winnings on the fight to Jakes. Hawker had no alternative but to submit.

Ginger Stubbs' sweetheart, Lucy, made

some difficulty at first about Ginger again entering the prize-ring, but Sir Charles and Jack persuaded her to consent, and Ginger duly went into training. Before long rumours began to reach Sir John of Ginger Stubbs' condition. Jakes himself warned Hawker that the match would probably go against him, and the two then arranged to kidnap Stubbs on the eve of the fight. If Stubbs did not turn up at the ring side, the match would be awarded to his opponent, and Hawker's money would be safe. Accordingly Jakes, with a couple of bullies, went down to Stubbs' training quarters. Sheldon, the trainer, was got out of the way by a ruse, and in his absence Stubbs was attacked, overcome, and carried away several miles over the downs in a cart. His absence was soon discovered, but they merely suspected him of going to say "Good-bye" to his sweetheart, Lucy, and the whole party repaired to the ring side.



"Ginger Stubbs arrives too late."

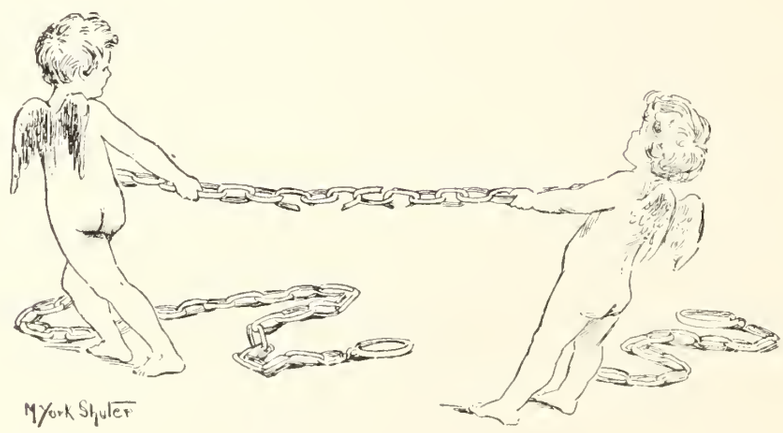
Jack had by now found his position with Ethel intolerable, and he told her that as soon as the fight was over he intended to go back to the wars to try to forget her. Ethel was greatly distressed, and at that moment the couple were surprised by Sir Charles. At first he suspected his brother of treachery, but they frankly told him the truth, and Sir Charles discovered for the first time that Jack loved Ethel.

At the ring side there was no sign of Ginger Stubbs, and Sir John Hawker congratulated himself on the success of his scheme. At the last moment, however, just as the referee was about to award the fight to Gloucester Dick, Captain Jack jumped into the ring and declared he would take Ginger's place. Sir John Hawker was furious, but as the terms of the match permitted any candidate to fight, his objections were overruled. A fierce battle followed. Prize-fights of those days were

of course, different from modern glove contests. The opponents wore no gloves, wrestling was not altogether prohibited, and a knoek-down or a fall ended the round. After the round, if either of the men was unable to come to the "scratch"—a line drawn aeross the middle of the ring—after half-a-minute's rest, the fight was declared against him. At last Jaek's superior strength and experience began to tell, and Gloueester Dick was ignominiously knoeked out of the ring.

In the meantime, Ginger Stubbs had sueeeeded in cutting through his bonds on the edge of a stone, and, realising the seriousness of the position, set off at full speed for the scene of the fight. He arrived there utterly exhausted, only to discover that the mateh had already been won by Captain Jaek.

Sir John Hawker, who had organised a futile attempt to break the ring at the last moment, was furious at his loss and his defeat. Sir Charles, seeing the fortunes of his house now safe, coneeived a plan whereby Jaek and Ethel might be brought together. He deliberately insulted the furious Hawker, and a duel was arranged for the next day. Everything fell out as he antieipated. Sir John Hawker, treacherous to the last, fired at Sir Charles before the handkerehief fell, mortally wounding him. Sir Charles, however, managed to hold himself erect long enough to return Hawker's shot and Hawker fell dying. Sir Charles was then carried home to Temperley Manor, and before he died was able to join the hands of Jaek and Ethel, having now retrieved the fortunes of the House of Temperley.



Creatures of Clay.

Milano Film.

CAST.

Justice Bursford	Henry Etievant
Arthur Trexham	Aldo Sinimberghi
Hubert Brunt	Livio Pavanelli
Mrs. Bursford	Pina Fabbri
Rosetta Trexham	Anita D'Armero
Mrs. Verdica	Thea Sandten

Part 1.

Which introduces us to three important characters.

Chapter 1.

A Love Romance in Italy.

"So then, Trexham, in your opinion, there can be no nobility of character unless circumstances or a man's environment be propitious, when you can hardly say that nobility is really existent."



Henry Etievant as "Justice Bursford."

The speaker pausing to re-light his cigar, glanced keenly at his friend across the little table at which they were seated, on one of the most beautiful of the many café terraces bordering the shores of Lake Como.

"I don't say that, Brunt, exactly. Perhaps it's rather difficult to explain what I do mean. I think men vary, vary largely in ordinary, every day life, but I do believe, that given certain exactly similar circumstances, most men will act in precisely the same way. Their emotions become then so intensified that everything extraneous to their real selves is as if it never was. Education, the rules of civilisation, fear of consequences are all immediately sloughed, and what we are so fond of terming 'the primeval man' comes uppermost. We get down to the cheap, common clay of which we are all made. It's quite all right, we can't help it, but I wish for Heaven's sake, we weren't so fond of putting an outside plaster over that clay, and admiring the beautiful make-believe marble statues we form of ourselves."

Hubert Brunt laughed. "We're fond of

doing a good many funny things in this world. Well, old chap, let's give up serious talk for to-day. By jove, isn't the sun glorious. In a place like this, one can be a regular Omar, and merely dream, live and love."

"You material beggar," smiled Trexham, "you have certainly been endeavouring to follow the old boy's philosophy since you've been here. How many love affairs have you had?"

"Oh, come now, Trexham, s'pose I have looked at one or two of the pretty Italians, that's no crime! They are top-hole, some of 'em. And you, you old idealist, can't you think about anything except putting the world right, and your new divorce law. Even when it's passed, the world won't be any better, your own argument of just now admits that."

"Yes, I know, and still I'm awfully keen about the new law. After all, it will be more just."

"Well, at any rate, you are the most popular politician in England now, through it. Your last speech in the House was great. Mighty good thing though I dragged you away from London when I did. You would have gone smash with your nerves in the condition they were."

"Yes, you were a brick. I feel splendid now," responded Trexham, "and next year, when the Bill goes through, I shall be really happy. By the way, talking of other matters, I think I'll take your tip and invest a bit in those Deep Level Bonanzas. You say they're good?"

"Yes, I think so. Of course, one is never certain, and we stockbrokers like to be very careful, extra careful, in advising our friends. But you ought to make a good profit, given ordinary good luck. At any rate, I'm taking up a parcel of the shares."

"Well, that's good enough for me, Brunt. We'll settle details later."

"Righto, old man," I'm going down to the Club du Lac, now. Come?"

"No thanks, I'll sit and enjoy the view from here. *Au revoir.*"

"So long," came from Brunt, who paying his bill, strode away, a prosperous looking, broad-shouldered man. He was, as Trexham said, a materialist, and believed in enjoying life.

An hour later, he was hurrying back on the same road, keeping the graceful, lithe figure of a little flower girl before him, well in sight. He had seen her at the Club, and had been attracted by her face, a type of pure Italian beauty.

"Wait a little, signoretta," he said, a little breathlessly, as he drew level with her; "I want to speak to you. Listen, little one, you sold me roses just now, now won't you *give* me a kiss?"

He caught her gently by the arm, but the girl shrank back, dismayed and white.

"Come," laughed Brunt, "just one."

His arm was around her, and he pressed her to him, tilting up her face as he spoke. The girl screamed, struggled, and beat at him fiercely with her little fists. Brunt, excited and intent, held her tighter.

"Brunt, Brunt, what are you doing? How dare you, release her at once!"

The command in Trexham's incisive voice was followed by a sharp wresting of Brunt's arms from around the little flower girl, who stood panting and silent, while Trexham rated his friend soundly.

"Oh, come," came from Brunt, "don't be such a spoil sport. There, I'll apologise to the girl if you like. What a fellow you are!"

He turned again to the girl, said a few words in Italian, and walked away. Trexham looked at the girl.

"I thank you a thousand times, signor," came impulsively from her in a soft voice, which struck pleasantly upon Trexham's refined ears, "perhaps he meant no harm, but I—I——"

Tears moistened her deep brown eyes, and she looked very tremulous and pathetic. Trexham was touched.

"Tell me your name, little one," he said.

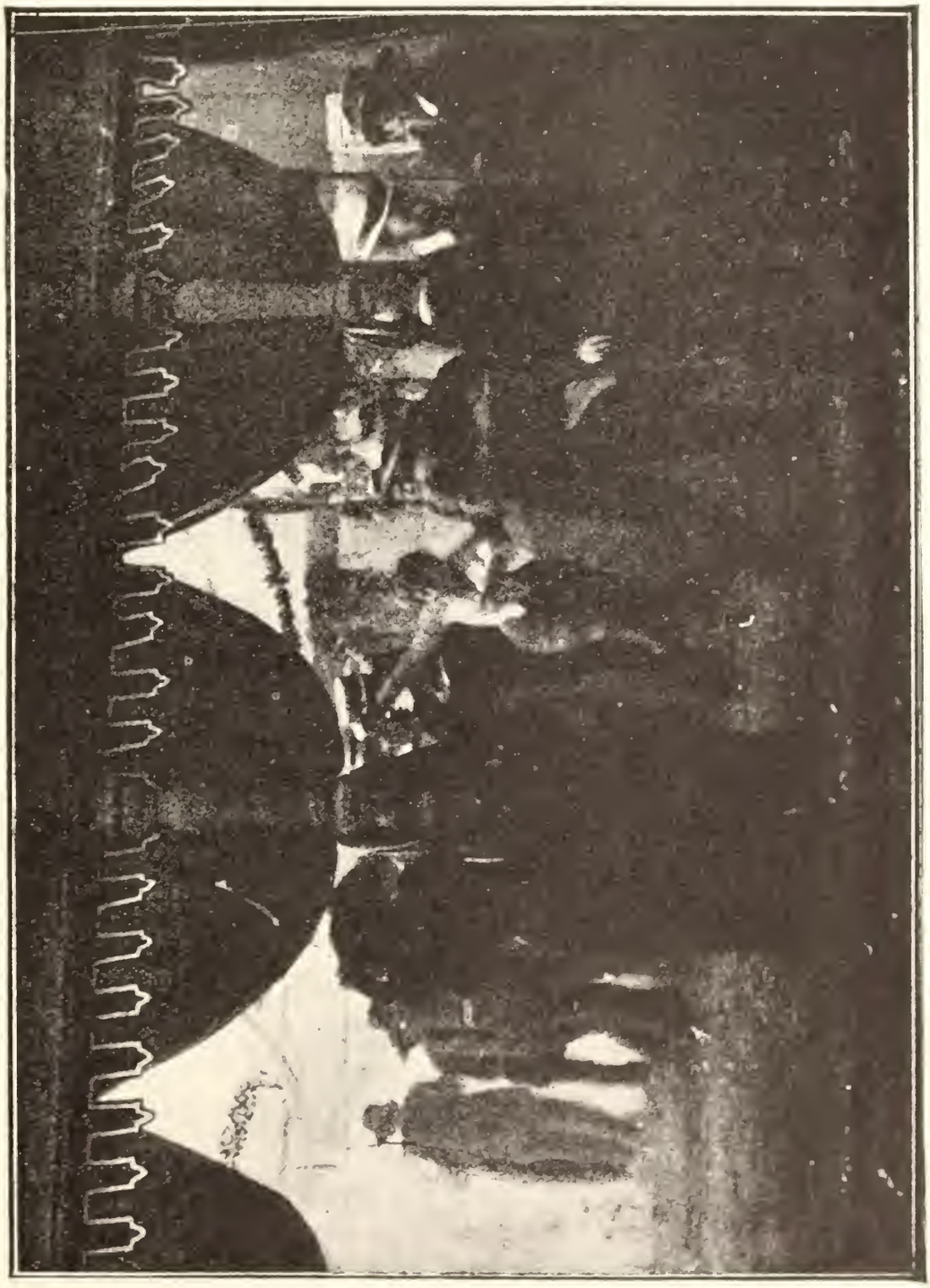
"Rosetta Rizzi," was the reply. "I am an orphan."

"And you get your living by selling flowers?" Trexham studied her, astonished at the pure beauty of her face.

"Yes, but I have been educated," replied the girl proudly, "by the good sisters of the Convent of the Sacred Heart."

Trexham nodded. Then he lifted his hat as if to depart, but somehow the girl fascinated, magnetised him, and instead of a good-bye, he pronounced a request to see her again. It was granted, a little doubtfully, but the girl's promise sent Trexham away feeling unusually happy.

That was the beginning of the love romance of Arthur Trexham, M.P. Before six more



"The Fire at the Bazaar."

weeks were over he had fallen madly in love, and had resolved to make Rosetta his wife. He told Brunt so, forestalling all his remonstrances, and the stockbroker, finding him determined, said little, merely wondering at the outcome of his own escapade, and taking the first opportunity of congratulating Rosetta before she left for London under Trexham's guidance.

Chapter II.

Brain Storm.

They were married quietly, and a year later Italy was scarcely anything but a sweet memory to Rosetta. She had dropped into her new life as if born to it, and Trexham had grown increasingly proud of her. Perhaps the only fly in the ointment to her was her husband's friendship with Hubert Brunt. Secretly she detested the prosperous stockbroker, and in his presence she would shiver, as if evil emanated from him.

This feeling came over her strongly one morning as she met him leaving her husband's private study. Brunt, all unconscious of it, greeted her almost effusively:

"Good morning, Mrs. Trexham. This is just a business call upon your husband."

"Indeed, but you will stay to luncheon?" interrogated Rosetta.

"Thank you, no; business in the City takes me away, otherwise nothing would give me greater pleasure."

"Well, I shall expect you on the 18th. We are giving a small dance; it is the first anniversary of our wedding, you know."

"Indeed! I shall come, of course: until then, *au revoir*."

Rosetta nodded, and smiled her good-bye, then passed into her husband's study.

"What did Hubert want?" she asked.

"He called about some shares I bought a year ago. They've dropped badly, just as I realised,—and I—well, I was rather worried about it, and he was good enough to lend me two thousand to make up the difference."

"Two thousand!" echoed Rosetta.

"Well, really more; two thousand five hundred. He's an awfully good chap is Brunt, in spite of his easy philosophy."

"Oh, Arthur, I wish you hadn't had to borrow money from him!"

"So do I; but it can't be helped, darling. I was glad to take it, and Brunt isn't like anybody else. Now kiss me, and run away: I'm fearfully busy."

Rosetta slipped out. She felt uneasy, but said nothing further.

A few nights later she made a perfect hostess at the dance, and Trexham felt gloriously happy.

Rosetta, however, could not shake off the sense of depression that had assailed her since she had learnt of her husband's difficulties, and, later in the evening, an incident occurred, which almost unnerved her completely. Hubert Brunt, coming upon her in a secluded corner, where she was snatching a few moments respite from her tiring duties, had seated himself beside her, and had suddenly breathed into her ear passionate pleading words of love.

Rosetta had sprung away from him in horror, and bidden him leave her. Brunt had risen, a little white, but perfectly calm, and had obeyed her.

Poor Rosetta! She had fallen back in her seat when alone, and wondered what she should do. Should she tell her husband? There was the loan! Had she better keep silent. Men, she had learnt, often made love to their friends' wives, and the latter often kept silent from fear of unpleasantness. Had she better adopt the same course?

In the end she had resolved to wait, and watch the course of events. Much would depend upon Brunt's later behaviour.

Poor little, inexperienced wife! Had she known the tragedy that lay in store, she would have acted far differently.

Brunt did not forget, nor did he forgive. He believed himself to be madly in love with Rosetta, whose development into a perfect woman of Society he had watched with astonishment.

"I'll bide my time," he muttered the following night, as he paced his flat. "I'll have her yet, and so fast that she will not be able to dismiss me again. Then she shall know what a man can do."

He turned to the evening paper in the hope of calming his thoughts, and the little action served to decide his own, Rosetta's, and Trexham's fate for all time. The words he read were simple enough, just a few lines to the effect that there would be an all-night sitting in the House, on account of the new divorce law.

"Trexham will be there," he said to himself. "She will probably be alone after last night's dance. Yes, yes, I'll chance it."

It was close on midnight, then. Brunt quickly put on an overcoat and hat, and left

his flat. He made his way to Trexham's house—a fairly large one, standing in a garden, to which access was given through a handsome wrought-iron gate. Brunt pushed this open, stole quietly up the gravel drive, and paused at the conservatory door. "Unlocked!" he whispered, as he turned the handle.

He stole into the dark conservatory quietly, making no sound until an awkward movement caused him to knock against a flowerpot. It clattered to the tiled floor, sounding strangely eerie. Brunt held his breath. Had he been heard? Would the servants come? Well, if they did, he could manufacture some excuse for his presence there!

"What are you doing here!" she asked after a moment of paralysing silence.

"You know,—you *know*. I love you, I told you so last night, but you would not listen. Now you must. You cannot realise the torture I suffer. How desperately I long to take you in my arms, to kiss you, to feel your lips——."

"Mr. Brunt, this is the third time you have insulted me. Leave my house instantly, and before I summon the servants——"

"There are none, I have heard none, and none came when I knocked down the flowerpot. We are alone, and you must—Ah!"

He stepped forward swiftly, catching Rosetta in his arms. She struggled fiercely,



"A wife's dilemma."

He remained perfectly quiet, straining his ears to catch a sound.

For some seconds dead silence prevailed, then he became aware of a presence. Glimmering faintly through the darkness, he could see a patch of white. It moved forward, and the movement was followed by a flash of light. Somebody had switched on the electric light.

It was Mrs. Trexham, clad in a light *negligée*. She stared at Brunt, appalled, and a sharp cry broke from her lips. Fear gripped her, for most of the servants were absent, having been granted leave of absence after the hard work of the night before, and her own maid was at the top of the house where few sounds could reach her.

as she had under the trees by Lake Como, beating at the man with little staccato blows that exhausted her strength.

The two figures swayed and bent in those moments of fury and passion, and their shadows were strangely silhouetted on the glass of the conservatory. Arthur Trexham returning earlier than he had expected, through the adjournment of the sitting, stared at them in amazement. What was happening?

He literally raced from the iron gate of the garden to the conservatory. The door was open. He peered inside and saw, good God, what did he see? His wife in his friend's arms, yielding to his caress, her lips to his. Perfectly still she lay now in his

arms, the lids that masked her eyes closed like the petals of a white rose. God, so this was what was happening! She had a lover, and that lover was the man he called friend. But no, surely he was mad. No, there they were. But mad he would become, unless he acted. He could not look again and remain sane!

In that terrible moment of brain chaos, when every nerve centre in his body seemed the seat of unendurable torture, Arthur Trexham dragged a pistol from his pocket, and shot his wife as she lay unconscious in Hubert Brunt's arms. In one second he killed all that was most dear to him and ended his own career, whilst the cause of all such wreckage of life and hope, sprang to a door at the farther end of the conservatory, disappearing into the night before Trexham could even reach the body of his wife, as it slid into a huddled heap on the floor.

Part II.

Which introduces us to three further important characters.

Chapter III.

The Trial.

The Trexham case had startled the whole country. That the most popular young politician of the day should be guilty of so terrible a crime as the murder of his own wife in cold blood, was beyond all comprehension. People refused to believe it, refused to consider that the name which had previously been on their lips as that of a well-liked and earnest man, could now be that of a criminal. Trexham was innocent. There was some mistake. There was something yet to be known, and it would come out at the trial. So hoped and thought most people. Even Mrs. Bursford, the wife of Mr. Justice Bursford, who was to try the case, hoped so, indeed fully believed that what she hoped would happen.

She was like that, was Mrs. Bursford. Tall and commanding in appearance, she was one of those warm-hearted women, who jump quickly to conclusions, the conclusions she desired, regardless of logic and cold reasoning.

As a consequence she rather disliked being the wife of a judge. It meant her being frequently called upon to pursue lines of argument which were abhorrent to her nature.

She felt particularly disdainful of logical deduction one afternoon, when she had penetrated into her husband's private room. A word had brought up the Trexham case, and she had emphatically stated her opinion that Trexham was guiltless, or morally guiltless of so heinous a crime as that for which he had been arrested.

Judge Bursford had been annoyed at her impulsive outburst, and had authoritatively rebuked her:

"The man's case has not yet been heard, and, although he should be considered innocent until proved guilty, yet I must say I think you are far too impulsive. Your position as my wife rather precludes the voicing of any emphatic opinion at the present stage. Forgive me, too, if I say that I think your powers of reasoning are not well developed. It is a feminine trait, I know——"

His sentence, coldly delivered, had been interrupted by his wife.

"Nonsense, women can reason quite as well as men. And I reason that if Arthur Trexham *did* kill his wife, he was still morally guiltless, because no man such as he could have killed his wife without some extraordinary reason. He must have lost control of himself in some unknown circumstances, and——"

She had been interrupted in her turn by a sharp "No man ought to lose, and no real man could lose control of himself to that extent in any circumstances."

Her husband had turned away, irritation expressed in the very movement, and Mrs. Bursford, feeling indignant and hurt, had walked out of the study.

In due course the trial came on, and the great multitude of the city seemed hushed and expectant. The Trexham Case had taken hold of everyone. Men talked of it in their clubs, and even Society allowed the topic to be discussed in its drawing-rooms. But Society was unanimous in its opinion, which was the same as Mrs. Bursford's.

The trial brought forth little that was sensational, beyond that already known. The Crown made out a strong case against the prisoner, principally based upon an insurance policy taken out by him upon the life of his wife shortly after their marriage.

It was plain from the beginning that this fact was going to weigh heavily in the minds of the jury, and Trexham, who had so far kept his own counsel, resolved not to divulge

the name of the man whom he had seen in the conservatory on the fatal night. He knew that the calling of Brunt into the witness box would mean the disclosure of the fact that he had borrowed money, and he rightly feared that that fact would complete the chain of evidence welded against him, the first link of which was the insurance policy. The defence by his counsel was, therefore, a weak one.

The judge summed up briefly, succinctly, and the jury brought in their verdict of "Guilty" after ten minutes' deliberation. Mrs. Bursford, listening to it in Court, with many of her friends, some of whom had been friends of Trexham, felt as if she loathed everybody connected with the trial.

"Oh yes, of course, I know, but really, given the circumstances, it is horrible that poor Trexham should be condemned. He says he saw his wife in the arms of some man on that night. Well, if he saw that, there are excuses for him. I would have shot either one or the other, if I had been in a like position. Any man might have done the same thing. Why, good Heavens! what would have Judge Bursford have done in such a case. *He* might have killed you!"

Mrs. Bursford stared at the speaker in unbounded amazement.

"Really!" she said, and then she laughed—a little rippling laugh of amusement at Ivan Grenholt's daring.

"I'm not sure that he wouldn't have



"Come away with me."

The verdict gave little satisfaction, and in the days which followed an unsuccessful appeal, a petition was signed by millions, praying for the King's clemency, and the pardon of Arthur Trexham.

Society talked much of the matter in those days, and Mrs. Bursford, paying an afternoon call, found herself in the midst of a perfect babble of conversation on the subject.

"What do you think of it, Mrs. Bursford?" cried a young clear-eyed man, whose firm-looking chin betokened decision of character. His remark, although tactless, was received good-humouredly.

"Oh, don't ask me, Mr. Grenholt. I mustn't say what I think."

Perhaps I'll try him one day!"

The words slipped out, and, at the same moment, the remembrance of the tiff she had had in her husband's study came to her. How sure her husband seemed of himself—how boastful of self-control! Yet other men hesitated to speak with like confidence. Suppose she did test him, would he be able to exercise that self-control which he had said Trexham ought not to have lacked? In her quick, impulsive way, she turned to Ivan Grenholt.

"I'll test my husband. Will you help me, Mr. Grenholt?

"Help you, why, in what way?"

"You must be a lover, my lover—pseudo, of course—and help me make my husband

jealous, and then we will just stage-manage a little love scene, and see what he does."

"It's rather daring," responded Ivan, doubtfully; "and risky, too," he added. "Have you thought of what the consequences might be?"

"Yes, perhaps it is risky. Still I will take the chances. After all, why should we judge each other. Come now, no excuses; you must help me, and we must get others!"

A little excited, wholly daring, and forgetful of consequences, Mrs. Bursford dragged Ivan Grenholt away to a little group of friends, to whom she quickly outlined her plan.

Chapter IV.

The Consequences of an Impulse.

In a week, Mrs. Bursford had done as she had said she would do; she had made her husband, for the first time in his life, thoroughly jealous. He was by no means an elderly man, in fact, he was one of the youngest judges on the Bench, and beneath his outwardly cold exterior there surged at times a hasty, almost violent temper.

The climax came when he received an anonymous note, bidding him seek his wife that night in the Blue Room of a certain hotel, if he wished to safeguard his honour.

For an hour Judge Bursford fought his battle, then he yielded to the torture of jealousy, and obeyed the instructions in the note.

At the hotel he learnt that his wife was behind a locked door, and in a few moments lost absolute control over himself. A smashed door, a hasty rush, and he was just in time to see Ivan Grenholt flying behind the curtains of an alcove, whilst his wife remained seated on a divan. The next moment he had her in a fierce grip, and was ready to do her injury, nay, was ready to slay.

The grip was loosened quickly, for suddenly there flocked in upon him a gay, laughing crowd of friends, smiling at him with understanding in their eyes. Amazed, dumbfounded, he stared around him, whilst Helen stood close to him.

"Forgive me," she said, "for doing what I have done, but you said no man could lose control of himself as Trexham said he did, and yet in like circumstances you have done the same thing."

There was no answering look of comprehension in his face, but only amazement and incredulity that she should have done the thing that she had done. She had stripped him before his intimates of those qualities upon which he prided himself, and her sin seemed unforgivable. His self-esteem was too severely wounded, and with bitter words he passed out, an angry and humiliated man.

From that day there was a breach between husband and wife, which grew wider and wider.

Chapter V.

Riven Lives.

So wide, indeed, did it become in the course of a week that Mrs. Bursford found it expedient to accept the invitation of her friend, Mrs. Verdica, to stay with her for some time. In her friend's house, with dances, parties and other social events to distract her, she found her mind lingering less painfully upon the disastrous results of her rash act.

Then a most unexpected accident occurred. A charity bazaar, at which she had enjoyed herself immensely, and at which she had made the acquaintance of a certain Mr. Hubert Brunt, was the scene of a big fire. Mrs. Bursford, who was resting in a small lounge when the fire was discovered, found herself in appalling danger. Smoke was pouring into the little enclosure on all sides, which choked and stifled her, and unfortunately she had forgotten the direction in which lay egress. Her strength gave out, and she sank with a stifled groan to the ground.

Outside, pandemonium raged. Frightened men and women rushed to the central exit, hurling themselves against it in a frantic effort to reach safety. The frail structures of the bazaar were overthrown in their flight, impeding those who followed in terror at the fierce flames which licked up the canvas and woodwork of the stalls.

Mrs. Verdica, amongst others, was carried along to the main exit. As she emerged, she was seized by Hubert Brunt, who had left the bazaar some half hour previously. News of the disaster having reached him, he had been spurred to return, principally through a strong interest he felt in the lady to whom he had been introduced that afternoon.

"Mrs. Bursford, where is she?" he demanded.

"Oh, I don't know. Oh, Mr. Brunt, for Heaven's sake, help me to find her. What shall I do?"

"Hush, keep calm, I'm going inside."

He dashed into the flaming brazier, pushing his way through the débris. At times Hubert Brunt had a courage which many people could admire.

At the far end of the building, he distinguished the lounge. Towards this he fought his way. Instinct seemed to tell him she was there.

The rest was done quickly. Discovering the unconscious woman, he lifted her up and made a quick dash back through the long building into the open air. By a strange twist of fate, Hubert Brunt had saved Helen Bursford's life!

Chapter VI.

The Other Man.

The following day, Helen received a visit from her husband upon whom the news of her escape from death had had a reactionary effect. He begged her to return home, and Helen promised to do so at the expiry of her stay with her friend. She lacked cordiality however, and even as she talked the figure of Hubert Brunt loomed in her mind's eye. His deed had placed him in a romantic light, and she was comparing him with her husband. So even as she smiled at him, the latter felt that the barrier between them was not broken down.

It was not, and it was to be made stronger. The debt that Helen owed Hubert proved a strong bond of friendship, and the latter was not slow to take advantage of it. He courted Helen quietly and respectfully, even after her return home, and insensibly Helen grew into the habit of expecting to meet him at her friends' houses.

The friendship ripened dangerously. Then one day, Hubert let fall words with which she could not dally. He begged her to leave her husband, the cold, stern man, with whom, he declared, she could never be in sympathy, and to go away with him. She hesitated.

"It means the end of your career," she parleyed.

"It means life to me, darling; say you will come? Give it all up, this dreary existence which destroys the beauty of life for you. You cannot love your husband."

"I did—once."

"You didn't know what love was. My love for you is strong—warm—unchanging. You will be my lodestar, if you will only do as I wish. We can go away to some quiet little nook by the Mediterranean——"

"Listen, Hubert, give me till this afternoon. Then I will send you a note with my decision."

"Surely, you can decide now!"

"No, not till this afternoon, but I think my answer will be 'yes.'"

She sent the note, promising to go away with him that night.

A dance was to claim her presence, and at the last moment, as she was dressing for it, her husband asked her not to go.

"Why?" she asked, carelessly.

"Because I wish you to stay with me. It is the first night we have been together for so long. And you know I cannot like that set you are so intimate with. Helen, forgive me, but surely you could give up some of your friends for my sake."

"I am perfectly capable of choosing friends that are worth having, and I resent your attitude."

"Helen, you wrong me. I have never interfered with your life until now. And now I only ask, as a favour, that you give up this dance."

"Then it is a favour I shall not grant."

Justice Bursford's white heat anger flamed out.

"Then Helen, I forbid you to go. Your name has been strangely talked about lately. Many people have become aware of our differences, and other men, it is said, have been much in your company of late. If I cannot go with you to these functions, as I cannot to-night, then you must forego them."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

She left him, walking straight to the door, with a backward glance in which scorn and something akin to hatred were mingled.

An hour later, she had left the ball-room, feigning some indisposition. Once in her luxurious motor, however, she countermanded her first order.

"Not home, drive to Milford Square Mansions."

The car rolled swiftly on in the semi-gloom. It was still fairly early, and the newsboys were calling out papers announcing the pardon of Arthur Trexham, as a result of the great petition. Helen felt relieved.

At Milford Square, she dismissed the car,

and mounted the stairs leading to Hubert Brunt's flat.

Chapter VII.

At the Eleventh Hour.

An hour before, Brunt had read the news of Trexham's pardon. "Pardoned and free," he muttered. "Well, what mattered, to-morrow he would be away with Helen, where none would find them."

He roamed restlessly from room to room of the flat, listening to every sound. She seemed long in coming.

His patience was rewarded at last. "A step on the stairs! That must be she."

He walked swiftly to the door of his sitting-room, opened it, and came face to face with Arthur Trexham, white faced, haggard and stern. He smiled grimly as Brunt's face went ashen.

"I've come to settle accounts. My God, you cur! I've ruined my life through you, and through you I killed *her*. Now it is your turn to be killed."

He had a pistol already in his hand, and as he pointed it, Brunt fell back. Then he recovered himself, and sprang at Trexham. There was an ugly struggle.

It was interrupted by a woman's scream. Helen had reached the flat and entered it quietly.

"Hubert!"

Trexham loosened his hold, and turned to the intruder.

"Mr. Trexham!"

"Who are you?"

"I am—I am—— Hubert! what is the matter; tell me, tell me!"

"You know this man?" came from Trexham.

Something in Helen's look seemed to warn him of the facts. He glanced at Brunt.

"Perhaps," he sneered, "you have also gained the affection of this lady, and perhaps, she too, has a husband."

Brunt made no answer. Fear had paralysed him.

Trexham turned to Helen again.

"You seem to know me, which is not to be surprised at. I'm Arthur Trexham, as you say, and the man who stands there was the man I saw in the conservatory, the night I killed my wife. I——"



"Stop!"

He broke off with a groan, then continued:

"If this man is anything to you, I beseech and implore you to go away. I have my accounts to settle with him, and——"

Helen gave a cry of astonishment and horror.

"Oh! is this true—is what you say true? Hubert, Mr. Brunt, answer me. Say that what he says is untrue."

But Brunt was silent.

"It is quite true," repeated Trexham quietly.

"I was going away with him. Listen! I am Justice Bursford's wife, and it was through you I quarrelled with him, and then I met this——him, and he made me care for him, and so I promised I would——"

Trexham stared. "Through me you quarrelled with your husband?"

Helen briefly told her story as well as her agitation could allow her.

"You must go back to him," came from Trexham, as she finished. "You must go back to your husband at once. Never tell him what has happened, but love him well."

"I can't."

"You must!"

For a few seconds only she resisted. Then she wearily consented.

"You are right. I will go, but I beg you not to shed blood again. Let this man live. His own punishment will come in time."

"He shall live then. And now, good-bye. You will be happier in future. Don't think I shall disobey you. Brunt shall live, and I will go abroad."

* * *

Mrs. Bursford reached her home half-an-hour later. She passed through the study, and found her husband seated before the table, with his forehead gripped between his hands, like a man weary of life. Helen stole up to him softly, and their lips met in a kiss of reconciliation. Next morning she kept her own counsel as she read the report of the death of Hubert Brunt, a stockbroker, verified to be by his own hand.

"FLYING A" SIDELIGHTS.

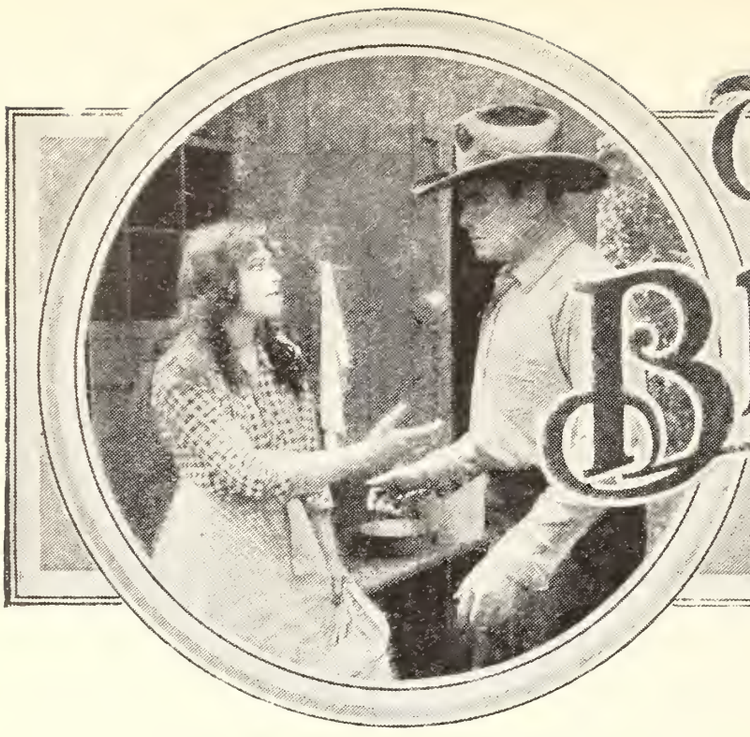
THOS. RICKETTS has just completed in two reels the Proctor-Sullivan poem and song, "The Lost Chord," which will be released soon under the title "The Trail of the Lost Chord." Nothing is left to the imagination, and Mr. Ricketts is deserving of much credit for his masterly handling of this difficult subject. This picture will be included in our January issue.

The MORNING PRESS at Santa Barbara under date of September 17th, reports as follows:—

"Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hutchinson and their two sons were among the first to motor into the Yosemite Valley. On the trip, from which they returned Monday, they went into the valley by the Wawona route, first visiting the Mariposa big trees. On the trip down the coast all of the old missions were visited, including San Carlos and San Anthony of Padua, which lies miles from the beaten paths of the ordinary tourists."

A section of the large corral of the American Film Manufacturing Company has been given over to the housing of a small herd of long horn cattle secured on Santa Rosa Island. The new environment was not entirely pleasing to one of the bulls, so he made a straight line for a party of actors busily engaged in a production being put on by Thomas Ricketts.

Everyone scampered for safety, and the animal narrowly averted serious mishap in a collision with the eight-foot stone wall ahead. The cowboys got a hurry up call and showed their ability to cope with an unscheduled situation. The cattle are to be broken and used in pictures.



The Breed of the North

By Evan Strong.

Lubin Drama. Available for the Public on and after December 15th.

CAST.

John } Jim }	Edgar Jones
Molly	Peggy O'Neil
Nelson, a half-breed	Clarence Elmer
Phillips	John Smiley
Jackson	Arthur Matthews
Child	Mary O'Neil

JOHN and Jim Desmond were alike as peas in a pod. The same height to a fraction of an inch, broad-chested both, and features to which a deal of attention would have to be paid before any difference could be found. Further, they were both Canadian backwoodsmen, of Bradden, a tiny collection of huts which was called the village for politeness, and both loved the same girl, Molly. Now Molly was a bonny young woman and Jim considered himself a lucky man when he won and married her.

His loss hurt John, but while he envied his brother's luck, there was no enmity, and he weighed in on the first opportunity and wrung his brother's hand.

"You've luck, Jim," he said. "It's hit me, you know, but you also know Molly and you have my best wishes. I'm clearing out wider."

"The fight was straight, John, you'll allow, and it's hard luck on you to lose. But grip, lad, and God speed to you when you strike out."

Simple words these backwoodsmen spoke, but the handgrip told more than a whole bookful of speechifying.

John went wider, as he said, and he joined the North-West Mounted Police and made good, the three chevrons appearing above the elbow in double quick time.

But matters were not so rosy with Jim. After twelve months or so of married bliss, he cultivated a taste for gambling, and night after night it became his practice to go down to Jackson's shack and fritter his money

away, while his wife waited dully at home for him.

He was not in the best company there, for Jackson's reputation was not sweet, and he had raised many enemies, among them Nelson, a half-breed, whom he had done an injury, and who was always prowling round for a pot at Jackson.

On one particular night Jim strolled in, to Jackson's greeting: "Come along, Jim, you're jest the man we want to complete this yer table." And there was something strange in the words and tone which Jim did not notice.

"What's the game—are you running high to-night?" he queried.

"Make it what yer like; come on, let's get down to it."

"Right! if you'll come down to my figure." And Jim joined and lost steadily till he realised something was wrong, and watched Jackson. The sharper went one too many that night, and Jim had him fixed.

"You durned cheat," he cried, as he drew his shooter, "hand over those takings or take the addition of a dose of lead."

Jim was quick, but Jackson was quicker,



"'You durned cheat,' he cried."

and grappled with him. The revolver went off above Jackson's head, though the shot which followed almost simultaneously dropped the sharper stone dead. The prowling half-breed had taken advantage of the scrimmage to work off the debt he owed the gambler.

The full significance of the affair flashed across Jim's mind. It would be impossible

for him to face a charge, yet he knew his shot had not touched the man lying there dead. But would the boys believe that? Not a bit, defence would be futile; better flee. And Jim cleared out, making for his hut.

His appearance told Molly something serious had happened. "What is it, Jim?" she cried, seeing the horror on his face.

"Jackson has been killed—shot dead. It wasn't me, but I shall be blamed. I swear it was not my shot, but I shall not be able to prove my innocence. Believe me, girl!" He gasped the sentence out with heaving chest and furtive glances towards the door.

"I must get away," he continued "I'll make the States, and once across the border I'll send for you and the kiddie."

"Jim, if you are sure you did not shoot him, why not face it out?" she clutched at him as she spoke.

"It's no good, girl; I've jest got to clear as quickly as possible."

"Good-bye, dear." His voice broke.



"Molly and Nelson, the half-breed."

"Once across the border and they may say and do what they like. You can come to me on the other side, once I'm safe, remember."

"Jim——."

But he had gone, and was now hurrying fast towards the thick woodland where he knew it would take a good man to track

him. He did not imagine, however, that the stations south had been warned, and the North-West Police were already out to prevent his escape; least did he guess that his brother and a comrade had been sent to watch, and lay right across the line he was taking.

Jim struck dead south, and John having separated from Phillips, his mate, picked up his tracks and gave chase. The hunt went on for a couple of days, till John came across a dead fire, the ashes of which were still warm.

"Now I have him," he muttered to himself as he drew his heavy service revolver. He did not know it was his twin brother he was tracking, and Jim did not recognise the policeman when he came up with him, for he had grown a heavy beard in the days he had been away. They faced each other at some distance, and commenced to fire, though without effect. The range was too great and each man was wary.

But at last Jim's ammunition gave out; he had but one cartridge left, and he tried a ruse to get home on his pursuer with that last shot. When John fired he sprang into the air and fell flat on his face, and when his unrecognised brother came into the open, thinking he had severely wounded his man, Jim fired his last cartridge and hit. Then he made a run for liberty, with John after him, for he was only wounded in the forearm, and being made of steel, the hole did not trouble him much. Through the woods they dashed, heedless of the obstacles which threw them down, or struck them with savage sting, till John began to feel faint and was forced to rest.

Having gained ground, the almost spent fugitive drew up at a streamlet running between the rocks and sank down to drink and rest. That brief respite proved fatal, for John had taken up the trail again, and was hard on his quarry's heels. He crept stealthily forward on the tired man, and hurling himself upon him had him held.

"Jim—you!"

"John! So it's you who have been chasing me. Well, you have me, but you've all made a mistake."

"What drove you to murder, lad? Tell me the story."

"I am quite innocent—but I cannot prove it—therefore, for the sake of Molly and the kiddie, I had to run away," said Jim, downheartedly, and he related the whole story.

John listened thoughtfully. He could not believe his brother guilty of this heinous crime, yet his duty was plain. Then again, his great love for Molly, which had been stifled but not killed, prompted him to let his brother go free. It was a game struggle between brotherly love and duty, and duty won, but before the end of Jim's recital, John had found a way out.

The two were exactly alike, that suggested the course to be taken.

"Jim," he exclaimed, as he took his brother's hand, "for Molly's sake, you must not be captured. It would kill her. We'll change clothes. I'm going to take your place, and you're going to become a policeman."

"No, man; that is not possible—yet——" Jim hesitated and meditated. "Well, at any rate, it can't be done. There's your whiskers—you can't get over them."

"I can shave them off"; and he drew his hunting knife, a keen-edged blade, and with water from a brook he soon made short work of the beard.

A little later the fugitive and man-hunter had changed places, and John was taken back and thrust into prison as Jim, to await his trial.

Jim visited his wife and told her what had happened, but she would not allow that John stood in his place. She wished him to act the strong man, even if the result meant death to both.

"Go back, Jim, and take your stand. It is unfair to let your brother bear this for you," she cried.

"But——," he commenced, then he felt the force of her words, and he continued:

"You're right, little woman. I've not played the man, but I'm going to now."

"Yes, Jim, take your stand. Remember, I believe you innocent. But get a watch put on Nelson, the half-breed——"

"Nelson—the half-breed," he muttered with suspicion. "Why, of course, the half-breed, he had a grudge against Jackson." Out loud, he said: "Good-bye, little woman, I think I see the light. At any rate, I'll put John on to Nelson."

And he embraced her tenderly as she stood there helpless and weeping, and left to take "his stand," as he put it. He was admitted to the prison cell, and he told his brother the position—told him of his suspicions—and the two changed to their real selves again.

John, leaving his brother in the prison, determined to try the "third degree" on the

half-breed. He threw a cloak over his uniform and sneaked to Nelson's hut. The half-breed was not home; he was down the shack drinking. John stole in and took up his stand near the tiny window where the pale moonlight would fall on his face and reveal his features. He waited some while, then footsteps stumbling along were to be heard, and Nelson lurched through the doorway.

Nelson did not see the spectre with forefinger pointing at him for a time, but his eyes sweeping round the hut fell on Jim, and thinking the figure a ghost he shrieked for fear.

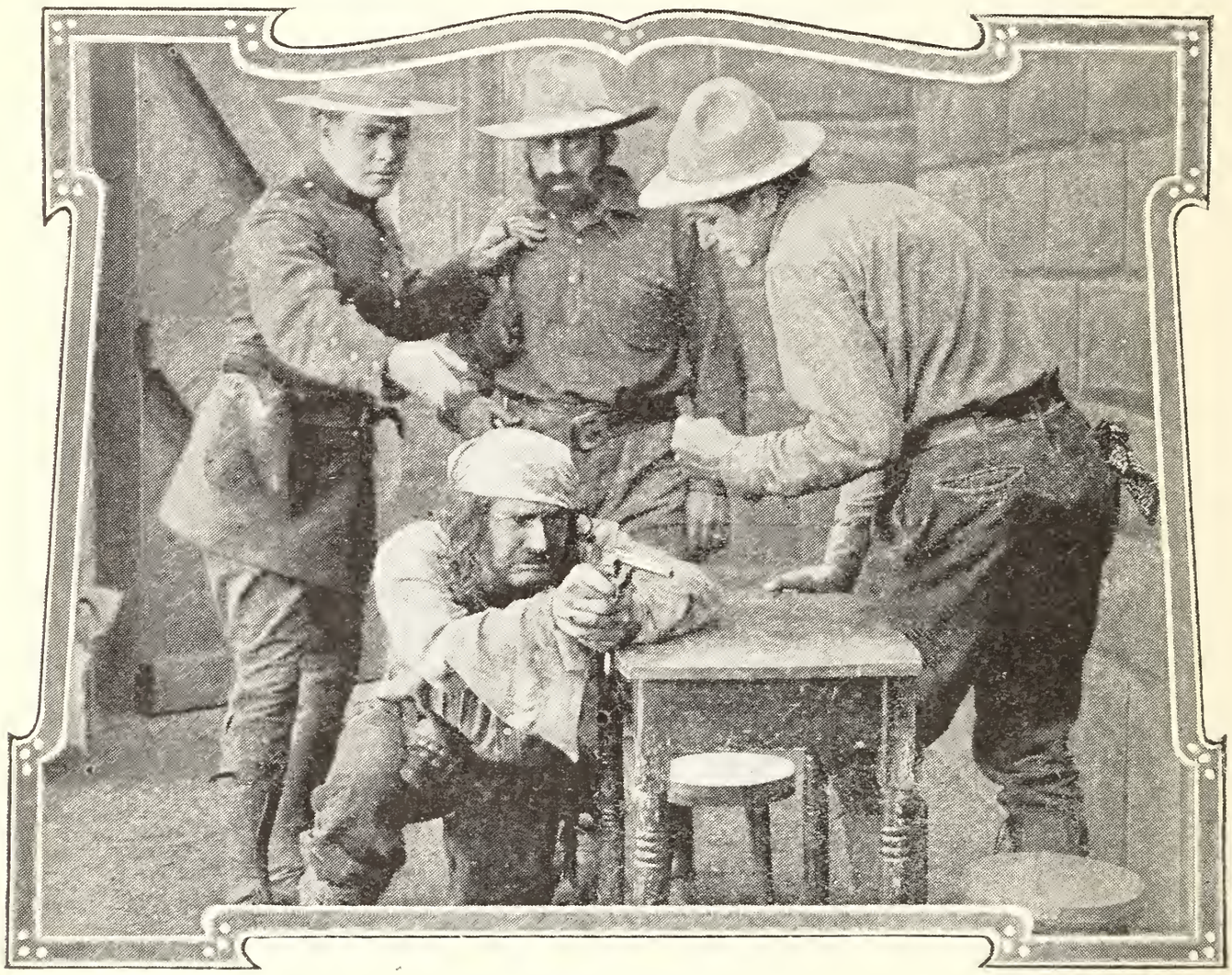
"Confess," growled the figure with the accusing finger. "Confess you fired the shot that killed Jackson."

The half-breed grovelled in the farthest corner, his blood turned to water.

The accusing finger seemed to gauge him —the eyes and the features were those of the man in jail; ignorant and superstitious, the man was mad with fright; he tried to escape the eyes and that terrible finger, but it probed him, it seemed, as the sepulchral voice once more bade confession, and the half-breed fell on the floor, hiding his face, and told all he knew.

In a moment John had thrown off his cloak and pounced on the wretch, who now seeing the uniform, made a somewhat feeble and utterly ineffectual effort to free himself.

The strong backwoodsman dragged him to the jail, and took him before the chief. Witnesses were brought, and, finding himself trapped, Nelson gave in and told how he fired the shot through the open window when he saw a chance of revenge on Jackson.



"Nelson told how he fired the shot."

When Jim was told of the half-breed's confession, he fell on his knees and swore never to touch another card.

John went to him as they loosened his manacles, for out in the west in those days it was not uncommon to manacle an accused man, even before any sort of trial took place—and the twin brothers looking in each

others eyes a minute, gripped hands in silence.

* * *

The news reached Molly, and she hastened to the jail to be admitted. She rushed into her husband's arms with a glad cry of "Jim," and John turned sadly to go.

But Jim's voice rang out after him: "Come back twin brother John," and he returned to be thanked for his devotion by the woman he loved who was his brother's wife.

He listened to Jim's tale of his pluck and the wife's praise of his cleverness in tracking the real culprit, but he uttered no word.

The Backwoodsman—the breed of North Canada—speaks little, and not at all under stress of emotion.

AN IDEAL DOCTOR.

1.

When you go to a physician,
With acute indisposition,
He'll only give some nasty sort of "Phiz,"
But just follow my direction,
In the matter of selection,
And I'll tell you the best doctor that there is.

2.

The cure I'm recommending
Is the certain means of ending,
The necessity of paying doctor's bills,
Since your mind will cease from fretting,
And you'll find yourself forgetting,
That you ever suffered any pains or ills.

3.

Maybe you're feeling weary,
Thinking life is dull and dreary,
And you put it down to overwork at home,
Just let the work go waiting –
Spend your time recuperating,
Watching Arthur Johnson at the Picturedrome.

—*Frederic B. Appleyard.*

The King can do no Wrong.

(Being the Story of a True Soldier
of no particular time or place.)

By Evan Strong.

Rex Drama. Available for the Public on and after December 25th.

Featuring

Mr. PHILLIP SMALLEY as "Herrick, the Faithful."
Miss LOIS WEBER as "His Daughter."

As the constitutional idea of monarchy has developed, the conception of infallibility has faded, and we realise the human nature which is created to err, even in monarchs. But yet a soldier must harbour no such thoughts: "The King can do no wrong," must be his watchword, and he must act up to it.

Herrick, the Faithful, colonel of one of the finest regiments of horse in the kingdom, recognised the King as the infallible leader of his race, even when acts by the monarch struck deep in his own heart. When Johann, the Long, did him the most grievous wrong one man can do to another, he stifled his feelings, and bowed to his lord.

In favour with the King, wealthy, and married to the fairest woman in the land, Herrick was a happy man. He loved his wife with the ardent passion of a warrior; he adored her and their baby girl; thought them holy, and worshipped them.

It was his frequent practice to ride out with his wife, for both were at home on horseback; and it so happened one day, when the jolly pair were cantering in the country, as their wont, that they came face to face with a brilliant little cavalcade, in the centre of which, resplendent in the uniform of his Guards, which he habitually wore, rode the King, as good a horseman as any in this land of horsemen. The magnificent beauty of Herrick's wife attracted and held him, and, reining in, he commanded his colonel to attend him.

"Yours to command, Sire, and may it commend itself to your august Highness that I present my wife," was Herrick's reply to Johann, for, as mentioned before, Herrick was a favourite, and presumed with impunity to address the King, though out of no disrespect for his majesty's power; and the monarch knew there was no more faithful soldier in the whole land, and asked for the sign that Herrick realised his interest and attachment.

Herrick's wife was presented, and her eyes drooped before the ardent gaze of the King. She was not repelled by the gaze, but felt honoured by Johann's attention.

By the time the King reached his palace, though he had been engaged in conversation with his colonel all the way, he had conceived an intense desire for the splendid woman riding beside him, and he cast about for an excuse to pursue his desire. He found a way.

The country was at that time waiting expectantly on the eve of war, and Herrick could be despatched to his command on the frontier.

Next morning a courier brought the despatch to the colonel. He read it in amazement; but he was a true soldier, and realised that he must not query the King's commands.

He handed the order to his wife, who, reading it, questioned: "But why does the King send you from the Court just at this

particular moment?" There was pain in her voice.

"It is not my duty to question the King's commands," he replied; "I have but to obey."

"Yes, you are perhaps right, Herrick, but I shall be so lonely here alone. You go so far away," she pleaded.

"You will have our darling baby, dear heart, and I shall not be away long. The war clouds will roll away, and I shall return shortly. Be of good cheer; it is the fortune of a soldier." And he left her tenderly, and went to rejoin his regiment.

amazement this visit had occasioned her.

"Colonel Herrick, madam, I know is unfortunately recalled to his regiment, but still I have the pleasure of seeing you," said the gallant monarch.

"Yes, Sire, duty called, and he went: I would he were still here. Can I be of service to your Majesty?" she observed.

"I came to see you, madam; not your husband," said the King. Her heart gave a jump, and she falteringly replied:

"You honour me, Sire."

"Is the recognition of beauty such as yours an honour?" He spoke warily, but



"Lifting her fingers gracefully to his lips, he bade her farewell."

Herrick had scarcely turned his back on his home, when King Johann rode down to visit the woman who had captivated his fancy. He found her in the garden, which ran from the gates up to the front of the beautiful country house. On seeing him a flush of pleasure mantled her features, and rendered her attractiveness irresistible, as she curtseyed and murmured "Your Majesty."

"Is it your Majesty's desire to see Colonel Herrick," she inquired, when she had recovered somewhat from the pleasant

looked for a sign of encouragement.

"You flatter me too highly," she murmured.

"Are there not other attractions stronger and greater than husbands?" he asked. "Is there no attraction and solace in the life at Court—in fame, and the luxury attending illimitable wealth?"

"Of course, your Majesty. There are attractions outside the narrow sphere of home, but they are not for me to enjoy."

He felt he had won, and lifting her fingers gracefully to his lips he bade her farewell.

* * *

The seed of discontent Johann had sown took deep root in the woman's heart. She rode out with the King often, neglecting her little baby girl, while the old servants were filled with apprehension.

Herrick, in camp, dreamed only of his wife. But he did not complain of his duties, and only wrote a letter in which he said: "A soldier's first and last duty is to his king."

His wife received the letter on the morning of a day that was to mark the greatest and saddest event of her life.

She had succumbed to the blandishments of the King, with whom she was now madly in love, and had arranged to go with him to his famous retreat in the hills, the "Crow's Nest," where he held private court, and

In her smile, as she came face to face with him, was absolute abandon.

"Is this your answer?" he said simply, as he raised her gloved hand to his lips.

"Your Majesty knows I would go with him anywhere, but I am a little fearful. Shall we hasten away?"

He nodded his answer, and they walked quickly to the waiting horses, and galloped away. The further they galloped, the further was she taken from love and happiness, but she did not realise it.

The guilty pair spoke little during the ride, until they came in view of "Crow's Nest," a gorgeous pavilion, perched on the top of a hill, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. Here the King held secret Court, surrounded by courtiers of a very undesirable



"They went away hand in hand."

where she should reign as queen. Johann's attention had fluttered her heart. To be his favourite, and queen in all but name, seemed a wonderful prospect to her unbalanced mind.

Herrick's note was cast away petulantly, and with a glance of indifference at their babe, his wife hastened to don her riding-habit, for the arrival of the King. The appeals of the old butler, who loved Herrick as a son, and the old nurse to whom the colonel's babe was a sacred charge, fell on deaf ears. These old servants felt something harmful was about to happen, and did what they could to avert the evil.

The woman treated them scornfully, and thrust them aside with impatience, hastening to greet Johann.

character. And she was to reign as queen here—but at what cost!

They reined in, and pointing with his whip to the pavilion, then making a sweep to take in the whole stretch of wonderful scenery, the King said to her:

"This shall be your domain henceforth, and you shall rule here in my heart, and over all my satellites."

"To reign in your heart is all I desire, your Majesty," she replied, with a show of emotion. The irrevocable step she had taken now frightened her a little.

"Then let us enter together, queen of my heart."

And she went a willing prisoner into that gilded cage, where she was to learn so much of bitterness. * * *

His object accomplished, the King granted Herrick permission to return home, and he then learnt, for the first time, of what had happened. The blow staggered him, but, as a soldier, he bowed to the motto "The King can do no wrong," and he tore out the vision of his faithless wife from his mind, and turned to devote himself to the upbringing and welfare of his little one. No breath of the outside world should taint her, he vowed. His domain was wide and secluded; she should live there, and live in the utmost simplicity—shut away from everybody except himself.

Smitten by the anguish he read in Herrick's face, the King sought to make some reparation. He offered him a baronetcy, and with the accolade imagined he had paid the debt of his infamy.

Years rolled by, and Herrick's daughter grew up a wonderful maiden, beautiful in form and feature, and pure and sweet of heart. She was a strange little creature, and rumours of her retired and unusual existence spread about, till even the Court began to wonder what this queer daughter of Herrick, the Faithful, must be like.

* * *

Fifteen years passed, and the King had grown tired of his favourite. Broken in spirit, her beautiful dream dispersed, sick and dying, she wrote to Herrick asking if she might see her child. He tore the note up and threw it in the fire, and she died unknown to the wonderful creature—her daughter.

Always dressed in pure Grecian style, she flitted about the immense garden at Herrick's house like a fairy. Enclosed all round by a high wall, this garden was a sacred domain, and here Herrick spent his leisure hours in simple play or study with his daughter.

The reports of this strange maiden filtering through the Court reached the ears of the Prince-Apparent, and roused his interest. He had taken the "Crow's Nest" retreat from his father, the King, but maintained it in the same style.

Herrick's daughter would make another delightful bird for his aviary. But how to get at her, and make love without everyone knowing? He could not go to Herrick; that was impossible after what had happened in the past. There was but one way: steal into the garden, and attract her by pictures of the outer world.

It was towards evening, while Herrick was still away on duty, when the stalwart and magnificently uniformed Prince stole down to Herrick's house, and stealthily made his way to the garden where he knew he would find her whom he sought. Coming upon her suddenly he surprised her, and her little exclamation of amazement turned to one of joy, for she loved pretty things, and she had never seen such a wonderfully garbed person as this one standing before her. In her eyes there was an awaking light as he spoke to her, and she naively inquired: "Are you a king?" Secluded from the world, to her the King must be always a most resplendent and beautiful personage.

"Not a king, but a prince," he answered. "And you, are you a fairy? I have read only of fairies—I have not seen one till now."

"Oh! I am no fairy; but there are fairies, which, however, are only felt and seen by those who have entered into, and learnt the inner life of nature," she said artlessly.

"I'm afraid I have no knowledge of the kind," he admitted; "but I should like to learn, if you would teach me."

"Come to my lovely garden, and you will learn" And she took him by the hand, and raced him down to a fountain in the hollow in the centre of the grounds, which was a fairyland of beautiful flowers and foliage.

They talked and dreamed in this delightful spot, and the Prince came again, unknown to anyone, attracted to this wonderful creature of nature, as his father had been attracted to her mother.

His desire exceeded all bounds, and one evening, when they were talking of the wonderful flowers and the hidden fairies, he mentioned his garden, and the wonders to be seen there.

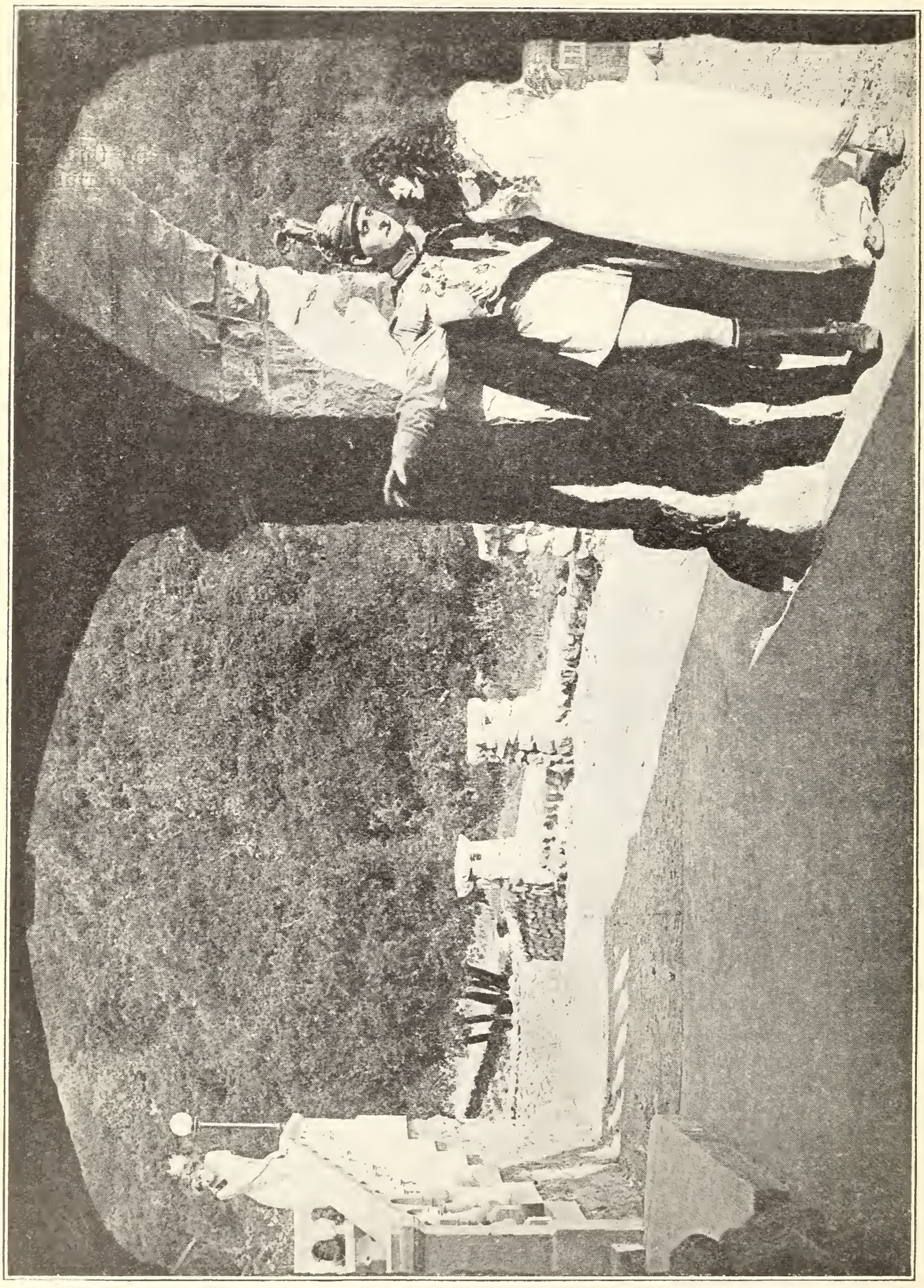
"Come with me," he said; "and I will show you a garden more wonderful even than this one of yours."

"More wonderful; can that be?"

"Yes, away in the hills yonder, a garden where beautiful fairies flit about all day long."

With a little eager cry, she begged him to take her at once, not knowing the deep plan in his mind.

They went away, hand in hand, to "Crow's Nest," as their father and mother had done nearly two decades before. She was entranced with the beauties he showed



"She was entranced with the beauties he showed her."

her, the lovely grounds, the gardens and fountains, and the splendid pavilion, through the halls of which richly dressed men and women paced, and made love to each other.

* * *

Herrick's despair was beyond expression. When he discovered the absence of his beloved daughter, he gave way to utter despondency—for no trace of her was left. He could find no signs of her, and knew nothing of the meeting with the Prince. Not until the next day, when the Prince was required at Court, and Herrick was sent to "Crow's Nest" to command his attendance, did he learn ought of her whereabouts.

* * *

Herrick's daughter had danced out into



"The Dukedom was conferred."

the garden of the pavilion, and had sunk down on a grassy knoll, from which a clear vista of the glorious country could be obtained. The Prince followed. He was truly in love—unselfish love. He sat down beside her with love in his eyes, and, taking her hand, murmured just one word, which told all he had in his heart: "Beloved."

There was a stamp of hurrying feet, a soldierly figure approached, and, standing before the Prince, Herrick saluted, and delivered his despatch. The Prince shrank back at his appearance and endeavoured to hide the daughter, but Herrick had seen her. He started, then pulled himself up stiffly, as she sprang up with a cry of "Father."

He saluted again, took no notice of the girl, and turning on his heel strode away: his jaw set and firm, and a dark light in his eye.

Turning to the Prince, the girl cried: "Why does he go from me?" Then to the rapidly retreating figure she sent one appealing cry: "Father." But he would not hear.

The Prince put his arms round her, and drawing her gently towards the pavilion said: "It is strange, but Colonel Herrick is on the King's duty. Let us go inside, beloved, we shall quickly learn what it means."

He was trembling—not in fear, but more in shame.

* * *

Herrick went home with a firm resolution in his mind, and to the old servant he said: "You will bake one of my daughter's favourite fairy cakes, and into it you will place the contents of this bottle; then bring the cake to me." She at least should not suffer the shame of her mother.

The cake was brought to him as ordered, and he sent the nurse, and only companion of his daughter for so many years, to the "Crow's Nest" with it, to be delivered into the hands of the unfortunate girl.

She received the cake with joy, and kissed the old nurse, who wished to snatch her up and carry her away from the infamy playing around her. But the girl was innocent of all ill—and the Prince was at her side.

"This is my favourite fairy cake," she

cried; "and all who would learn of, and feel the presence of the fairies, must eat of it. You will eat some with me." And she proffered the Prince a piece; but he refused—an unknown fear connected with the appearance, first of Herrick, and then the old nurse, overcame him, but he could not understand it.

"No; I will not eat," he said with a gesture. "I have seen one fairy, and that one is sufficient for me; I want to see no other."

And the girl ate the cake alone, while the nurse slunk from the room.

* * *

The King had heard of his eldest son's escapade with the daughter of Herrick, and felt that the Colonel must again be honoured to soothe his outraged feelings. He would grant him a dukedom, that would obliterate all sense of wrong.

Herrick was called to the throne, and received the accolade, while a brilliant concourse of the nobility and officers envied him his good fortune.

The dukedom was conferred, when a courier hastened up to him, and delivered a message. Herrick turned to the King, and the monarch read in his stern jaw and penetrating glance more than could be told him. He shrank back like a cur, but the eyes followed him when the courier announced that Herrick's daughter had been poisoned, and was dead at "Crow's Nest."

The man who had said "A soldier's first and last duty is to his King" threw back his head, and the courtiers made way for him, as he strode out from the throne room.

Opportunities for Budding Talent.

READERS are invited to submit any original literary matter of interest—poems, short humorous stories, sketches, caricatures etc., etc., the basis of which must be relative to films. Copy should be written on one side of the paper, and the price required for the contribution should be clearly stated.

The Editor does not bind himself to accept any matter submitted, and will take no responsibility for any MSS. or sketch that may become mislaid. Readers wishing their efforts to be returned, should enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Film Favorites



Miss Florence Turner.

Film Favorites



Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

Film Favorites



Master Eric Desmond.

Film Favorites



Miss Gene Gauntier.

EDISON FILM.

"CASTE."

Adapted from the World-Famous Comedy
by T. W. ROBERTSON.

CAST.

The Honourable George D'Alroy	RICHARD TUCKER
Captain Hawtree	BIGELOW COOPER
Eccles	WILLIAM WEST
Sam Gerridge	BARRY O'MOORE
Marquise de St. Maur	Mrs. C. JAY WILLIAMS
Polly Eccles	MABEL TRUNNELLE
Esther Eccles	GERTRUDE McCOY

Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

THIS is the keynote of this famous play, which has been popular with playgoers for more than forty years, and is as true and as touching to-day as when it was first produced and scored an instant success. Two generations of playgoers have laughed at old Eccles, his daughter Polly, and Sam Gerridge, shed tears of sympathy with Esther in her sorrows, and rejoiced with her in the happiness which came at last. Those to whom this fine play by that master of English comedy, T. W. Robertson, is familiar, will renew old joys, while the thoroughly human story, wholesome sentiment, and delightful humour of which the play is compact will secure it countless thousands of new admirers now that it has been put upon the film.

It will be convenient to throw into narrative form the story as it has been adapted for film purposes.

THE Honourable George D'Alroy, of the Dragoons, opened the door of the little house with the key which he found under the mat.

"We'll go in and wait, Hawtree," he said. "They're at rehearsal."

Captain Hawtree, a brother officer of D'Alroy's, followed him into the room. "And this is the fairy's bower," he remarked quizzically. "And you are really spoons!—case of true love—hit—dead."

D'Alroy had taken from the mantelpiece the portrait of a very pretty girl. He passed it to his friend as he answered:

"Right through. Can't live away from her."

"H'm, she's certainly pretty," said Hawtree. "Tell me all about it. You went to a theatre, and saw a girl in a ballet, and you fell in love."

"Yes. I found out she was an amiable, good girl, who worked hard to support a drunken father; and was very good to her younger sister. With some difficulty I got to speak to her. Then I was allowed to see her to her door here. And I kept on falling in love—falling and falling."

Hawtree became serious. "Of course, Dal," he urged, "you're not thinking of marriage. You know what your mother is. It is out of the question that you should

make this girl Mrs. D'Alroy."

"Why! What should prevent me?"

"Caste!—the inexorable law of caste! Marriages of people with common people are all very well in novels and in plays on the stage, because the real people don't exist, and have no relatives who exist, and no connections, and so no harm's done; but in real life, with real relations, and real mothers, and so forth, it's absolute bosh. It's worse—it's utter social and personal annihilation and damnation."

Hawtree went on to speak of D'Alroy's mother, the Marquise de St. Maur, an aristocrat of aristocrats. But D'Alroy was not to

to old Eccles pouring out his tale of woe.

"My 'elth, sir, and my spirits is both broke," he whined. "I'm not the man I used to be."

To get rid of him George slipped a half-sovereign into his hand. The old man clutched it greedily, and gave effusive thanks.

"Sir," he said, "you're a gentleman—a real gentleman understands the natural emotions of the working man. There's a friend of mine round the corner as I promised to meet on a little matter of business; so, if you'll excuse me, sir."

Old Eccles vanished, and the half-sovereign was soon in process of liquidation.



"You must be brave, little girl," he said.

be shaken. "When a gentleman marries," he said, "he raises his wife to his rank, no matter what her original station."

"But her relatives," Hawtree objected. "What about them?"

D'Alroy shrugged his shoulders, but before he could reply the door opened and an old man shuffled in. He wore a battered silk hat, and the rest of his attire was of the last degree of shabbiness. He looked a disreputable, drunken old profligate.

"This is papa," said George bitterly, and while Hawtree was examining the old man curiously through his eyeglass, he listened

"I wonder what your mother would think of Papa Eccles," remarked Hawtree. "Come, Dal, this means only wretchedness and misery. Forget her. Here is a girl of very humble station, with a drunken father who evidently doesn't care how he gets money so long as he don't work for it. Marriage! Pah! Couldn't the thing be arranged?"

"Hawtree!" cried George angrily, "cut that? She's here."

There entered a girl, the original of the photograph.

Even Captain Hawtree was constrained to admit that she looked a lady, every inch of

her. He was presented to her and to her younger sister Polly, who presently appeared, her face and eyes alight with fun and mischief. She impressed the elegant Hawtree into her service at once, and commanded him to help her prepare the tea and leave George and Esther to themselves.

"Let's see," said Polly, "what are you a corporal?"

"Captain," answered Hawtree, laconically.

Polly, however, preferred a corporal, and conferred that rank upon him at once, insisting that he should call her "my lady."

"There's the kettle, corporal," she said. "Take it into the back kitchen and fill it. Attention! Forward! March! and mind the soot don't drop upon your trousers."

To George's intense amusement, Hawtree entered into the joke, and obeyed Polly's commands with alacrity. To judge by the laughter that came from the kitchen they appeared to be enjoying themselves.

When the lovers were alone, Esther showed George a letter offering her an engagement at Manchester at four pounds a week, and told him she intended to accept it.

"But then I shan't see you," he burst out.

"Perhaps it will be for the best," sighed Esther. "What future is there for us? You're a man of rank, and I'm a poor girl who gets her living by dancing. It would have been better that we had never met. We must both try to forget each other."

George stepped forward impulsively, and seized her hand. "Forget you!" he cried, "no, Esther; let me——"

But at that moment Polly and her "corporal" returned. Hawtree had upset some water on Polly's dress, and was soundly rated for his clumsiness. He was doing his best to atone, and was on one knee wiping the dress with his handkerchief when another visitor arrived.

The newcomer was Mr. Sam Gerridge, a young man whose mission in life was that of a gasfitter, and who, being engaged to Polly, was made furiously jealous on seeing another man on his knees to her, and that man a "swell."

Sam dropped on his knee, too, and snatched Polly's skirt out of Hawtree's hand; giving him a glance that made him quickly resume an upright position.

Polly introduced them, but it needed all her tact to keep Sam's anger from bursting forth.

In a few minutes Hawtree took his leave, having failed to persuade his friend to accompany him. As soon as the door had closed upon the Captain, Sam began to reproach Polly, who retorted upon him with spirit. The quarrel ended in Sam taking his departure in a towering rage.

Meanwhile D'Alroy had been pleading with Esther to decline the Manchester engagement, and at last, placing his arm around her, he said with decision:

"You shan't go. Esther—stay—be my wife."

Still she protested. "But the world—your world?"

"Hang the world! You're my world. Stay with your husband, Mrs. George D'Alroy."

Her bosom heaved, her lips trembled, and she let her head fall on D'Alroy's shoulder.

"My wife!" he whispered, and clasped her to his heart.

* * *

A few weeks later they were married, and for six months were ideally happy. George had not dared to tell his haughty, aristocratic mother of his marriage; but she was far away with her French husband, George's stepfather, and the young couple were so absorbed in each other that they almost contrived to forget that such a personage as the Marquise de St. Maur existed.

But their happiness was now to be rudely shattered. George's regiment was ordered for service in India at a few days' notice. His heart was heavy at the thought of leaving his girl-wife, and he put off the unpleasant duty of telling her the news until the morning of the day on which the regiment was to embark. He had written a note to Polly, asking her to come and stay with Esther during his absence; and now he and his wife were seated at breakfast, perhaps for the last time.

Even now he dreaded to break the news to her, and at last she herself gave him the opportunity.

"Why are you wearing your uniform?" she asked suddenly.

Then he told her; but before he had spoken a dozen words, she was clinging to him and crying as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, assuring her that the campaign would be brief, that he would be back in England in a few months, and that she would be proud of him.

"You must be brave, little girl," he said, "and wish your soldier-husband God-speed."

"Oh!" she sobbed, "I cannot let you go. How can I live without you? What shall I do—what shall I do?"

Polly came in then, a very quiet and subdued Polly. George freed himself gently from Esther's clinging arms, and she sank into a chair, burying her face in her hands, while Polly took up the task of consolation.

The door was thrown open suddenly. A servant announced, "The Marquise de St. Maur!" and D'Alroy's mother sailed into the room.

"My dear boy," she said, kissing his forehead, "I'm so glad I got to London before you embarked. So you are going on active service?"

me present you to Mrs. George D'Alroy—my wife!"

The Marquise was thunderstruck. "Married!" she gasped.

"Married," said George proudly, as he led his wife to a chair.

At that moment old Eccles entered the room, followed by Sam Gerridge, who was wearing his hat and smoking a big cigar.

"We've come to say good-bye," old Eccles remarked cheerfully. "We come in a 'ansom cab."

The Marquise started. "Who is this" she demanded.

"My wife's father," replied George grimly. To his horror old Eccles shambled up to the



"A detachment of his regiment had been surprised by a body of Sepoys."

She broke off on seeing the two girls.

"Who are these—women?" she asked in haughty indignation.

Polly started up at that. "Women!" she cried, "How dare she call me a woman? What's she, I'd like to know?"

George waved the girl aside. "You mustn't insult my mother, Polly."

"The insult is from you," said the angry Marquise. "I leave you, and I hope that time may induce me to forget this scene of degradation."

"Stay, mother!" George raised Esther, and stood with his arm around her. "Let

Marquise, with an ingratiating leer.

"I am one of nature's noblemen," he declared. "Happy to see you, my lady. We old folks, fathers and mothers of the young couples, ought to make friends." And he held out a grimy hand.

The Marquise turned away in disgust, and Eccles, catching sight of a decanter and glasses on the sideboard, poured out a glass of wine and tossed it off with gusto.

George made another attempt to soften his mother's heart. "Don't go in anger," he begged. "You may never see me again."

The words made Esther's tears flow afresh

"I love him so," she moaned, and turning to his mother, "pray don't be angry with me."

"See," said the Marquise scornfully, "your wife cries when she should be proud of you!" Rising to her full height, she went on, "Let me arm you, George: let your mother."

But George would not allow that. "My wife is all that is good and noble," he said. "No lady born to a coronet could be gentler or more true. Esther, my wife, fetch me my sword, and buckle my belt around me."

Without another word the Marquise marched out of the room. Esther fought back her tears, and made a brave attempt to do as her husband asked; but the ordeal was too much for her, and she fell fainting in his arms.

Very tenderly he carried her to the sofa, and committed her to Polly's charge. When the poor girl came to herself he had gone.

* * *

D'Alroy had left his wife well-provided for, but in a weak moment she handed her money over to her father, and the old reprobate gambled it away—every penny of it. Soon after George had sailed for India, she was back with her father and Polly in their little house. There her baby was born, and christened in the name of his father, that father who would never come back from India. They kept the dreadful news from Esther until after the birth of the boy, but then they had to tell her. Her husband's name appeared in the list of those killed in action. A detachment of his regiment had been surprised by a body of Sepoys, and George was not among those who rode back to camp after the fight.

When her first transports of grief had abated she settled down with a quiet resignation to try and earn a living for herself and her baby. But months passed, and she could not get an engagement. The little family had to live somehow on Polly's scanty earnings in the ballet. Esther was too proud to appeal to the Marquise, and had no hope that an appeal would be successful, even if made.

One day, twelve months after George had sailed, she left her baby in charge of his grandfather while she went to interview a manager who seemed inclined to offer her an engagement at a salary which, though small, would at least support her and the child.

For some time after she had gone the old man sat over the fire, smoking, and mumbling to himself because his throat was "as dry as a lime-kiln," and he had no money for drink. Then an idea occurred to him. He shambled over to the cradle, drew aside the curtains, and looked at the sleeping child.

"That there coral he's got round his neck is gold—real gold!" he muttered.

With shaking hands he unfastened the trinket from the baby's neck. He was standing by the table examining it with greedy eyes when Esther returned. The old man thrust his hand behind him, but something in his attitude aroused the mother's suspicions. She ran to the cradle, and at once missed the coral.

She confronted the trembling man with her eyes blazing with anger. "The coral!" she cried. "You've got it—I know it! Give it me—give it me!"

Thoroughly cowed, the old man gave up the bauble, and bursting into maudlin tears, shuffled out of the room. He was back in a few minutes with Polly.

"The Marquissy!" he said excitedly. "She's coming in her coach." Then he called out, "This way, my lady—up them steps—they're rather awkward for the likes of you."

The Marquise entered as though she feared contamination. Eccles dusted a chair for her, but she looked at it with contempt. Just then Sam Gerridge entered, carrying on his head an armchair. He did not notice the Marquise, but set the chair down and turned with pride to Polly to exhibit his purchase. The Marquise immediately sat down—in Sam's chair. When that young man saw her he nearly fell over in his astonishment.

"My eye!" he gasped. "It's the Marquissy!"

Polly did not give him a chance to say more. She ordered him outside, and he went obediently.

The Marquise addressed herself to Esther, ignoring the rest of the party. She stated the object of her call, which was to offer her son's wife an allowance, on condition that she surrendered the child.

With a cry Esther lifted the baby from the cradle and clasped him to her breast. "What! part with my boy! I'd sooner die!"

"Surely," said the Marquise, "you cannot intend to bring up my son's son in a place like this!"

"He will remain with his mother," Esther retorted. "The offer to take him from her is an insult to his dead father and to him."

Old Eccles was horrified at the idea of rejecting money, and added his persuasions to those of the Marquise, but Esther was obdurate, and her husband's mother departed, exceedingly angry at the rebuff she had experienced.

Esther had another visitor that day. Captain Hawtree called. He had just returned from India, and she welcomed him warmly, though his coming re-opened the old wound. The Captain was distressed at finding her in such poverty, and slipped a handful of banknotes under a basket on the table where he thought she would be sure to find them.



"He actually offered it to the Marquise."

As soon as he had gone, old Eccles, who had been gazing into the fire and muttering to himself, rose, and with a crafty look at Esther, who was busy with her baby, lifted the basket. He was about to pick up the notes when Esther saw him, and rushing forward, snatched them out of his reach.

It was a bad day for old Eccles. He turned on the girl with curses, but broke off on seeing one of the notes on the floor. Quick as thought he bent and picked it up, and put it in his pocket. Then he lurched out of the house.

* * *

We must follow Hawtree to his club, where one of his first actions was to call for his letters which had accumulated during his twelve months absence. On one envelope, to his intense excitement, he recognised the handwriting of George D'Alroy. Hurriedly he broke the seal, and read the few words the letter contained.

George D'Alroy had not been killed! He had been a prisoner, had escaped, and was on his way home. He begged Hawtree to break the news to his wife. The letter bore a date some weeks old. D'Alroy might arrive at any moment! Hawtree rushed out of the club, jumped into a cab, and told the cabman to drive like the wind to the house where Esther was living.

D'Alroy, however, was before him. He had opened the door and walked in while Polly and Sam were having a cosy tea by

themselves. They took him for a ghost at first, and fled in alarm. Gaining courage at the sound of his laugh, they returned, and were soon convinced that he was real flesh and blood.

Then Hawtree arrived, and George, who was all impatience to see his wife, explained in a few words how he had effected his escape.

He had feigned madness so well that he had deceived his guards. They had relaxed their vigilance, and, watching his opportunity, he slipped out of his prison one night and made his way to the British camp.

"But where's Esther?" he cried impatiently. "I want to see Esther."

"Hush!" warned Polly, "you'll wake her. She's asleep—with the boy!"

"The boy!"

"Yes. Your boy. Master George D'Alroy."

Between them they induced George to go into another room, promising to prepare Esther for the glad surprise.

The three conspirators were discussing how this was to be done when Esther herself appeared. She must have guessed something from their faces, for she ran to Hawtree. "What is it?" she cried. "You have news! What are you keeping from me?"

The gallant Captain was taken unawares. He could do nothing but make frantic signs to Polly and Sam. They understood, and opened the door of the room in which George was concealed. Esther turned and saw her husband on the threshold.

"George!" she cried—"love husband—come to me!"

And in a moment she was in his arms, crying for joy.

* * *

It was upon this scene that the Marquise entered. The news of George's return had reached her, and she had guessed that his first visit would be to his wife.

"My boy!" she exclaimed, embracing him, "my dear, dear boy!" Then she went to Esther and kissed her graciously. "My dear daughter," she said, "we must forget our little differences." Turning to George, she added in a whisper, "We must take her abroad and make a lady of her."

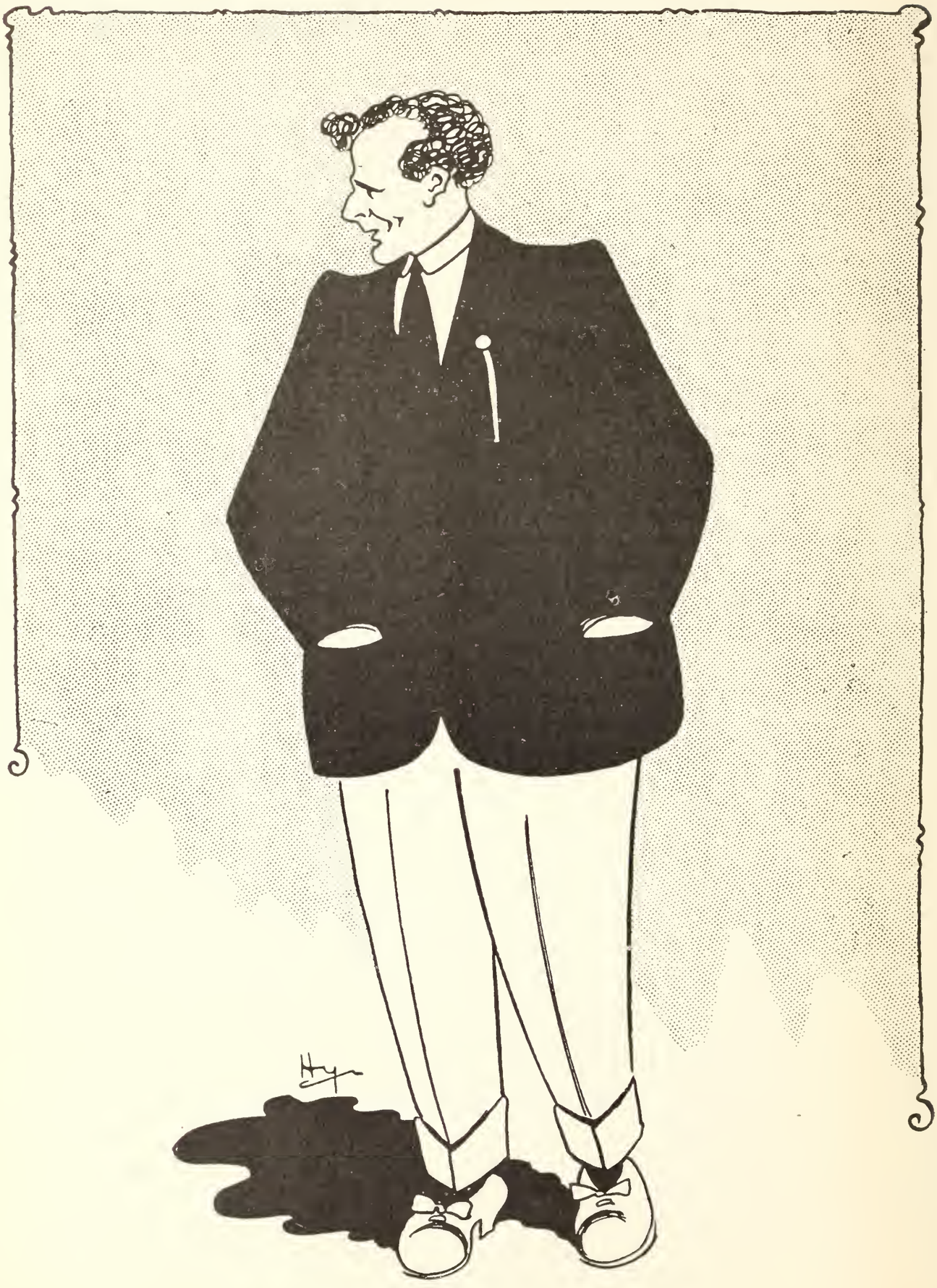
"Can't, mother," was George's answer; "she's ready-made. Nature has done it to our hands."

They were all very happy when old Eccles ambled in, very drunk, with a bottle of gin in his hand.

"Bless this happy company," he gurgled. "Let us drink a toast. I beg to propose the 'elth of our newly returned warrior, my son-in-law, the Right Honourable George D'Alroy."

And he poured some gin into a cup and actually offered it to the Marquise, who, needless to say, declined it.

One of the Best !



Mr. MAURICE COSTELLO.



The Little Snow Waif.

PRINCIPAL CAST.

Miss EILLEIN DAYBELL ... as ... "ETTA BROWN."

Miss MARIE PICKERING ... as ... "FAIRY GOODHEART."

And Company.

IT was Christmas Eve. Snow had been falling all day, covering streets and houses with a cloak of pure white velvet, and making even Squire's Lane a thing of beauty. There was not much of the beautiful about Squire's Lane at other times. It was a place of poverty and sordid squalor. The people who lived there saw nothing desirable in "seasonable weather." Their lot was bad enough even in the warmth of summer, and snow and frost come as unwelcome visitors when there is no money for coals, and food, and clothes. And there was very little money in Squire's Lane.

A strong, keen wind sprung up in the afternoon. It whirled the snowflakes about in a way that made you dizzy to see; it whistled round the houses, found its way through keyholes and ill-fitting window-frames, moaned along draughty passages, and up crazy staircases, and made folk huddled in bare garrets shiver and gather their scanty rags more closely about them. Oh! it was terribly cold that Christmas Eve.

There was some attempt at mirth and jollity even in Squire's Lane: but not in the miserable little rooms where women sat brooding over past Christmas Eves, and wondering whether there would be any Christmas dinner to-morrow. There was light and warmth and merriment in the public-house round the corner, and from its closed doors, came the roaring chorus of a song.

In the street outside the house where Maggie Marston and her mother lived, there was even a little comedy. Big Bill Jarvis and Harry Holt, who had grown weary of the songs in the "King's Arms," had come out in search of adventures, quarrelled about a girl, and while they were quarrelling, Joe Smith came along and walked off with the prize.

But little Maggie Marston, shivering in

the bitter wind, with a bundle of evening newspapers under her arm, could not see anything amusing in this little episode. She had work to do. Snow or no snow, wind or no wind, she must sell her papers to earn a few pence to buy food for her sick mother who was starving in the garret the little girl had just left. Poor little Maggie! she was young to be a bread-winner—only seven years old. Her thin frock barely sufficed to clothe her tiny form, her little legs were blue with cold, and her feet were numbed in her well-worn shoes. She shivered, and pulled her close-fitting bonnet tighter on her little head; she was hungry and very weary, but the thought of her mother, made her brave, and with her bundle of papers under her arm, she trudged away from Squire's Lane.

There was light and bustle in the streets of the City. The shops were brilliantly lighted and doing a roaring trade. Well-dressed ladies and gentleman, with happy children dancing about them, were going into the shops and coming out again laden with interesting-looking brown-paper parcels, and everybody was smiling and wishing everybody else "A Merry Christmas." But nobody seemed to want to buy a paper, and all these well-to-do people were too much taken up with their own pleasant thoughts to notice poor little Maggie as she stood on the pavement and timidly offered her wares. She became downhearted at last, and wandered disconsolately along the pavement, stopping now and then to gaze in at the shop windows. She stayed a long time at a window filled with wonderful toys. There was a big doll with blue eyes and golden hair that she wanted very badly, and tears of longing came into her eyes.

She was still gazing at the doll, when a lady and gentleman, with a little girl about her own age, stopped at the window.

"Oh, daddy," cried the little girl, "do buy me that lovely doll. Do, daddy," and she pointed to the very doll which had fascinated poor Maggie.

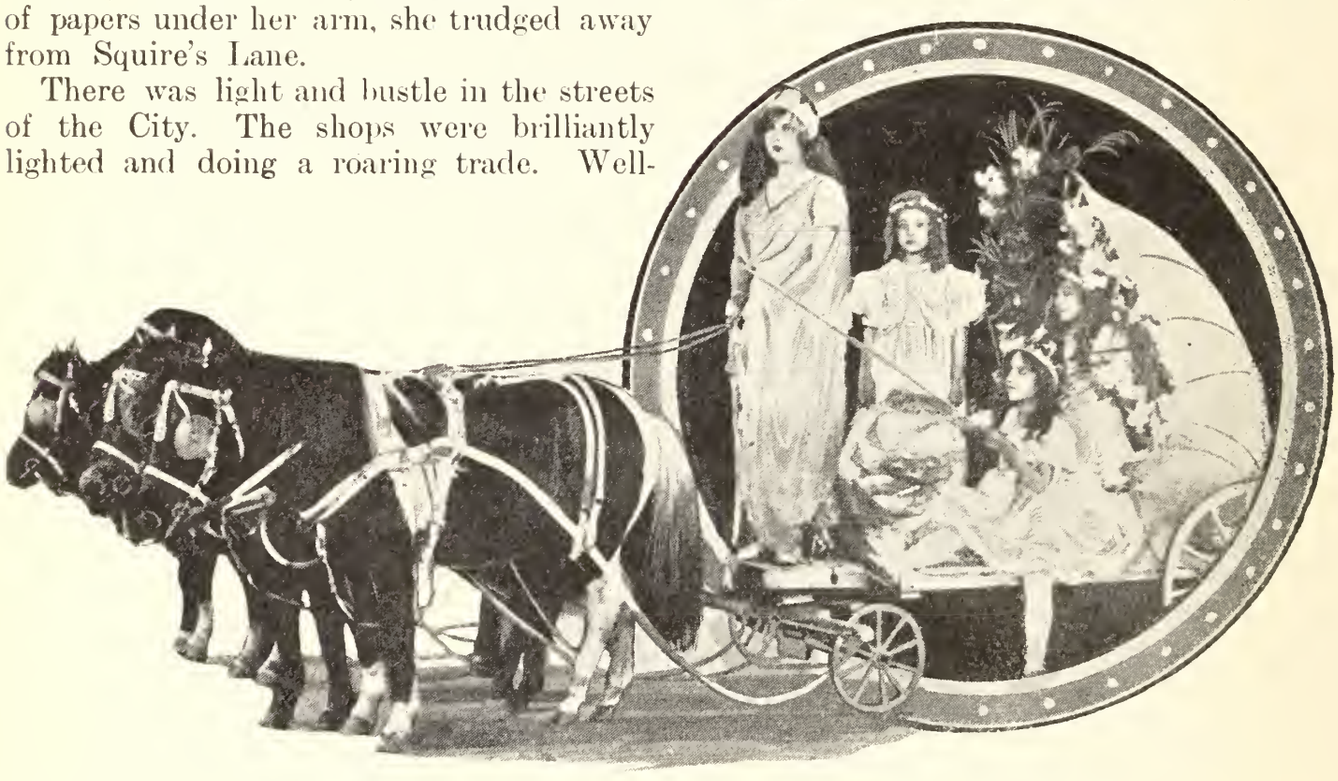
The little newsgirl looked round at the group. The gentleman's face looked so kind that she plucked up courage.

"Paper, sir," she said timidly; "please buy a paper."

But the gentleman shook his head.

Maggie was turning miserably away, when she heard the lady say, "Oh, buy one, dear. The poor little mite looks nearly frozen."

"So I will," he said cheerfully, and as Maggie turned and held out the paper, he took it, and put a penny in her hand. Then the happy party turned into the shop, and Maggie hurried as fast as her little limbs would carry her back to Squire's Lane. She had only a penny, but she could buy something for her mother with that. When she got nearly to the door of the poor house where they lived, the milkman was just going his round. Speedily Maggie exchanged her penny for a bottle of milk, and ran up the stairs to the garret, where, on a miserable pallet, her mother lay.



"Then, before she had time to think she was lifted into the chariot."

The sick woman turned her head when Maggie entered, and a hacking cough shook her feeble frame. She tried to smile at the little girl, but her eyes were terribly sad. She knew that before many hours had flown she would have left this world, which had been so hard and cruel to her. She would go gladly but for Maggie—poor little Maggie! The mother's heart was torn with anguish, but she tried to brighten up when the child said:

Poor little Maggie! It was a dreadful disappointment. She could have cried, but she knew she must be brave, for her mother's sake. Then she thought perhaps her mother could not drink the milk because it was cold. Hot soup or beef-tea would be better, but the penny was spent, and there was no money in the house. She must go out again with her papers. She gathered up her stock-in-trade, and with a glance at her mother, who lay quite still now, with her



"He lifted her tenderly."

"I've brought something for you, mummie—some lovely fresh milk. You must drink it all up, and it will make you well again."

The little girl poured the milk into a cup and carried it carefully, without spilling a drop, to her mother's bedside. With a painful effort, the sick woman raised herself and put her lips to the cup. She took one sip, and then the coughing came on again, and with a weary shake of the head she dropped back on the pillow and closed her eyes.

eyes closed as if in sleep, she slipped quietly out of the room and out of the house into the snow and wind once more.

There were fewer people in the streets now. Maggie walked up and down the pavement for a long time, but nobody bought a paper, and the few passers-by paid no heed to the shivering little girl. She had had nothing to eat for several hours, and she was very hungry, so hungry that presently she gave up trying to sell her papers, and stood with her eyes glued to the

big window of a fashionable restaurant. The room into which she looked was brightly illuminated. Well-dressed ladies and gentlemen sat eating and drinking at little tables, and waiters hurried to and fro with bowls of steaming soup and covered silver dishes. Oh, if she could only have some of that soup to take to her mother! Her brave little heart gave way at last. She was tired out and faint for want of food. She could not bear to look any more, and turning away she slid down on the pavement and fell fast asleep.

The snowflakes kissed her little tired face so tenderly, that they did not disturb her dreaming. And she was happy; for happiness comes sometimes in dreams to the poorest of God's creatures.

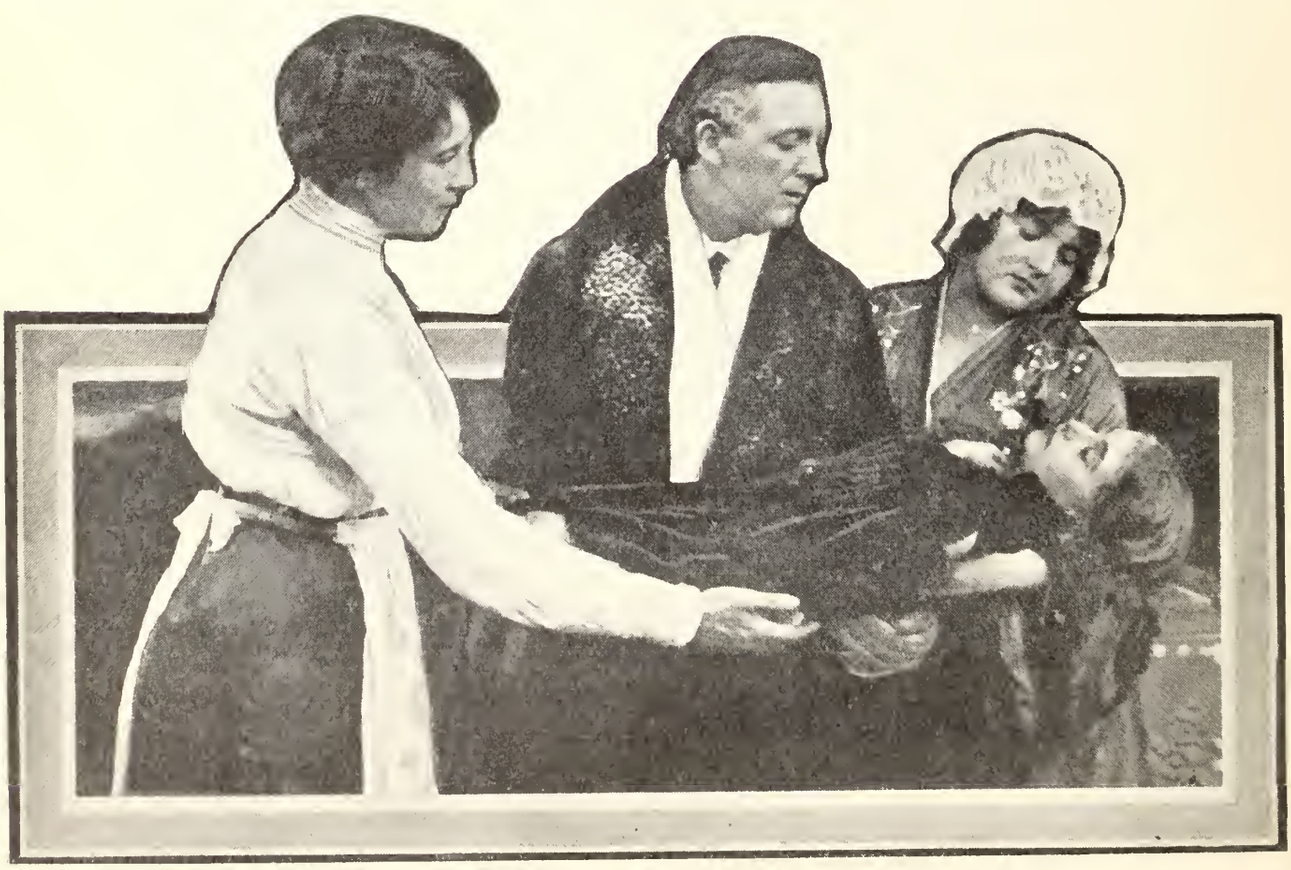
Maggie dreamed that as she lay there in the snow, there came a beautiful lady with such a kind, sweet face, and bent over her. The lady was wearing a dress of some shimmering material, and Maggie thought she must be a queen, because something like a diadem gleamed in her hair. She carried a wand, and when she waved it, a company of happy little girls came at once to her side.

The Queen said something to them, waved her wand, and they vanished, but were back in a thrice with a wonderful chariot, in which four splendid horses capered and pranced like no horses that Maggie had ever seen in Squire's Lane. Then, before she had time to think, she was lifted into the chariot, and hey, presto! those wonderful horses were galloping away with her through the clouds. The stars flew past faster than telegraph poles past an express train.

They did not need any whip, those horses! They simply flew! In next to no time Maggie, the Queen, and the lovely little girls had gone dashing right into Fairyland.

In all her life Maggie had never imagined anything so splendid as this. Wonderful things happened every time the Queen waved her wand. Maggie found herself suddenly wearing the prettiest frock she had ever seen, and she was sitting on a fairy stool, while a lot of little fairy girls chattered and laughed around her.

There was a fascinating fairy, a man, who could do the most marvellous things. He held out one arm, and—pop! there was a funny little man who laughed and jumped liked anything. He held out his other arm, and there was a dainty little fairy who came dancing and skipping on her



"He carried Maggie straight to his wife."

fairy toes before Maggie's astonished eyes. And everywhere was light and warmth and beautiful music.

"How do you like it? Are you happy?" asked the Queen of the Fairies, smiling at the little newspaper girl.

"Oh!" cried Maggie, "it's beautiful! I would love to stay here always."

* * *

It is time to see what has become of the little girl whom Maggie had seen shopping with her father and mother.

She lived in a place very different from Squire's Lane. She did not need to go to sleep to dream of Fairyland—she lived in it. Her father was a millionaire, and her mother idolised the little girl, their only child. They lived in a beautiful house, and their daughter was surely the happiest little girl alive.

Christmas Eve was a great day for her, for daddy had tea at home with her and her mother. They had spent the whole afternoon together, and little Mollie was full of excitement at the thought of the coming of Santa Claus and the wonderful things he would bring for her. She could talk about nothing else, and it was long past her usual hour when the nurse came to take her away to bed.

Then there was a busy time. A big Christmas tree had to be filled with presents and decorated with all sorts of pretty things. And when this was done, there were still many preparations to be made for the festivities of the following day. Leaving his wife and the servants to attend to these, Mr. Merridew went out to dine at a restaurant.

It was late when he started for home, and as he was about to step into his car, he saw



"He placed a doll in Mollie's arms, and into Maggie's another."

something lying half-covered with snow in the shadow of the wall beneath the window. He walked towards the object, and saw that it was a little girl. A bundle of newspapers was lying by her side.

"Why," he exclaimed, aloud, "it's the little newspaper girl! Poor little mite! how long has she been lying here in the snow, I wonder?"

He lifted her tenderly, and looking closely at her face saw that she was sleeping. He thought of his own happy little girl at home, and decided to carry the waif to his house.

and ask his wife to tend her. She should spend Christmas Day with them, at any rate. With the child in his arms he got into the car, and in a few minutes had arrived at his house. He carried Maggie straight to his wife.

"Here, my dear," he said, "I've brought a Christmas surprise for you."

When he told her how he had found the child, Mrs. Merridew's heart was touched, and she took the sleeping girl in her arms.

"I thought," said Mr. Merridew, "as it was Christmas Eve, you would not mind her staying here. Otherwise, I should have taken her to the police station."

"John!" said his wife, indignantly, "how could you think of such a thing! They would have taken her to the workhouse. She must stay here, of course, and we'll put her in bed now with Mollie."

When the little snow waif opened her eyes presently, she thought she was still in Fairyland, sitting in the lap of the Fairy Queen. She was too tired and sleepy to ask any questions; but when Mrs. Merridew was tucking her up in bed, beside her own sleeping daughter, the little newsgirl said suddenly:

"I want my mummie."

Mrs. Merridew glanced quickly at her husband. "Where does your mummie live, dear?" she asked.

"At No. 20, Squire's Lane," was the reply, and then the little head dropped on the pillow.

"I'll go and bring her in the car," said Mr. Merridew in a whisper, as he went out of the room.

The millionaire's car made short work of the journey to Squire's Lane, where its advent created some excitement. Mr. Merridew found a policeman, who accompanied him to No. 20. They mounted the stairs to the garret, but another visitor had been before them. Death had entered that room of sorrow, and Maggie's mother's sufferings were over.

* * *

It was very early on Christmas morning when Mollie Merridew awoke, and her astonishment at finding that she had a bedfellow was greater than Maggie's, for, to the little snow waif, it seemed that this awakening was a continuation of her wonderful dream.

Warm-hearted Mollie made friends at once, and began to talk of Santa Claus.

"Let's go and see what he has brought," she said, as she scrambled out of bed, pulling her new friend after her.

Hand in hand the two children crept into the nursery, and Mollie screamed with delight at the sight of the great Christmas tree. Maggie was too bewildered to make any sound at all; but she feasted her eyes.

"Oh!" cried Mollie, dancing up to an enormous object which stood against the wall, "I'm sure this is a Jack-in-the-box! I never saw such a big one."

She touched a spring, the lid flew up, and there sprang out the biggest Jack that ever was seen. An extraordinary Jack! He flopped over the box, jumped up again, winked, and smiled in the most amazing fashion.

Mollie shrieked with laughter, and now Maggie could not help joining in.

Then the door opened, and Mollie's father and mother came into the room.

"Now, now," said Mr. Merridew, "what's all this noise about? You ought to be still asleep."

"But I couldn't sleep, daddie," cried Mollie. "I wanted to see what Santa Claus had brought. And oh, look! he brought me this little girl."

"So he did," said Mrs. Merridew, bending down and kissing Maggie tenderly.

"And now you must both run away to bed again," laughed Mr. Merridew. "It won't be breakfast time for hours yet. Here, take these with you." He placed a doll in Mollie's arms, and into Maggie s another, the very doll, she was sure, which she had seen in the shop window when she was selling papers in the snow.

"Please, is this Fairyland?" she asked.

"You poor little darling!" cried impulsive Mrs. Merridew, taking the child in her arms. "No, it is not, but we'll try and make it as much like Fairyland for you as possible; and you shall stay here with Mollie always, if you like."

"Oh!" said Maggie, her eyes shining, "that will be lovely."

THE OLD FOLK'S CHRISTMAS.

By Owen Garth.

From the Imp Film Story.

This Picture will be available for the Public on December 18th.

CAST.

Frank Dobson	Mr. William Dunn
His Wife	Miss Jane Fearnley
Their Children	... Edith Haldeman
	... Joe Moore
The Old Folk	Mr. Frank Smith
	Miss Mary Walker

IT was hard for the poor folk this winter. The hard frosts and the heavy fall of snow had stopped all work, consequently there was no money, and Christmas was fast approaching. It would be a sorry Yuletide for many, and full of misery for none more than for Frank Dobson and his wife.

Frank was just an ordinary young mechanic who thought more of his pretty wife and their two bonny children than of the whole world, and it cut deep in his heart to see the agony of fear overspread the woman's face occasionally, when she looked at her innocent, unsuspecting boy and girl.

Work he had tried by all means to get, but all efforts were futile, and the tiny hoard stored for the rainy day, was fast dwindling.

* * *

It wanted about two days to Christmas—it had been snowing hard the whole day—when Frank returned home in the evening, cold and weary, after a disappointing tramp around the City, looking for a job of some kind, so that he might at least keep the terrible truth away from the kiddies.

He had offered to carry parcels, wheel barrows, do anything in fact, but everywhere he applied he met with a blunt "No, we want nobody, there are too many on the job already." He had not had a bite or a sup since the cup of weak tea and slice of dry bread at breakfast, and he was well nigh dead-beat as he entered the humble living room he called home.

His wife, waiting anxiously for his return, tried to put on a bright smile as she greeted him with "Hullo, Frank—any luck, old boy?" It was a fearful attempt at high spirits, and her heart sank at the sight of his drawn, downcast face.

"None, dear," he replied, his voice almost breaking. "No luck for me; there's not a penny to be picked up. All the works are full up or closed down, and there are too many in the streets to leave a chance for another to earn a halfpenny, even at crossing-sweeping."

"Never mind, dear, better luck next time. Perhaps——" She could say no more; the full significance of their terrible position, flashed across her mind, and her voice faltered.

He looked up inquiringly, and in answer to his look she went to the dresser, and taking down a handleless cup she turned on to the table a few odd coppers—their whole wealth.

"And to-morrow is Christmas Eve," she muttered.

* * *

Two old folk in another part of the City were undergoing the same agony of mind, but from a different cause, for they were wealthy people. But they were alone and sad, and in the glow of a ruddy fire they dreamt of their dead son, their only child. They were very lonely, these old folk; but they spoke no word.

At last, very quietly, the old lady rose and crept away to the bedroom, and with bitter tears in her eyes she opened a drawer and brought out a pair of tiny stockings—those her little lost child had worn; and shortly after, the old gentleman followed suit, and found a pair of wee baby shoes.

What sad recollections these simple mementoes of the past awoke! Bereft of the one voice which could have cheered their fading years, the Yuletide held no hope of happiness for these two: not even their wealth could procure them joy, which a child's voice might bring to the humblest cottager.

They stole quietly after one another, back to the red fire, and sitting there, endeavoured to console each other with mute caresses of endearment.

The old lady spoke: "John, it is hard at this time of the year; very hard to bear at Christmas."

"Yes, Mary—the season brings us little joy. Yet it is the will of God, and we must bear it patiently. It cannot be long now, dear, before we see our darling again." Then, with a sudden light in his mind, he burst out: "Mary, lass, we'll try to find someone less fortunate than ourselves as the world interprets fortune; some little child, or children, who, for other reasons, have no joy this Yuletide, and we will endeavour to make them happy. It will perhaps ease our thoughts, and it is work the Almighty would appreciate."



"I am writing a note to Santa Claus."

"At once, dad," she replied, rising; "you have spoken my thoughts. We will go down to the East now. But, wrap yourself warm, for it is still snowing, and the cold wind is bitter."

So the two, dear, old people—rich, but simple and honest-minded—drew on their

warm furs and toddled off to the East-end of the great City.

* * *

While Frank and his wife were pondering over the miserable aspect of their Christmas, thinking more of their children's hopes than their own, a scuffle was apparent in the bedroom above, and a minute later, a tearful little girl rushed into the room, and flinging herself into her mother's arms, cried: "Mummy, Dick has broken my doll's head."

"Dick, did you say, darling; how did he do that?" asked the mother, fondling the child in her misery.

But before the girl could answer, Master Dick, looking very guilty, entered the room and stood before his father.



"The note fell at the feet of the old lady and gentleman."

"Well, laddie," said the latter, "what is this you have done?" He tried to speak sternly, but he thought of the sad Yuletide for these helpless youngsters, and his voice refused to be harsh.

"I didn't mean to break it, daddie; Jessie made me wild and I hit the doll's head. I didn't think it would break so easy Any way," he continued, drawing timidly nearer his father, "it was a rotten old doll, and she will sure to have a new one at Christmas."

The man looked at his wife appealing, and then he drew his son to him, and telling him he had done very wrong and must not show bad temper, he folded the boy in his arms, as the little Jessie eagerly cried:

"Daddie, will you buy me a new doll for Christmas?"

There was a dull pause, the eyes of the elders met across the table—mute appeal and hopeless anguish was reflected in their faces.

The strain became physically painful: the children looked at their parents, and to break the silence and relieve the trying situation, the resourceful woman, stifling the pain of that innocent stab, sought for something to turn the children's mind from Christmas.

"Shall we read before you go to bed, dears?" she cried. "It is almost bed-time, you know."

And she brought the old book and read how Christ came to earth on Christmas day, and how He would grant the wishes of all who believed in His power, even unto this day.

The passages they read in the Bible sank deep into the children's minds, and when they went to bed they prayed to Jesus that He might visit them and make mother and father happy, and bring presents at Christmas.

Their sleep was troubled—the idea of the Christmas festivities would not let them rest long. Roused from a dream in which

she imagined Santa Claus was walking round the streets, marking the houses he had to visit on the morrow, Jessie jumped out of bed, tore a page from a book, and began to write a message.

Dick, too, woke up, and seeing his sister seated on the bed scribbling, he scrambled across to her and asked what she was doing.

"I am writing a note to Santa Claus to tell him to visit us to-morrow, and I have asked for a train for you, and a doll for me," she responded.

"Oh, that's fine, sis, but how shall we send it?" he said.



"The old gentleman had donned a fancy costume."

"I know: we'll open the window, and throw it out. The wind will carry the message to him."

So they finished the note and threw it out of the window. It fell at the feet of the old lady and gentleman who had come down to the East-end, and they picked it up.

* * *

The kiddies went back to bed and slept till late in the morning, and the old folk reading the queer message laugh happily. Here was the opportunity they wanted. Two little children, the boy perhaps like their dead son, who desired Santa Claus to visit them. And they toddled off to the town.

"We will buy all they want, and more, John," said the old lady, "and we will take them there in the Eve."

And the old gentleman agreed. "We will make someone happy, and maybe shall find happiness ourselves."

They bought a Christmas tree, toys, dolls, trains, air-guns, drums, and a score of things, and on the eve of Christmas they went round with them to the address on the paper they had found.

* * *

Frank and his wife were sitting alone in utter despondency. He had found no work, no job to earn a copper, and there were no little toys for the poor children: there was not even bread for them.

A knock at the door startled them from their dreary thoughts, and opening the door they found before them a well-dressed old lady and gentleman, and, behind, a man with a load of goods

The strangers entered the room, and ordered the man to bring in the goods and set them down, while the young husband and wife looked on dumbfounded.

"But, sir, what does this mean?" said Frank at last, addressing the old gentleman. "These things are not for me."

"Oh yes they are," was the response. "Do you recognise this writing?" And he handed him the note to Santa Claus

he had found.

"Why, it's Jessie's," cried Frank's wife.

"And that's Dick's signature," added Frank.

"It fell at our feet from your upper window," said the visitor, as his wife went over to the side of the poorer woman; "and for reasons of our own we desire to play Santa Claus to your children."

"There must be a reason for this kindness, sir," said Frank's wife; "perhaps you will tell us?"

For answer, the old gentleman drew out a baby shoe, and wiped away a tear that persisted in over-brimming his eye, while his wife drew forth the pair of socks.

The young folk understood, and looked on sympathetically. Then they burst out into a volume of thanks until restrained by the strangers.

* * *

The Christmas-tree had been erected, and the old gentleman had donned a fancy costume, which, with his snowy hair and beard, made like the children's visions of Santa Claus. He made a terrible rumble on a drum, while the others, entering into the spirit of the moment, laughed gaily to think of the astonishment of the two kiddies upstairs dreaming of Santa Claus.

The noise roused Jessie and Dick, and, listening a moment, they sprang out of bed and rushed helter-skelter downstairs.

"O-oh!" was all they could utter, as they saw the resplendent Christmas-tree, with the toys, the frosted paper and the lights. But they quickly recovered from their surprise, and dashed to see the wonderful gifts of God, who had answered their prayers.

The faces of the four elders in the room beamed with happiness at the impetuous joy of the children.

"Look at this wonderful doll, Dick: isn't it a beauty!"

"I don't want dolls! Look at this train, and this gun, and this ——," and so they went on, till it was time for the strangers to go.

The parents were as merry with the toys as the children, and the old gentleman, pressing a wad of paper into the little girl's hand, drew his wife aside, and they crept silently out of the room unnoticed.

Their presence was missed a few minutes later, and Frank dashed to the door to see if he could discover them, in order to express his heartfelt thanks, but they had disappeared.

"Was that God and His wife?" naively asked the little girl.

"They were sent from God, in answer to your prayer, darling," answered the mother.

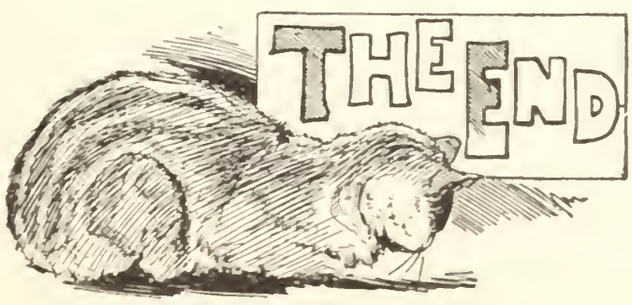
"Oh, look what God's friend put in my hand, papa," the little one cried again, opening her hand. And the man staggered back on taking the roll of notes.

"I like God's friend and His wife: don't you, Dick?" exclaimed Jessie.

"Yes, when He brings presents like this."

'Shall we thank God for sending His friends," the little girl continued.

And the four, led by the little girl, knelt down and prayed.



A Ray of God's Sunshine.

Essanay Film.

"MY little girl, doctor!—will she live? Oh, tell me she will live!"

The woman's voice broke on the words. Her eyes, dark-ringed and strained, with long hours of watching by the sick-bed, told of an agony of apprehension.

The doctor was sitting on a chair by the bed. He removed his gaze from the child lying there, so white and still. Slowly he shook his head. "I'm afraid there is no hope."

The woman made a despairing gesture.

"I've done all I can," he said. "She's in God's hands. Only a miracle can save her now."

"Oh, doctor, she's all I have. God would not be so cruel as to take her from me. Surely something can be done! You are so clever—everybody says so. Oh, save her for me!"

The tall, grave-faced man turned a pitying look on her. Long familiarity with suffering and sorrow had not made him callous, and his heart was full of sympathy for the mother in her grief.

"God knows I would save her if I could, Mrs. Wilson; but——"

He paused, as if in thought, and then seemed to take a sudden resolution. Quickly drawing a notebook from his pocket, he scribbled a few lines, and tore out the leaf.

"There is a chance—just a chance," he said.

Hope leaped in the woman's eyes. Her face flushed in excitement. "Oh, doctor," she breathed, "will——"

He stopped her. "Remember, it is only a chance, and a slender one. I don't want to encourage false hopes. Now, is there anyone who can take this prescription to the chemist's, and get it made up? It must go at once; there is not a moment to lose. Where is your husband?"

The woman's face fell. "He has not come home," she said. "I expected him an hour ago. But he has been coming home later and later these last few nights. And he's different from what he used to be," she ended, miserably.

The doctor looked grave. "Listen!" he said, suddenly. "Is that your husband?"

There were sounds in the next room. Somebody was moving about noisily. "Nellie, where are you?" bawled a voice, and there was a rattle of drunken laughter.

The woman knew only too well the meaning of these things. She hung her head, and could not meet the doctor's eyes. The door was opened, and a man burst into the room.

"Nellie," he called, and then stopped short with a foolish smile, at the sight of the doctor and his wife's shamed face.

"What's matter?" he asked in a thick voice. "What's the doctor here for?"

His wife pointed to the bed. "The child," she said; "she's very ill. The doctor says she—may never get better."

At first his drink-clouded brain could not grasp the meaning of her words. He turned from her with a bewildered face and saw the child. Then he understood, and, with a hoarse cry, dropped on his knees by the bed, and stretched out his arms.

"Daisy," he cried—"my little Daisy!"

But the child made neither sound nor movement. The man got to his feet again, and stood, not quite steadily, but smiling no longer. He brushed his hands over his eyes.

"Never get better?" he said. "You don't mean that, doctor—not that?"

"Well, there's a chance; I've just been telling your wife so. But the child's life hangs on a thread, and we must act at once. I want someone to go to the chemist's at once, get this prescription made up, and bring the medicine back."

"Let me go, doctor," pleaded the man.

The doctor looked doubtfully at him.

"It's all right, doctor. I know what I'm doing. I've only had a glass or two."

"Well," said the doctor, "there's nobody else. I must stay here and watch the child, and I can't spare your wife. We'll have to

trust you. You must go straight there and back. You can do it in a few minutes if you hurry. Remember,"—holding up a warning finger—"if you stop anywhere on the way, your child's life may pay the forfeit."

The man nodded, and took the prescription.

"Have you any money?" the doctor asked.



"The doctor was sitting on a chair by the bed."

A shake of the head was the reply, and the doctor took a greenback from his pocket-book. "Take this," he said, "and hurry."

The man went out.

* * *

In the first years of Joe Wilson's married life, he had been as loving and steady a husband as any woman could wish. Then—his wife could not tell exactly how it began—he had changed. Perhaps it was the ridicule of his mates. They laughed at him for taking his wages home to his wife on pay-nights, instead of spending a jolly evening in the saloon.

"Tied to a woman's apron-strings," they jeered—"a fine, strapping chap like you! Surely you might be allowed to enjoy yourself one night a week."

He had held out for a long time, but the phrase about being tied to a woman's apron-strings rankled. He worked hard to earn the money: why should he not get some

enjoyment out of it? He need not go too far. He could have a drink or two and a pleasant half-hour with his mates without anybody being the worse for it.

So he began. At first he did not exceed the half-hour on pay-nights, but soon it grew to an hour, to two hours, and by degrees he got into the habit of staying till closing time nearly every night. At first he had laughed at his wife's pleadings and remonstrances, but as time went on he grew to resent them and to answer her with angry words. She wept and prayed him for the child's sake, and for hers, to change his ways, and be the old steady, loving husband once more. It was all to no purpose. He went from bad to worse, and now all the town knew him for an habitual drunkard, and pitied his wife and child. There were hard times at home, for most of his wages went in drink now.

The discovery of his little girl's illness had been a shock to him, and when he came out of the house he fully intended to do as the doctor had directed. But once in the street the old craving came upon him again. The possession of money was a temptation to him. He fingered the greenback in his pocket, drew it out, and looked at it. He told himself he could have a drink and then go on the chemist's. It would only delay him a few minutes. Then there flashed into his mind the memory of the doctor's words: "If you stop anywhere on the way, your child's life may pay the forfeit." He threw up his head, squared his shoulders, and walked resolutely away.

Alas for resolution! On his way to the chemist's he had to pass a drinking saloon, and before he got to it he could see men going in through the swing doors. He strove not to look, but the place fascinated him, and he felt his resolution weakening. Still he went on manfully. In another moment he would have passed. A voice hailed him from the doorway. He looked up, gave an answering hail, and was going on.

"You're in a hurry, ain't you, Joe? Surely you ain't going to run away like that! There's a lot o' your pals inside. Come in and have a drink."

Joe shook his head. "Not to-night."

But now the tempter was beside him, and had him by the arm. "Oh, come on, Joe! What's wrong? Turned teetotaller?" he sneered.

"No," was the reply, "but I can't stop now; I'm off to the chemist's."

"Oh, that can wait. Come and have just one. You needn't stay long."

Joe resisted still, but the man turned him towards the door, and before he quite realised what was happening, he was being half led, half dragged through the swing doors into the bar.

The man forced him down into a chair and presently brought drinks.

"Well," said Joe, with a laugh, "I'll have just one—no more, mind."

"That's all right," was the easy rejoinder. "Here's fun!"

* * *

In the sick-room the doctor and the mother waited. As the minutes passed the doctor grew anxious. He moved impatiently and pulled out his watch. The medicine should have been here by now. The chance of the child's recovery was slight at the best, and every minute's delay made it less. Why on earth didn't the man come! He turned and spoke to the woman.

"Your husband is a long time gone. He should have been back before this."

"Oh, doctor," she said, in a low, troubled voice, "I ought to have gone for the medicine. I am afraid—oh I am afraid!" She sat down in a chair by the table and burst into tears.

"There, there," said the doctor, kindly, "perhaps he will be here in a minute or two."

Again they waited—for what seemed to the woman an age. Then the doctor rose.

"He has failed us," he said. "I must go myself. If we wait any longer, it will be too late—it may be too late now."

Giving the woman a few brief instructions, he went quickly out of the house. He looked up and down the street, and seeing no sign of Wilson, stepped out briskly to the chemist's.

His mouth set grimly, when, in answer to his enquiry, the chemist declared he had seen nothing of Wilson or the prescription. The medicine was speedily prepared under his instructions, and he returned with it to the sick-room. The child lay in the same position as when he had left, and the woman informed him sadly that her husband had not yet come back.

With a steady hand the doctor poured a few drops of the medicine into a wine glass, raised the child's head, and forced the liquid between her lips. Very tenderly he laid the little one back upon the pillow and

turned to the mother.

"I cannot do anything more now," he said. "If she can sleep till the morning she may recover. Everything depends upon the next few hours. I'll look in again before I go to bed."

* * *

In the bar of the saloon Joe Wilson had long ago drunk himself into forgetfulness of his sick child. The memory of the doctor's grave warning and his wife's sad and anxious face had vanished completely from his mind. Once he rose as though to leave, but his companions told him it was not closing time yet, and he staggered back into his seat with an empty laugh.

The bar was crowded, the fun uproarious, and Joe Wilson's voice and laughter rang louder than anybody's. A long time had passed since he suffered himself to be persuaded to have "just one," and he still sat on drinking steadily.

"Meester!" A voice at his elbow made him turn.

"Hullo!" he said. "What do you want?"

"Buy a bird, meester?"

A little Italian pedlar was standing there, smiling at Joe. He had a cage in his hand, and in the cage was a canary.

"You buy 'im?" he asked again.

"Will he sing?"

"Oh, yes, meester, he sing like—like a little angel. No bird sing better."

"Well, make him sing now. Go on!"

"Oh, no," said the little man, with an emphatic shake of the head. "Not 'ere; 'e can't sing 'ere. But you take 'im 'ome, and 'ang 'im in the window, and in the mornin' when the sun shine 'e sing like anything!"

He put the cage on the table, and Joe leaned forward and stared at the bird with drunken gravity.

"All right," he said at last, "I'll buy him."

Thrusting his hand in his pocket he pulled out the doctor's greenback and gave it to the Italian. "Never mind the change," he said, waving his hand.

The Italian hesitated a moment and then hurried away, leaving the bird in its cage on the table.

The bird started a glimmering of thought in Joe's muddled brain. He supposed he had better take it home now that he had bought it. Why had he bought it? Well, anyhow it would please Daisy. Daisy! Why, she was very ill! The doctor had said she might not get better! It all came back to him in a flash. The doctor had given him a paper and sent him for medicine. He had given him some money, too! He put a hand in his pocket and pulled out the prescription. Yes, that was right; but where was the money? At last he remembered. He had paid it to the Italian for the bird. Curse him and the bird, too! He had forgotten all about poor little Daisy. Perhaps she had died through his wickedness. He picked up the cage and staggered into the street.

It was no good going to the chemist's now. The shop would be closed. Besides, he had no money to pay for the medicine. He must go home—home to his wife.

The doctor was just leaving when he entered the house. Joe was a pitiful figure, with tragic, staring eyes, and the bird-cage dangling in his hand. The doctor looked at him sternly for a moment, and then went out without a word. His wife's look of reproach changed to one of amazement when she saw the bird-cage. He took a step towards her, but with a cry of "Joe! oh, Joe!" she turned away, dropped into a chair and burst into a passion of weeping. This was the man she had married! A sot who squandered the very money which was to save the life of his child. It was more than she could bear.

The man crossed the room with unsteady steps, placed the bird on a little table in the window, and returned. For a moment or two he stared at his weeping wife, his face working painfully. Then he stumbled over to the bed, fell on his knees, and hid his face in shame.

* * *

So the night passed, and morning broke. God's sunshine streamed into the little room, full upon the bowed head of the man and face of the little child. The woman, who had been watching all through the weary night, was startled at hearing the bird burst into song. It filled the room with heavenly melody, waking old memories, and bringing tears to her sad eyes.

The man stirred. He had heard the bird's song, too; but it aroused in his breast far different feelings. He remembered all that had happened last night, and, as he looked at his little daughter, he believed that her death would lie at his door. He could not bear to look at the bird, and he was

afraid to meet his wife's eyes. He went with dragging steps into the other room, a prey to feelings of bitter remorse.

In his misery his thoughts flew to the only solace he knew of. A bottle of brandy stood upon the sideboard. He poured some of the spirit into a glass. The bird was still singing—curse it! He was raising the glass to his lips when another sound broke upon his ear—his child's voice! Yes!—very thin and weak—but Daisy's voice!

"Oh, mummie, what a lovely little bird! Did daddie bring it?"

While he still stood wondering, afraid to believe, his wife burst into the room.

"Joe! Joe!" she cried excitedly, her eyes extraordinarily bright, "Daisy is better! She's speaking! Oh, thank God!—thank God!"

He dashed the brandy to the floor and caught her in his arms.

* * *



"There are not three happier people in the world to-day than Joe Wilson, his wife, and little Daisy."

Little Daisy mended rapidly, and Joe Wilson was a changed man from that day. It cost him a struggle to withstand the temptation of the saloon and the jeers of his old associates, but he fought his fight and came off conqueror. There are not three happier people in the world to-day than Joe Wilson, his wife, and little Daisy.

The Adventures of the Shooting Party.

From "Pickwick Papers." By Charles Dickens.

The practice of "modernising" the story has not been followed in the following Chapter from "Pickwick Papers," as it would be mere editorial vanity to attempt an improvement of Dickens' work. We therefore publish the item as originally written by the great master

Vitagraph Film.

CAST

Mr. Pickwick	John Bunny
Mr. Snodgrass	Sidney Hunt
Mr. Tupman	James Pryor
Mr. Winkle	Fred Hornby
Sam Weller	H. P. Owen
Fat Boy	George Temple
The Beadle	David Upton
Captain Boldwig	Arthur Jackson

A PLEASANT DAY, WITH AN UNPLEASANT TERMINATION.

THE birds, who, happily for their own peace of mind, and personal comfort, were in blissful ignorance of the preparations which had been making to astonish them, on the first of September, hailed it no doubt, as one of the pleasantest mornings they had seen that season. Many a young partridge who strutted complacently among the stubble, with all the finicking coxcombry of youth, and many an older one who watched his levity out of his little round eye, with the contemptuous air of a bird of wisdom and experience, alike unconscious of their approaching doom, basked in the fresh morning air with lively and blithesome feelings, and a few hours afterwards were laid low upon the earth. But we grow affecting: let us proceed.

In plain common-place matter-of-fact, then, it was a fine morning—so fine that you would scarcely have believed that the few months of an English summer had yet flown by. Hedges, fields, and trees, hill and moorland, presented to the eye their ever-varying shades of deep rich green: scarce a leaf had fallen, scarce a sprinkle of yellow mingled with the hues of summer, warned you that autumn had begun. The sky was cloudless; the sun shone out bright and warm; the songs of birds, and hum of myriads of summer insects, filled the air; and the cottage gardens, crowded with flowers of every rich and beautiful tint, sparkled, in the heavy dew, like beds of glittering jewels. Everything bore the stamp of summer, and none of its beautiful colours had yet faded from the die.

Such was the morning, when an open carriage, in which were three Pickwickians, (Mr. Snodgrass having preferred to remain at home,) Mr. Wardle and Mr. Trundle, with Sam Weller on the box beside the driver, pulled up by a gate at the road-side, before which stood a tall, raw-boned gamekeeper, and a half-booted, leather-leggined boy: each bearing a bag of capacious dimensions, and accompanied by a brace of pointers,

"I say," whispered Mr. Winkle to Wardle, as the man let down the steps, "they don't suppose we're going to kill game enough to fill those bags, do they?"

"Fill them!" exclaimed old Wardle. "Bless you, yes! You shall fill one, and I the other; and when we've done with them, the pockets of our shooting-jackets will hold as much more."

Mr. Winkle dismounted without saying anything in reply to this observation: but he thought within himself, that if the party remained in the open air, until he had filled one of the bags, they stood a considerable chance of catching colds in their heads.

"Hi, Juno, lass—hi, old girl; down, Daph, down," said Wardle, caressing the dogs. "Sir Geoffrey still in Scotland, of course, Martin?"

The tall gamekeeper replied in the affirmative, and looked with some surprise from Mr. Winkle, who was holding his gun as if he wished his coat pocket to save him the trouble of pulling the trigger, to Mr. Tupman, who was holding his, as if he were afraid of it—as there is no earthly reason to doubt he really was.

"My friends are not much in the way of this sort of thing yet, Martin," said Wardle, noticing the look. "Live and learn, you know. They'll be good shots one of these days. I beg my friend Winkle's pardon, though; he has had some practice."

Mr. Winkle smiled feebly over his blue neckerchief in acknowledgment of the compliment, and got himself so mysteriously entangled with his gun, in his modest confusion, that if the piece had been loaded, he must inevitably have shot himself dead upon the spot.

"You mustn't handle your piece in that ere way, when you come to have the charge in it, sir," said the tall gamekeeper gruffly, "or I'm damned if you won't make cold meat of some on us."

Mr. Winkle, thus admonished, abruptly altered its position, and in so doing, contrived to bring the barrel into pretty smart contact with Mr. Weller's head.

"Hallo!" said Sam, picking up his hat, which had been knocked off, and rubbing his temple. "Hallo, sir! if you comes it this way, you'll fill one o' them bags, and something to spare, at one fire."

Here the leather-leggined boy laughed very heartily, and then tried to look as if it was somebody else, whereat Mr. Winkle frowned, majestically.

"Where did you tell the boy to meet us with the snaek, Martin?" inquired Wardle.

"Side of One-Tree Hill, at twelve o'clock, sir."

"That's not Sir Geoffrey's land, is it?"

"No, sir; but it's close by it. It's Captain Boldwig's land; but there'll be nobody to interrupt us, and there's a fine bit of turf there."

"Very well," said old Wardle. "Now the sooner we're off the better. Will you join us at twelve, then, Pickwiek?"

Mr. Pickwick was particularly desirous to view the sport, the more especially as he was rather anxious in respect of Mr. Winkle's life and limbs. On so inviting a morning, too, it was very tantalising to turn back, and leave his frieds to enjoy themselves. It was, therefore, with a very rueful air that he replied.

"Why, I suppose I must."

"An't the gentleman a shot, sir?" inquired the long gamekeeper.

"No," replied Wardle: "and he's lame besides."

"I should very much like to go," said Mr. Pickwick, "very much."

There was a short pause of commiseration.

"There's a barrow t' other side the hedge," said the boy. "If the gentleman's servant would wheel along the paths, he could keep nigh us, and we could lift it over the stiles and that."

"The wery thing," said Mr. Weller, who was a party interested, inasmuch as he ardently longed to see the sport. "The wery thing. Well said, Smallcheck; I'll have it out, in a minute."

But here a difficulty arose. The long gamekeeper resolutely protested against the introduction into a shooting party, of a gentleman in a barrow as a gross violation of all established rules and precedents.

It was a great objection, but not an insurmountable one. The gamekeeper having been coaxed and feed, and having, moreover, eased his mind by "punching" the head of the inventive youth who had first suggested the use of the machine, Mr. Pickwiek was placed in it, and off the party set; Wardle and the long gamekeeper leading the way, and Mr. Pickwiek in the barrow, propelled by Sam, bringing up the rear.

"Stop, Sam," said Mr. Pickwiek, when they had got half aeross the first field.

"What's the matter now?" said Wardle.

"I won't suffer this barrow to be moved another step," said Mr. Pickwick resolutely, "unless Winkle carries that gun of his, in a different manner."

"How *am* I to carry it?" said the wretched Winkle.

"Carry it with the muzzle to the ground," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"It's so unsportsmanlike," reasoned Winkle.

"I don't care whether it's unsportsmanlike or not," replied Mr. Pickwick; "I am not going to be shot in a wheelbarrow, for the sake of appearances, to please anybody."

"I know the gentleman 'll put that ere charge into somebody afore he's done," growled the long man.

"Well, well— I don't mind," said poor Mr Winkle, turning his gun-stock uppermost; "there."

"Anythin' for a quiet life," said Mr. Weller: and they went again.

"Stop!" said Mr. Pickwick, after they had gone a few yards further.

"What now?" said Wardle.

"That gun of Tupman's is not safe: I know it isn't," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Eh? What! not safe?" said Mr. Tupman, in a tone of great alarm.

"Not as you are carrying it," said Mr. Pickwick. "I am very sorry to make any further objection, but I cannot consent to go on, unless you carry it, as Winkle does his."

"I think you had better, sir," said the long gamekeeper, "or you're quite as likely to lodge the charge in your seef as in anything else."

Mr. Tupman, with the most obliging haste, placed his piece in the position required, and the party moved on again; the two amateurs marching with reversed arms, like a couple of privates at a royal funeral.

The dogs suddenly came to a dead stop, and the party advancing stealthily a single pace, stopped too.

"What's the matter with the dogs' legs?" whispered Mr. Winkle. "How queer they're standing."

"Hush, can't you?" replied Wardle softly. "Don't you see, they're making a point!"

"Making a point!" said Mr. Winkle, staring about him, as if he expected to discover some particular beauty in the landscape, which the sagacious animals were calling special attention to. "Making a point! What are they pointing at?"

"Keep your eyes open," said Wardle, not heeding the question in the excitement of the moment. "Now then."

There was a sharp whirring noise, that made Mr. Winkle start back as if he had been shot himself. Bang, bang, went a couple of guns; the smoke swept quickly away over the field, and curled into the air.

"Where are they!" said Mr. Winkle, in a state of the highest excitement, turning round and round in all directions. "Where are they? Tell me when to fire. Where are they—where are they!"

"Where are they!" said Wardle, taking up a brace of birds which the dogs had deposited at his feet. "Where are they! Why, here they are."

"No, no; I mean the others," said the bewildered Winkle.

"Far enough off, by this time," replied Wardle, coolly reloading his gun.

"We shall very likely be up with another covey in five minutes," said the long gamekeeper. "If the gentleman begins to fire now, perhaps he 'll just get the shot out of the barrel by the time they rise."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Mr. Weller.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, compassionating his follower's confusion and embarrassment.

"Sir."

"Don't laugh."

"Certainly not, sir." So, by way of indemnification, Mr. Weller contorted his features from behind the wheelbarrow, for the exclusive amusement of the boy with the leggings who thereupon burst into a boisterous laugh, and was summarily cuffed by the long gamekeeper, who wanted a pretext for turning round, to hide his own merriment.

"Bravo, old fellow!" said Wardle to to Mr. Tupman: "you fired that time, at all events."

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Tupman: with conscious pride. "I let it off."

"Well done. You 'll hit something next time, if you look sharp. Very easy, ain't it?"

"Yes, it 's very easy," said Mr. Tupman. "How it hurts one's shoulder, though. It nearly knocked me backwards. I had no idea these small fire-arms kicked so."

"Ah," said the old gentleman, smiling; "you'll get used to it, in time. Now then— all ready—all right with the barrow there?"

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Come along then."

"Hold hard, sir," said Sam, raising the barrow.

"Aye, aye," replied Mr. Pickwick; and on they went, as briskly as need be.

"Keep that barrow back now," cried Wardle, when it had been hoisted over a stile into another field, and Mr. Pickwick had been deposited in it once more.

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller, pausing.

"Now Winkle," said the old gentleman, "follow me softly, and don't be too late this time."

"Never fear," said Mr. Winkle. "Are they pointing?"

"Will do it!" echoed Wardle, with something of irritation in his manner. "I wish it would kill something of its own accord."

"It'll do that afore long, sir," observed the tall man, in a low, prophetic voice.

"What do you mean by that observation, sir?" inquired Mr. Winkle, angrily.

"Never mind, sir, never mind," replied the long gamekeeper; "I've no family myself, sir; and this here boy's mother will get something handsome from Sir Geoffrey, if he's killed on his land. Load again, sir, load again."

"Take away his gun," cried Mr. Pickwick from the barrow, horror-stricken at the long



"The Shooting Party."

"No, no; not now. Quietly now, quietly." On they crept, and very quietly they would have advanced, if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very intricate evolutions with his gun, had not accidentally fired, at the most critical moment, over the boy's head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man's brain would have been, had he been there instead.

"Why, what on earth did you do that for!" said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

"I never saw such a gun in my life," replied poor Mr. Winkle, looking at the lock, as if that would do any good. "It goes off, of its own accord. It *will* do it."

man's dark insinuations. "Take away his gun, do you hear, somebody!"

Nobody, however, volunteered to obey the command; and Mr. Winkle, after darting a rebellious glance at Mr. Pickwick, reloaded his gun, and proceeded onwards with the rest.

We are bound, on the authority of Mr. Pickwick, to state, that Mr. Tupman's mode of proceeding evinced far more of prudence and deliberation, than that adopted by Mr. Winkle. Still, this by no means detracts from the great authority of the latter gentleman, on all matters connected with the field: because, as Mr. Pickwick beautifully observes, it has somehow or other

happened, from time immemorial, that many of the best and ablest philosophers, who have been perfect lights of science in matters of theory, have been wholly unable to reduce them to practice.

Mr. Tupman's process, like many of our most sublime discoveries, was extremely simple. With the quickness and penetration of a man of genius, he had at once observed that the two great points to be attained were—first, to discharge his piece without injury to himself, and, secondly, to do so, without danger to the by-standers;—obviously, the best thing to do, after surmounting the difficulty of firing at all, was to shut his eyes firmly, and fire into the air.

On one occasion, after performing this feat, Mr. Tupman, on opening his eyes, beheld a plump partridge in the very act of falling wounded to the ground. He was on the point of congratulating Mr. Wardle on his invariable success, when that gentleman advanced towards him, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Tupman," said the old gentleman, "you singled out that particular bird?"

"No," said Mr. Tupman—"no."

"You did," said Wardle. "I saw you do it—I observed you pick him out—I noticed you, as you raised your piece to take aim; and I will say this, that the best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully. You are an older hand at this, than I thought you, Tupman; you have been out before."

It was in vain for Mr. Tupman to protest, with a smile of self-denial, that he never had. The very smile was taken as evidence to the contrary; and from that time forth, his reputation was established. It is not the only reputation that has been acquired as easily, nor are such fortunate circumstances confined to partridge-shooting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Winkle flashed, and blazed, and smoked away, without producing any material results worthy of being noted down; sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and at others sending it skimming along so near the surface of the ground, as to place the lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure. As a display of fancy-shooting, it was extremely varied and curious; as an exhibition of firing with any precise object, it was, upon the whole, perhaps a failure. It is an established axiom, that "every bullet has its billet." If it apply in an equal degree to shot, those of Mr. Winkle were unfortunate foundlings, deprived of their natural rights, cast loose upon the world, and billeted nowhere.

"Well," said Wardle, walking up to the side of the barrow, and wiping the streams of perspiration from his jolly red face; "smoking day, isn't it?"

"It is indeed," replied Mr. Pickwick. "The sun is tremendously hot, even to me. I don't know how you must feel it."

"Why," said the old gentleman, "pretty hot. It's past twelve, though. You see that green hill there?"

"Certainly."

"That's the place where we are to lunch; and, by Jove, there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clockwork!"

"So he is," said Mr Pickwick, brightening up. "Good boy, that. I'll give him a shilling, presently. Now then, Sam, wheel away."

"Hold on, sir," said Mr. Weller, invigorated with the prospect of refreshments. "Out of the vay, young leathers. If you walley my precious life don't upset me, as the gen'l'man said to the driver, when they was a carryin' him to Tyburn." And quickening his pace to a sharp run, Mr. Weller wheeled his master nimbly to the green hill, shot him dexterously out by the very side of the basket, and proceeded to unpack it with the utmost dispatch.

"Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquising, as he arranged the eatables on the grass. "Wery good thing is a weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it an't kittens; and arter all though, where's the odds, when they're so like weal that the wery piemen themselves don't know the difference?"

"Don't they, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not they, sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat. "I lodged in the same house vith a pieman once, sir, and a wery nice man he was—reg'lar clever chap, too—make pies out o' anything, he could. 'What a number o' cats you keep Mr. Brooks,' says I, when I'd got intimate with him. 'Ah,' says he, 'I do—a good many,' says he. 'You must be wery fond o' cats,' says I. 'Other people is,' says he, a winkin' at me; 'they an't in season till the winter though,' says he. 'Not in season!' says I. 'No,' says he, 'fruits is in, cats is out.' 'Why what do you mean?' says I. 'Mean!' says he. 'That I'll never be a party to the

combination o' the butchers, to keep up the prices o' meat,' says he. 'Mr. Weller,' says he, a squeezing my hand wery hard, and vispering in my ear—'don't mention this here agin—but it 's the seasonin' as does it. They 're all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a pointin' to a wery nice little tabby kitten, 'and I seasons 'em for beef-steak, weal, or kidney, 'cording to the demand. And more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal a beef-steak, or a beef-steak a kidney, or any one on 'em a mutton, at a minute's notice, just as the market changes, and appetites wary!'"

"He must have been a very ingenious young man, that, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, with a slight shudder.

"Just was, sir," replied Mr. Weller, continuing his occupation of emptying the basket, "and the pies was beautiful. Tongue; well that 's a wery good thing when it an't a woman's. Bread—knuckle o' ham, reg'lar picter—cold beef in slices, wery good. What 's in them stone jars, young touch-and-go?"

"Beer in this one," replied the boy, taking from his shoulder a couple of large stone bottles, fastened together by a leather strap—"cold punch in t'other."

"And a wery good notion of a lunch it is, take it altogether," said Mr. Weller, surveying his arrangement of the repast with great satisfaction. "Now, gen'l'men, 'fall on,' as the English said to the French when they fixed bagginets."

It needed no second invitation to induce the party to yield full justice to the meal; and as little pressing did it require, to induce Mr Weller, the long gamekeeper, and the two boys, to station themselves on the grass at a little distance, and do good execution upon a decent proportion of the viands. An old oak tree afforded a pleasant shelter to the group, and a rich prospect of arable and meadow land, intersected with luxuriant hedges, and richly ornamented with wood, lay spread out below them.

"This is delightful—thoroughly delightful!" said Mr. Pickwick, the skin of whose expressive countenance, was rapidly peeling off, with exposure to the sun.

"So it is: so it is, old fellow," replied Wardle. "Come; a glass of punch."

"With great pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick; and the satisfaction of his countenance after drinking it, bore testimony to the sincerity of the reply.

"Good," said Mr. Pickwick, smacking his lips. "Very good. I 'll take another. Cool; very cool. Come, gentlemen," continued Mr. Pickwick, still retaining his hold upon the jar, "a toast. Our friends at Dingley Dell."

The toast was drunk with loud acclamations.

"I 'll tell you what I shall do, to get up my shooting again," said Mr. Winkle, who was eating bread and ham with a pocket-knife. "I 'll put a stuffed partridge on the top of a post, and practise at it, beginning at a short distance, and lengthening it by degrees. I understand it 's capital practice."

"I know a gen'l'man, sir," said Mr. Weller, "as did that, and begun at two yards; but he never tried it on agin; for he blowed the bird right clean away at the first fire, and nobody ever seed a feather on him arterwards."

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Have the goodness to reserve your anecdotes, 'till they are called for."

"Cert'nly, sir."

Here Mr. Weller winked the eye which was not concealed by the beer-can he was raising to his lips, with such exquisiteness, that the two boys went into spontaneous convulsions, and even the long man condescended to smile.

"Well, that certainly is most capital cold punch," said Mr. Pickwick, looking earnestly at the stone bottle; "and the day is extremely warm, and—Tupman, my dear friend, a glass of punch?"

"With the greatest delight," replied Mr. Tupman; and having drank that glass, Mr. Pickwick took another, just to see whether there was any orange peel in the punch, because orange peel always disagreed with him; and finding that there was not, Mr. Pickwick took another glass to the health of their absent friend, and then felt himself imperatively called upon to propose another in honour of the punch-compounder, unknown.

This constant succession of glasses, produced considerable effect upon Mr. Pickwick; his countenance beamed with the most sunny smiles, laughter played around his lips, and good-humoured merriment twinkled in his eye. Yielding by degrees to the influence of the exciting liquid, rendered more so by the heat, Mr. Pickwick expressed a strong desire to recollect a song which he had heard

in his infancy, and the attempt proving abortive, sought to stimulate his memory with more glasses of punch, which appeared to have quite a contrary effect: for from forgetting the words of the song, he began to forget how to articulate any words at all; and finally, after rising to his legs to address the company in an eloquent speech, he fell into the barrow, and fast asleep, simultaneously.

The basket having been repacked, and it being found perfectly impossible to awaken Mr. Pickwick from his torpor, some discussion took place whether it would be better for Mr. Weller to wheel his master back again, supposing that he had been suffered to remain there, in peace. But he was *not* suffered to remain there in peace. And this is what prevented him.

Captain Boldwig was a little fierce man in a stiff black neckerchief and blue surtout, who, when he did condescend to walk about his property, did it in company with a thick rattan thick with a brass ferrule, and a gardener and sub-gardener with meek faces, to whom (the gardeners, not the stick) Captain Boldwig gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity: for Captain Boldwig's wife's sister had married a Marquis, and the Captain's house was a villa, and his land



"Mr. Pickwick in the Pound."

or to leave him where he was, until they should all be ready to return. The latter course was at length decided on: and as their further expedition was not to exceed an hour's duration, and as Mr. Weller begged very hard to be one of the party, it was determined to leave Mr. Pickwick asleep in the barrow, and to call for him on their return. So away they went, leaving Mr. Pickwick snoring most comfortably in the shade.

That Mr. Pickwick would have continued to snore in the shade until his friends came back, or, in default thereof, until the shades of evening had fallen on the landscape, there appears no reasonable cause to doubt: always "grounds," and it was all very high, and mighty, and great.

Mr. Pickwick had not been asleep half an hour, when little Captain Boldwig, followed by the two gardeners, came striding along as fast as his size and importance would let him: and when he came near the oak tree, Captain Boldwig paused, and drew a long breath, and looked at the prospect, as if he thought the prospect ought to be highly gratified at having him to take notice of it: and then he struck the ground emphatically with his stick, and summoned the head-gardener.

"Hunt," said Captain Boldwig.

"Yes, sir," said the gardener.

"Roll this place to-morrow morning—do

you hear, Hunt?"

"Yes, sir."

"And take care that you keep me this place in good order—do you hear, Hunt?"

"Yes, sir."

"And remind me to have a board done about trespassers, and spring guns, and all that sort of thing, to keep the common people out. Do you hear, Hunt: do you hear?"

"I'll not forget it, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the other man, advancing, with his hand to his hat.

"Well, Wilkins, what's the matter with *you?*" said Captain Boldwig.

"I beg your pardon, sir—but I think there have been trespassers here to-day."

"Ha!" said the Captain, scowling around him.

"Yes, sir—they have been dining here, I think, sir."

"Why, confound their audacity, so they have," said Captain Boldwig, as the crumbs and fragments that were strewn upon the grass met his eye. "They have actually been devouring their food here. I wish I had the vagabonds here!" said the Captain, clenching the thick stick.

"I wish I had the vagabonds here," said the Captain wrathfully.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Wilkins, "but—"

"But what? Eh?" roared the Captain; and following the timid glance of Wilkins, his eyes encountered the wheelbarrow and Mr. Pickwick.

"Who are you, you rascal?" said the Captain, administering several pokes to Mr. Pickwick's body with the thick stick. "What's your name?"

"Cold punch," murmured Mr. Pickwick, as he sunk to sleep again.

"What?" demanded Captain Boldwig.

No reply.

"What did he say his name was?" asked the Captain.

"Punch, I think, sir," replied Wilkins.

"That's his impudence—that's his confounded impudence," said Captain Boldwig. "He's only feigning to be asleep now," said the Captain, in a high passion. "He's drunk; he's a drunken plebeian. Wheel him away, Wilkins, wheel him away directly."

"Where shall I wheel him to, sir?" inquired Wilkins, with great timidity.

"Wheel him to the Devil," replied Captain Boldwig.

"Very well, sir," said Wilkins.

"Stay," said the Captain.

Wilkins stopped accordingly.

"Wheel him," said the Captain, "wheel him to the pound; and let us see whether he calls himself Punch, when he comes to himself. He shall not bully me—he shall not bully me. Wheel him away."

Away Mr. Pickwick was wheeled in compliance with this imperious mandate; and the great Captain Boldwig, swelling with indignation, proceeded on his walk.

Inexpressible was the astonishment of the little party when they returned, to find that Mr. Pickwick had disappeared, and taken the wheelbarrow with him. It was the most mysterious and unaccountable thing that was ever heard of. For a lame man to have got upon his legs without any previous notice, and walked off, would have been most extraordinary; but when it came to his wheeling a heavy barrow before him, by way of amusement, it grew positively miraculous. They searched every nook and corner round, together and separately: they shouted, whistled, laughed, called—and all with the same result. Mr Pickwick was not to be found. After some hours of fruitless search, they arrived at the unwelcome conclusion, that they must go home without him.

Meanwhile Mr. Pickwick had been wheeled to the Pound, and safely deposited therein, fast asleep in the wheelbarrow, to the immeasurable delight and satisfaction, not only of all the boys in the village, but three fourths of the whole population, who had gathered round, in expectation of his waking. If their most intense gratification had been excited by seeing him wheeled in, how many hundred-fold was their joy increased, when, after a few indistinct cries of "Sam!" he sat up in the barrow, and gazed with indescribable astonishment on the faces before him.

A general shout was of course the signal of his having woke up; and his involuntary inquiry of "What's the matter?" occasioned another, louder than the first, if possible.

"Here's a game!" roared the populace.

"Where am I?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"In the Pound," replied the mob.

"How came I here? What was I doing? Where was I brought from?"

"Boldwig—Captain Boldwig!" was the only reply.

"Let me out," cried Mr. Pickwick. "Where's my servant? Where are my

friends?"

"You an't got no friends. Hurrah!" Then there came a turnip, then a potato, and then an egg: with a few other little tokens of the playful disposition of the many-headed.

How long this scene might have lasted, or how much Mr. Pickwick might have suffered, no one can tell, had not a carriage which was driving swiftly by, suddenly pulled up, from whence there descended old Wardle and Sam Weller, the former of whom, in far less time than it takes to write it, if not to read it, had made his way to Mr. Pickwick's side, and placed him in the vehicle, just as the latter had concluded the third and last round of a single combat with the town-beadle.

"Run to the Justice's!" cried a dozen voices.

"Ah, run avay," said Mr. Weller, jumping up on the box. "Give my compliments—Mr. Veller's compliments—to the Justice, and tell him I 've spiled his beadle, and that, if he 'll svear in a new 'un, I 'll come back agin to-morrow and spile him. Drive on, old feller."

"I 'll give directions for the commencement of an action for false imprisonment against this Captain Boldwig, directly I get to London," said Mr. Pickwick, as soon as the carriage turned out of the town.

"We were trespassing, it seems," said Wardle.

"I don't care," said Mr. Pickwick, "I 'll bring the action."

"No, you won't," said Wardle.

"I will, by—" but as there was a humorous expression in Wardle's face, Mr. Pickwick checked himself, and said—"Why not?"

"Because," said old Wardle, half bursting with laughter, "because they might turn round on some of us, and say we had taken too much cold punch."

Do what he would, a smile would come into Mr. Pickwick's face; the smile extended into a laugh: the laugh into a roar; and the roar became general. So, to keep up their good humour, they stopped at the first road-side tavern they came to, and ordered a glass of brandy and water all round, with a magnum of extra strength, for Mr. Samuel Weller.



Sixty Years A Queen.

1837-1901.

Faithfully Depicting the Life and Times of Her Most Gracious Majesty the late Queen Victoria, the late Prince-Consort, and the many striking and historical events of her glorious and epoch-making Reign.

Barker Film.

THE doctors turned from the bedside of the late King William the Fourth and walked slowly towards where Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury were standing, awaiting the news that the King of England had passed into the presence of the dread King of Kings A few whispered words, and they knew that all was over. Their duty at Windsor was at an end; the news must be conveyed to the young princess sleeping peacefully in Kensington Palace many miles away.

Horses were in readiness, and in a few moments the venerable Arehbishop and the Lord Chamberlain of England were on the London Road, urging their horses to full speed through the night.

At 5 in the morning of June 20th, 1837, the messengers arrived at Kensington Palace, a sleepy porter was aroused, who called an equally sleepy maid, who insisted that the princess must not be disturbed from her sleep. "We are come on business of State to the Queen," answered the messengers, "and even her sleep must give way to that." The maid departed. The young princess was aroused—and with just a wrap flung over her nightdress, making a pathetic picture in the light of the breaking dawn, she received the news of her uncle's death, and of her own accession, and as Mrs. Browning immortally puts it, "She wept to wear a crown."

At 11 a.m. the same day, the young Queen, accompanied by her venerable uncles, the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, held her first cabinet council in Kensington Palace—just a frail girl, seated before her councillors, she said these words: "I shall promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of my subjects."

On September 28th, of the same year, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington and a brilliant cortege of officers, held her first review of troops in Windsor Great Park. Here Her Majesty had paraded before her the veterans of Waterloo—tears stood in her eyes as she watched these gallant old men march proudly past.

June 27th, 1838, saw great rejoicings throughout the whole of the British Empire, for on that day, Queen Victoria, in the presence of her peers and peeresses, was crowned with great pomp and ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

The next important event in Her Majesty's reign happened in 1839, on October 15th. Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,

who at the time was hunting in Windsor park, received a message from the Queen requesting him to attend upon her in the Castle. He immediately complied, and the young Queen then exercised the privilege of a monarch, and informed Prince Albert, in a voice trembling with emotion, that she had chosen him to become her Consort.



"The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrive at Kensington Palace."

A few days later at a State ball, at Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty publicly indicated in a charmingly graceful manner, her choice of a Consort.

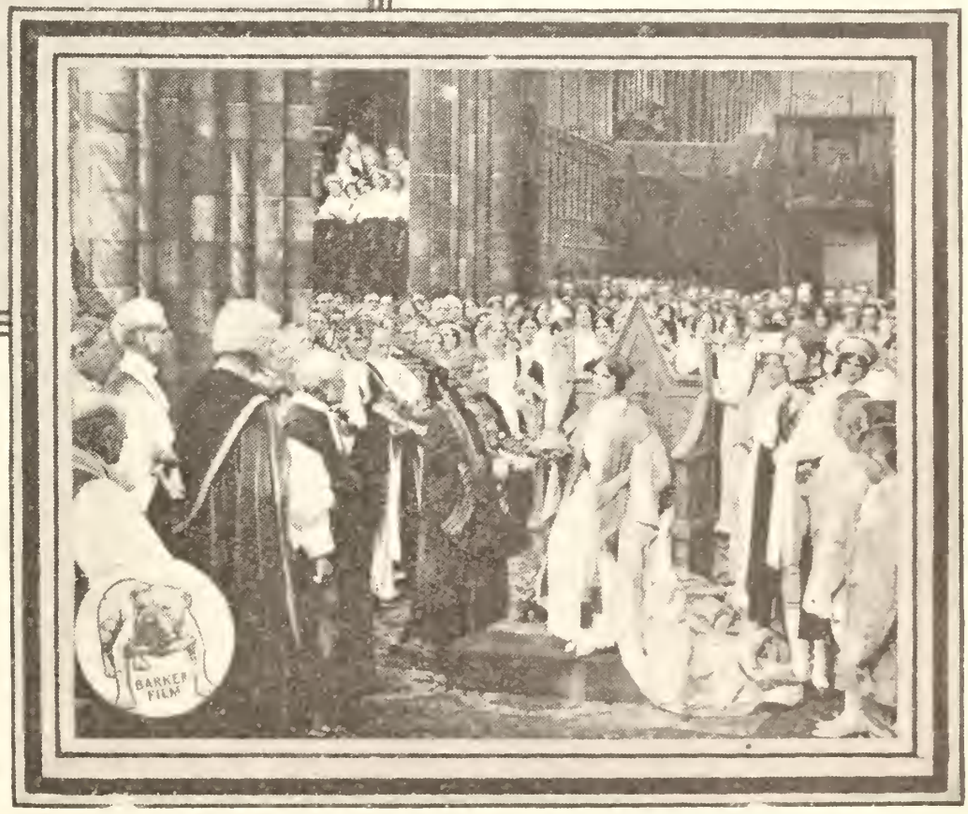
Here, it is said, that the Queen presented Prince Albert with a flower, and he, finding that he had nowhere to place it, borrowed a dirk from a Scottish officer standing by, and slit the lapel of his coat to make a button-hole. This action, it is thought, made fashionable the wearing of a button-hole in the left hand lapel of gentlemen's coats.

January 10th, 1840, saw the beginning of the penny postage, and Rowland Hill, the founder, is shown receiving the first adhesive stamped letter.

It was on February 10th, the same year, that amid national rejoicings, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha were married in the Chapel Royal, St. James.

An interesting progress incident happened in 1841. The first telegraph station was opened at Slough, and on December 21st a message was sent on the "five-wire" Wheatstone instrument congratulating Her Majesty on the birth of Princess Royal.

An attempt was made on the Queen's life on May 29th, 1842,



"The Coronation."

by a man named John Frances, who fired a pistol at Her Majesty as she drove on Constitution Hill with the Prince-Consort. Happily the attempt failed. The would-be assassin was immediately seized and taken to the police station, where the police had

great difficulty in keeping back the infuriated crowd.

The man, when examined by a doctor, was discovered to be insane, and having an imaginary grievance against Her Majesty.

The first Royal Family gathering at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, took place in 1842. (It should be remembered that Osborne House is now the Royal Naval College).

A jump of five years takes us to May 1st, 1851, when the first great International Exhibition was opened by the Queen in Hyde Park. The great glass building (now the Crystal Palace) where the Exhibition was held was built to the design of Joseph Paxton, at one time gardener to the Duke of Devonshire. At the opening ceremony Paxton was presented to Her Majesty, who congratulated him on his notable achievement.

Here a homely incident occurred, characteristic of the Queen's never-failing kindness of heart. Her Majesty was being shown over the building, when an old woman, who had walked all the way from Cornwall for the purpose of seeing her sovereign, realized her ambition, and received a few kindly words from her gracious Majesty.

It is interesting to note that gold was first discovered in Australia in the year 1852.

The nugget was conveyed to London, and presented to Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace by a deputation of colonists headed by the Colonial Secretary.

Towards the end of the year 1853, the country was in the throes of war fever—we were on the verge of war with Russia. The Government presented an address of loyalty to the Queen, assuring her of the unanimous support of both Houses of Parliament.

War was declared early in 1854, and in February Her Majesty waved adieu to her Guards from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, on their departure to the Crimea.

Throughout that bloody campaign, the Queen eagerly watched the movements of her brave troops, and a letter from her was read by Florence Nightingale to the wounded soldiers in the hospital at Scutari.



"Her Majesty attends a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral."

On February 20th of the following year, a body of wounded soldiers were received by the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

The Crimean medal was presented on May 18th by Her Majesty in Hyde Park.

Hardly had the horrors of the Crimea been forgotton, when, in 1857, the terrible Indian Mutiny broke out. One of the bravest incidents that occurred during the Mutiny was the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate at Delhi. A small party of soldiers, with the aid of a few bags of gunpowder, managed, notwithstanding a galling

fire from the enemy which carried off nearly all their number, to blow up the Great Gate at Delhi; thus forcing an entrance into the enemies' citadel.

It was during the year 1857 that the Victoria Cross was instituted, and was presented to Crimean heroes on June 27th, 1857, in Hyde Park.

In the same year, the Hudson Bay Company handed over this territory (now British Columbia) to the Crown.

A lapse of three years followed, and on June 7th, 1860, Her Majesty instituted the Queen's prize, and fired the first shot at the first N.R.A. meeting held at Wimbledon.

England to carry on the work, in Africa, of the London Missionary Society.

The Queen was most interested in the noble undertaking, and wished Dr. Livingstone every success.

At the completion of the first Atlantic Cable on July 27th, 1866, a message passed between Queen Victoria and President Lincoln, at the White House, Washington.

In 1870, Charles Dickens, in his study at Gad's Hill, received a command to attend upon the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Here, at the conclusion of the interview, she presented the gifted author with a book.

It is interesting to note that on the fly-



"Disraeli informs Lord Salisbury, Gladstone, and Bright, that he has secured, by the purchase of £4,000,000 of shares, the control of the Suez Canal for this country."

Then came the day of the Queen's great sorrow, the Prince-Consort passed away on Saturday, December 14th, 1861. The sad news was conveyed to the public by the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral at midnight.

On March 19th, two years later, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was married to H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Denmark, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The same year, early in May, Her Majesty, making her first public appearance since the death of her husband, opened the then newly completed Netley Hospital.

In 1864, Dr. David Livingstone was received by Her Majesty, before he left

leaf, Her Majesty wrote:

"To Charles Dickens, from the humblest writer to one of the greatest—VICTORIA."

In November, 1871, the public were alarmed at the news that the Prince of Wales had contracted typhoid fever, and was dangerously ill. Crowds besieged the Mansion House, waiting for the latest bulletin, until the crisis was passed, and a favourable report was issued by Dr. Gull. Then a great wave of rejoicing swept throughout the country, and on February 27th, 1872, Her Majesty attended a thanksgiving service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

In 1875, Benjamin Disraeli carried through successfully, what was, perhaps, one of the

finest strokes of business on record. By the purchase of £4,000,000 worth of shares, he secured the control of the Suez Canal for this country.

In the year following, Her Majesty, at the suggestion of Disraeli, assumed the title of Empress of India, and was proclaimed at a Durbar held at Delhi, on January 1st, 1877.

A lapse followed of seven years, then on January 18th, 1884, the heroic but ill-fated General Gordon, before leaving for the Soudan, was received by the Queen.

Queen were saddened by the outbreak of war in distant South Africa, which broke out in October, 1898. Ever suffering with her brave soldiers, and for their anxious relatives at home, she keenly awaited the news of every triumph and reverse of her troops.

We are shown how Ladysmith was defended by Sir George White, ably assisted by the Light Brigade and their 4.7 gun.

The town was relieved by Lord Dundonald on February 28th, 1900, and an



"The Queen takes tea with a tenant on her Balmoral estate."

The exact date is unknown; but we do know, to our everlasting regret, that General Gordon, steadfast at duty's post, was slain at Khartoum, by the followers of the Mahdi, admitted by treacherous Arabs into the town.

1887 was the year of the first Jubilee, and on the 21st June, Her Majesty attended Westminster Abbey in celebration of the 50th year of her glorious reign.

The closing years of the Great White anxious, waiting country gave way to a wild paroxysm of joy on receiving the news.

In the same year Her Majesty paid her last visit to Netley Hospital, and inspected soldiers invalided home from South Africa. This was one of the Queen's last appearances in public. She retired almost immediately to Osborne House, Isle of Wight, and on January 22nd, 1901, the nation received the sad news that their great and glorious Queen had passed away.



On the Screen



EVAN STRONG.

CHRISTMAS!

How thought, anticipating, teems
With memories of by-gone joys: dreams
Flood our minds: Hope's banner gleams
In that one word.

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WE are in the dream-days of Christmas, and no doubt most of us are turning about to arrange what shall be done for entertainment. Is there a man who does not dream of the Yuletide log, and the home-gathering, and the Christmas story; or one, through whose head does not already strum the strains of "Good King Wenceslas"? I think not, yet there are thousands who will not realise these good things and must look for their equivalents elsewhere. For these the cinema must cater with Christmas story and fun. This year they should be able to do so quite well, though there is no slate of Christmas films. Those I have seen, however, are excellent quality, and should satisfy the desire for this class of picture.

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IN this paragraph I am going to take up the cudgel on behalf of the Christmas film-story as against the pantomime usually associated with the season, and through which the rising generation generally get their introduction to the stage. What is the vision a youth carries away from the theatre after enjoying the average pantomime? A vision of scores of paint-bedecked ladies given to dancing and singing, of a female "boy" in buskins and tights, foolish old women, and comedians whose whole aim in life appears to be getting into trouble and being knocked about.

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WITH the Screen-Christmas-Story it is quite different. Here the true old-world element is retained, clownishness is cut right out, and the person who sees the picture is educated in the past. For the younger children the screen-play is

invaluable. It combines myth, history, and literature, and the vivid reproduction of the old tales have tremendous influence, being indelibly printed on the mind. Whereas the third-rate pantomime is often unhealthy for the youth, the film is the same, clean story wherever it is shown.

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Of the Christmas stories this year which will be travestied in Pantomime, there are, it may be observed, "Dick Whittington and his Cat," "Robinson Crusoe," "Beauty and the Beast," and these are faithfully done in pictures by the Solax, 101 Bison, and Rex Companies, for Yuletide showing in the Cinemas. I have seen these and other pictures and would earnestly recommend parents to mark these down on the Christmas programme of entertainments for their children.

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You will remember in last month's issue I sounded a cry against the rubbish film producer. Have you noticed that it has been taken up, and particularly in America they have set about freezing out the manufacturer who is incapable of producing film up to the general standards? The evidence is that cinematography has realised its force and influence, and those at the head of the profession intend it to be the greatest moral, intellectual, and educational force of this and future times. Lend a hand then in the uplifting of this wonderful art by demanding always at your cinema that only clean, good pictures of reliable brand be shown.

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A little dream of mine last month has been considerably amplified by that master-inventor, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who gives wonderful glimpses into the future. He predicts that some day the motion-picture will supersede text-books at school, his leading argument being that pictures illustrate more graphically than books. Pictures may never teach logarithms or Greek declensions, but as a vehicle for history, geography, botany, or general natural history, the thin strip of celluloid cannot be surpassed.

To the dull scholar text-books are a bugbear, but put before him a scene illustrating the court of Queen Elizabeth, or a view of an Indian bazaar, and he is alive and interested. Those scenes will be carried away in his mind, and will be good learning.

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Travel broadens the mind, but all of us are not able to travel wide. The motion-picture must provide us with our experience of foreign life; and we get well in touch with the foreigner and his ways through the screen-play and educational pictures of travel.

THE classics, modern and ancient, have been delved into for film stories, but the store is not yet near exhausted. Still screen-men are on the look-out for new sources of inspiration. I would humbly suggest they turn to famous painters.

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A Danish film manufacturing firm have made a new departure on these lines, taking for subject matter the famous picture of the poet-artist-thinker Böcklin. Into the story, which is modern, by the way, are woven 18 pictures, including the well-known "Island of Death," "The Holy Grove," "Vita somnium breve," etc.

Collier's "The Fallen Idol" also has been woven into a screen-story, and, in truth, the famous pictures of the world suggest a real wealth of inspiration to the scenario-writer.

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THE advance of Japan is phenomenal in the history of nations. A few years ago practically a heathen race, to-day we find them hauling over hand over hand the civilised nations of the West. The Japanese were quick to realise the value of education, and quicker than most Governments, that of Japan at present, has recognised the educational film as a means of disseminating knowledge amongst their vast population. They have circularised motion-picture manufacturers all over the world, inviting them to submit educational films for inspection. There is no doubt that films receiving the approval of the Government Inspectors will be readily accepted by the schools and institutes.

Films sanctioned by the Government will be "recognised," endorsed to that effect, and it will be published in the Official Gazette—and the English Educational Authorities have turned down the pictures because they cannot stand the expense !!!

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THE Ed-Au Club has arrived, not in England, but in the States. It is the organization of the Photo-play Editors and Writers, and has drawn within its ranks the great men of the editorial side of the screen-play. It is a strong organization already, and will prove of value to scenario writers. In the future the screen-writer will be better recognised, for the incompetent are being weeded out and only the intellectual, well-educated, and artistic man with an eye for effect will find standing room presently.

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SHALL we return to Christmas for the last few words. Perhaps I shall express the sentiments of many others like myself, and similarly situated. Apart from

memories, the Yuletide holds little for me, and I shall most likely spend a couple of dreary days in London moping over a fire, wondering what I shall do next. I shall have a good Christmas dinner, with a terrible piece of plum-pudding, fearless of the pangs of indigestion I know will result within a few hours, and I shall endeavour to make the remainder of the day bearable with constant sips of wine and liqueur—it is my practice to have something with glow in it at Christmas, something that will induce the seasonable feeling of peace with the world. But I know for all this it will be monotonous; you who have to remain *en pension* in London, know also as well as I do.

There is one gleam of hope, however. I want to feel Christmasy—it is force of habit, and the outcome of recollections of past youthful joys, I suppose. And thank goodness, the Cinemas will be open, and without the glare of the tinsel, which, with the advent of natural rheums have become abhorrent, I shall be able to live through the Yule stories again—those stories which were so much to me and to many two, three, and four decades ago.

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APART from an an old man's mopings, what a glorious time Christmas is! How the kiddies and the family gatherings will enjoy themselves! How wonderful the expectancy of the children when they go to bed on Christmas Eve, and what shouts of glee and astonishment when they wake in the morning, and dash for the present-laden stockings! What joy in the purchasing for the holiday revels, and the warm, sincere greetings everywhere; and then the dinner, which all look forward to with anticipation: the turkey, roast beef of Old England, and pudding, round which members of the family, apart from each other for months, perhaps years, foregather on this most auspicious day! This to be followed by snap-dragon, and other Christmas games, and the Yule log crackling and spluttering away the while, lighting faces and throwing a warm, welcome, ruddy glow around. It is the day of the year for millions. But when you are enjoying these pleasures, I had better say when you are anticipating these pleasures, spare a thought, and a copper if possible, for those poor children of the slums of our great cities who will have no Christmas tree, presents, Yule log; not even dinner. It is the Christmas spirit in the midst of joys to think of the less fortunate.

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A VERY happy, joyous Yuletide to you, with all the pleasures, goodwill, and fortune the season offers.



Miss "Babs" Neville.



Miss "Babs" Neville

(Motograph Film Co.).

MISS "BABS" NEVILLE, the leading lady of the Motograph Film Co., like most of our present day "leading women," was never destined for the entertaining world, much less such strenuous work as a motion-picture actress. Nerve and determination to succeed are essential qualities for success in the taking of pictures, and here, in Miss Neville's case, is heredity amply justified, as her father was a daring yachtsman and her mother was a perfect "Diana of the Chase." Her childhood was spent in a convent just outside Bruges, and here her spirits, irrepressible as ever, kept the good ladies in a state of nervous surprise. Her special dormitory was the envy of all the girls, and many and varied were the scenes enacted.

The lure of the stage, however, was ever strong, and musical comedy—as ever—claimed Miss Neville ; then serious dramatic work, until a clever cinema producer happened to see her dramatic work, and then the Motograph Film Company realised that they had one of the cleverest ladies in the English picture-world working for them.

In the course of her work she has had all sorts of "nervy" things asked of her. In "The Great Gold Robbery" she climbed a hundred-foot crane to reach a basket swung out over the river, to rescue her "lover." There was no fake about this—it was quite real, and her plucky action excited the keen admiration of the wharfingers.

In another part of the same film she rowed a skiff across the swiftly running Thames amidst the thick traffic of "The Pool," and then accomplished a high climb over many obstacles in arriving at the wharf side.

When the film of "Ju-Jitsu to the Rescue" was in preparation, "Babs" had to undergo a good course of this new science before the pictures could be taken, and her instructor was Yukio Tani himself. Altho' he was as gentle as possible, these lessons cannot be given without some slight inconvenience to the student ; but again her nerve stood her in good stead, and it would be a rather nasty experience for anyone to try and take advantage of this slight, fascinating blonde.

The Photo-Play Writer.

Conducted by Rowland Talbot.

ASSOCIATIONS AND ACCUSATIONS.

THERE is a project on foot amongst certain photo-playwrights to form themselves into an Association for the protection of writers, and to compel producers to recognise its members. They have even gone so far as to issue a list of proposed rules and regulations.

Unity is always good and the idea of an Association is commendable in more ways than one ; but if promoters of this enterprise would gain for their members recognition from the producers, they must adopt a far less truculent attitude to that already taken.

In a call to arms that has lately gone forth, the majority of producers are accused of all kinds of evil practices; in fact, if all that has been said about the wicked producer is true, he is certainly not a fit and proper person to be at large.

Lack of space forbids me to catalogue these in full, but I will endeavour to deal with a few.

He is charged with returning submitted MSS. as unsuitable, and stealing the fundamental idea contained therein.

In answer to this foolish and very sweeping statement, I will quote an American scenario-writer's letter to the "Daily Telegraph." He says :

> "Though only three weeks in this country, I have called on some of the British film manufacturing firms with the object of selling a number of scenarios, and I must bear witness that I have never been better received or treated with more courtesy than I experienced on these occasions. The same treatment towards a free-lance writer in this particular line in America is entirely out of the question, and I make this last statement notwithstanding the fact that I wrote and sold a large number of scenarios in the United States.
>
> "With reference to the subject of the theft of ideas from scenarios by producing firms, I have yet my first complaint to make on this account. Observation has also taught me that the only writers who cry 'thief' are the unsuccessful ones."

Now speaking for myself,—for the past three years I have edited scenarios for two leading British producers, and can endorse all that has been written by the "Telegraph's" correspondent. During all my experience I can truly say that never once has the idea of a plot been stolen or unjustly plagiarised. Times without number a plot has been purchased simply because it contained a germ that set the Editor thinking.

Producers far from conspiring amongst themselves to rob the writer of his just dues are only too ready and willing to encourage him, as the demand for good photo-plays increases every hour. In my free-lance days I found that when a producer got in touch with a man who would write the stuff that was wanted, far from conspiring to rob him of the fruits of his labour, he encouraged and farmed him, in the hope of getting the first refusal of his work.

The same conditions exist to-day ; scenario Editors live daily in the hopes of finding really good writers, and the right people when they come along can be sure of an open-handed welcome.

Another grievance fostered by the promoters of the Association is the price paid for scenarios. They assert that producers, instead of paying writers a fair price, merely tip them.

This again is erroneous. For a good, strong, workable 'script, the producer will pay anything from one to five guineas, and half-guineas galore are paid for germs of ideas that are never used.

A further complaint is that the author's name does not appear either on the film or advertising matter. This question has called forth at different times a great deal of controversy.

On both sides there is much to be said. The only firms that grant this courtesy to photo-playwrights are Edisons and Lubins, other producers maintaining that when a 'script is purchased such an amount of work has to be put into it by the Editorial staff before it can be handed to the director, and that so little of the original author's work remains that it would be hardly fair to themselves to publish the writer's name.

I am in total agreement with the producer who says this, for I know it in so many cases to be true ; but I do think that when a two or three-reeler is produced practically as submitted by the author, that the name of the creator of the story should appear, both on the film and all advertising matter appertaining to it.

I think that the following statement will go to prove that producers are not entirely indifferent to the photo-playwright, and to encourage them, offer prizes of large sums of money in order to unearth fresh talent.

The Cines Company of Rome, ever foremost in the production of great works of cinematograph art, are offering the magnificent sum of £1,000 for a prize photo play. Other prizes are also offered, ranging from £100 to £5.

Scenarios should be sent to the Cines Company at Rome, where they will be judged by a select committee of prominent men of art and letters. The competition is an international one, and closes in April, 1914. Here is *some* incentive for the photo-playwright to put forth his best endeavour.

* * * *

I would advise writers, for the time being at least, to devote their attention to plays running into two or three reels. These plays are much in demand by the British manufacturers, who offer to pay good prices for suitable stuff.

The novice should remember that a two-reel picture should contain from 45 to 50 scenes, while a three-reeler from 55 to 75 scenes.

* * * *

It is never advisable for a free-lance to spend his time adapting any well-known play or novel on spec. All this kind of work is done on the premises by the manufacturer's own Editorial staff.

* * * *

I heard the other day of a writer who complained that he had sent to a certain British company some 50 or so 'scripts at different times, and did not gain one single acceptance. The gentleman was very concerned, and hinted dark things about the standing of the firm in question, adding that, although they had declined his experienced efforts, he had known them to accept the first attempt of a novice. There is nothing very singular in this. The only explanation is that the work of the novice contained more merit.

Producers are not fools, and if a man sent in 500 plays and none of them were suitable, they would naturally be returned.

It is quality, not quantity, that is wanted.

- - Film Gossip - -

By Charles F. Ingram.

IT has been said that in the making of books there is no end. It may now be as truly said that in the making of motion-picture films there is no end. Good, sound, and clever work is increasing all over the kingdom, and film producers are vying with one another to secure the best subjects to meet the popular taste. It will be the object of the writer of this feature to offer to readers the most pithy and up-to-date topics of interest concerned with films and their production

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SEVERAL pantomimes have been filmed for Christmas production. "Robinson Crusoe" should prove a great draw this season, containing as it does some fine views of topical scenery. Cinderella" and "Sleeping Beauty" are also among the seasonable productions.

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THE Cines Company of Rome have a reputation for big things, but they have set themselves a task if they wish to surpass their latest production of "Antony and Cleopatra." This film is one of the most enthralling yet seen, and has cost well over £40,000 to produce. The demand for the film is already abnormal, and has been booked as far ahead as June next. It will be shown in London on Boxing-Day at the Queen's Hall. Senora J. Terribili Gonzales, whose acting as "Cleopatra" is one of the features of the piece, has arranged to come to London and attend some of the performances at the Queen's Hall.

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"SEVEN MONTHS BIG-GAME SHOOTING" is the title of a remarkable film that will prove very popular among picture-goers who delight in travel and adventure subjects. The film offers some wonderful scenes in the heart of the dark Continent, and affords many exciting incidents in big-game hunting.

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THE largest duck farm in the world has been filmed by the Kalem Co. In one of the scenes fifteen thousand ducks are shown being fed at one time.

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A FILM adapted from E. W. Hornung's popular work "Raffles will shortly be seen in Great Britain. Some novel effects are to be introduced.

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A COMPANY has been floated in America with the rather unusual object of taking films under water. I understand that they have been offered a large sum to produce Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

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MOTION-PICTURES are gradually enlisting the services of all our leading actors and actresses. In addition to those who have already become popular on the screen, arrangements have been made to film productions featuring Sir George Alexander, in "John Chilcote, M.P.," and possibly in "Much Ado About Nothing," and Sir John Hare, in "The Gay Lord Quex."

Mr. Matheson Lang, the great Lyceum favourite, is to be filmed in a couple of plays not yet decided upon, not unlikely a version of "Westward Ho!" Miss Evelyn Millard will also be seen in "The Adventures of Lady Ursula." Mr. H. B. Irving is also to appear in "The Bells"; and the late August Van Biene in the successful sketch, "The Broken Melody."

The Gaumont film of Sir J. Forbes Robertson & Co., in "Hamlet," is continuing to draw crowded houses, and richly deserves its enormous success. Every reader should see this film, for it is one of the most artistic things yet done for the screen, and is the kind of production that helps to make film history.

Miss Marie Corelli has written a scenario, which is being produced by Sir Hubert Von Herkomer, R.A. The famous novelist intends to devote part of her time to the writing of picture-plays. Her latest work is the simplest of love-tales, and surrounds three characters—a famous artist and his two pupils, a man and a woman. Sir Hubert has himself impersonated the part of the artist. Miss Corelli is a great believer in the future of the cinema. Her object is to write plays at once dramatic yet simple in character, devoid of any sensationalism or "freak" incidents.

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A SERIES of Ibsen's plays may shortly be seen in this country. "The Vikings at Helgeland," "The Pretenders," "Lady Inger of Ostrat," and "Peer Gynt," have been produced in Norway.

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TO the filming of Dickens' subjects there seem no end. The Thanhouser Co. have produced "Little Dorrit" on a lavish scale, featuring the talented child-actress, "Kidlet." Edison's are responsible for an adaptation from "Barnaby Rudge," and Hepworth's, who, it will be remembered, have already achieved success by their films of "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby," are again to the fore with "David Copperfield," and "The Old Curiosity Shop." Whatever are the merits of American productions, it can hardly be expected that our friends "across the pond" should be successful in acquiring the real "Dickens atmosphere" as some of the English firms. Dickens is so essentially English, and his characters are nothing without the true atmosphere of London's highways and byways.

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A FILM that should be seen by everyone this Christmastide is a B. & C. production, entitled, "The Little Snow Waif." It is not a fairy tale, but a graphic portrayal of a little waif's fight for existence, that will touch the hearts of all who see it. This film has been produced by Mr. Charles Weston, who launched the famous "Waterloo" film. This should be enough to assure success.

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ALL lovers of Wagner will be interested to learn that the famous opera, "Parsifal," has been filmed. This opera is considered by many to be Wagner's best, and is, indeed, a thing of compelling beauty. Its splendour will be much enhanced if the opera music is used.

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WILLIAM F. CODY, better known as "Buffalo Bill," together with a large aggregation of real Indians, Plainsmen, and Western rough-riders, is to enact once more the eventful days of his earlier life, for the picture theatre. Those who witnessed the great Wild West Show will fully appreciate the genius for spectacle that this entertainer is still world-famous for. It will prove a great attraction among picture-goers whose tastes incline towards cowboy features.

The theatre and variety stage is not always the preliminary to successful appearance on the screen. The reverse will be the case with a juvenile quartette, "The Selsior Kiddies," who are to appear on the halls, having been brought out "on the film."

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"Sixty Years a Queen" is the title of a film production by Barkers', who will be remembered for their splendid adaptation of "East Lynne." It is a veritable triumph of British filmcraft, and one of the most costly things yet attempted in this country £12,000 has been expended on its fulfilment. The wages bill alone, for the whole of the artistes and auxiliaries, amounted to £7,982. The film is replete with episodes of the Victorian era. There are scenes depicting the death of William IV., the announcement of the Queen's accession to the throne, the glorious pageantry of the Coronation, the public betrothal and marriage to Prince Albert. Several wonderful battle pictures of the Crimea, Indian Mutiny, and the Boer War, are among the many other events of this most wonderful reign.

Much difficulty was experienced in finding suitable characters to fit the parts. An Edmonton printer will have cause to remember the film, having earned £50 in twenty minutes for posing as "Prince of Wales," to whom he bore a remarkable resemblance.

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Quite an unrehearsed incident occurred during the taking of Essanay's film, "In Convict Garb." Mr. Richard Travers was enacting his part when shots were fired at him by the prison guards, who were quite unaware of any film-taking proceeding. He narrowly escaped with his life.

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Miss Mary Pickford, or "Little Mary," as she is more affectionately termed, has now been exclusively engaged by the Famous Players' Company. Miss Pickford is now appearing at her best as "Nance Oldfield" in a film of some length, entitled, "In the Bishop's Carriage." It is a very appealing film, which opens with a tragic note and ends with wedding bells. The play has proved a great success in America.

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The adaptation of Dumas' great novel, "The Three Musketeers," is reaping a great success. It is one of the longest films yet introduced, taking just on three hours to show. The work has been produced in France at a cost of £18,000.

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J. Philip Sousa, the March King, has written a scenario, entitled, "The Fifth String." It is a musical fantasy with a strong plot, and is now showing all over the country.

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Real Christmas fare is served up by the Kineto Company's charmingly told fairy story, "The Fish and the Ring." The company have created an unique subject, as the entire play is performed by children, whose ages range from 3 months to 14 years. The story has all the essentials of fairy-lore in the beautiful young maiden who is attacked in a wood by a band of robbers, and is rescued by a gallant Prince Charming, clad in glittering armour, and mounted on the tiniest of Shetland ponies. The film should have a vogue among our young friends at pantomime time.

A VERSION of Grimms' famous fairy-story, "Hansel and Gretchel," is being produced by the Thanhouser Co., and should prove a popular Xmas subject.

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WE already have the railway restaurant, and the railway sleeping car, and now there is every probability of a cinema car becoming as popular as the rest. I learn that a company on the Continent have launched a railway cinema for the benefit of travellers taking long journeys. The innovation bids fair to become an institution.

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MISS BETTY NANSEN, the great Danish tragedienne, is now to be seen on the screen, in a film, entitled, "A Paradise Lost." This is her first appearance before the camera for cinema purposes, and her acting and facial expressions are perfect. One may realize a little of her talents when it is recalled that her performances on the legitimate stage called forth the highest praise from Ibsen and Björnsen. "Nansen" films should prove equally as popular as the "Nielsen" films.

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"THE SPOILERS," one of Rex Beach's famous stories of North America, has been produced at the Californian branch of the Selig Co. It is a 7-reel feature, in which over 700 people and an entire fleet of 25 vessels are engaged.

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THAT laughter-maker, Pimple, will be seen in a travesty on "Ivanhoe," during the present month. It is a film of the most humorous kind, and Pimple's antics are as funny as ever.

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"THE MONEY GOD" is the title of a problem play of undoubted merit. A very telling scene depicts the stoke-hole of a ship, in which the stokers fight to check the inrushing of the waters after the ship has struck. So vivid and graphic have the scenes been done that the film gives one an impression that a vast catastrophe has occurred. It seems the very essence of reality.

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AT the close of the "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition at the Olympia, a series of moving-pictures of the Russian Village were taken. These films are to be sent to the Dowager Empress of Russia, who has been unable to visit England to inspect the village, of which she was patroness.

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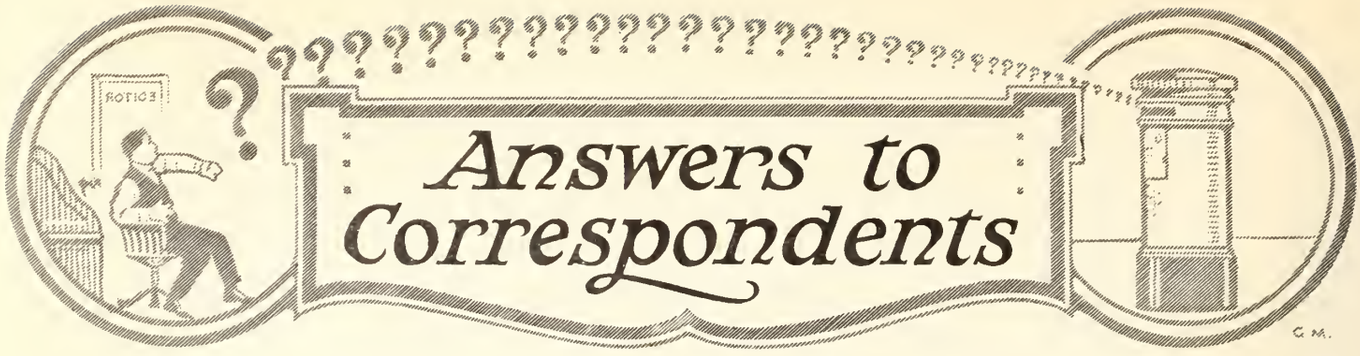
THOMAS HARDY, the famous author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," was an interested spectator at a private view of this film recently. He expressed his entire approval with the version of his novel. Some beautiful sky effects are introduced: a view of Stonehenge during early morning being very impressive. The film will shortly be seen throughout the country.

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MLLE. DESTINN, the famous Bohemian prima-donna, recently sang and played the aria from "Mignon," in a cage containing 14 lions, for a film-drama. The lions were quite peaceful listeners, and one of them allowed himself to be hugged by the prima-donna after the performance.

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MISS CISSY LOFTUS will shortly be seen in a film adaptation of "Quality Street," with the Famous Players' Co.



We shall be pleased to answer any questions on subjects of interest relating to the Film World. Give as many particulars as possible and write on one side of the paper only. Whilst we use our utmost endeavours to make these replies correct, we cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracy.

"Musicus," Stamford Hill.—We quite agree that Ragtime accompaniment to pictures is rather overdone. Such pretty and expressive pieces as Cowan's "Language of Flowers," Elgar's "Salut d'Amour," Chaminade's "Automne," "Chanson Bretonne," and "Air de Ballet," Thom's "Simple Avue," &c., though not very new, are always delightful to hear and we wonder they do not more frequently find a place in the picture pianist's library.

"Sherlock Holmes," Hull.—Quite right. The title originally chosen for the film "Kissing Cup" *was* "The Gift."

J.M.L.,——Your delightful letter to hand. The only suggestion we can offer is that you apply to the London Agents of the most important manufacturers. One of them may find you a position of some sort. You will certainly find the Trade most interesting.

G.F.K., Harrowgate.—We are afraid the story you mention is now too out-of-date for us to include, but we will certainly endeavour to insert the photographs of Mlle. Andriot and M. Bataille in our next issue.

R.D.N.—If you desire to become a film actor, we should advise you to make application, accompanied by a photograph, to the various English Film Companies.

Admirer," Dawlish.—We believe that "Bobby" still figures in Gaumont pictures.

J.G.B., Andover.—Postcards of most leading film actors and actresses can be obtained from the various manufacturers. For addresses of same, see Trade Papers.

"Hopeful," Acton, W.—It is most difficult for us to put a price on your scenario, without seeing same. Should suggest that you use your own discretion in the matter. The length of plot you mention should fetch from £1 to £5. Request the manufacturer to announce your name in connection with the film; but we should not advise you to insist on this, as probably the producer will alter your plot considerably.

L.C., Leeds.—We are informed that Mr. Augustus Carney (Alkali Ike) is no longer with the Essanay Company.

"Admirer," St. Alban's.—"The Reformers" was an American Biograph film, issued in September last. The story appeared in our issue for that month.

"Bunny," Bournville.—The Selig picture you mention must have been "Man and His Other Self," released on October 20th last; the cast being Jack Barnes—Mr. Thomas Santschi; Mary Vale—Miss Kathlyn Williams; Farmer Vale—Mr. George Hermandez; Mrs. Vale—Mrs. Jennie Filson.

The Editor regrets being unable to include the many other answers to queries he has received, owing to want of space.

ILLUSTRATED FILMS MONTHLY

A magazine intended to appeal to the Film-loving Public, giving the stories of the principal films due to be released during the coming month.

Promoted with the idea of increasing and cementing Public interest in Moving Pictures.



JANUARY 1914.

FEATURING

Miss DAISY JAMES

Appearing in the great Selsior production "Cinema Revue."

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

MARIA MARTEN

BY THE CROSS

FAKING THE FILM

&c., &c.

Copyright 1913 by Messrs. F. W. Oldfield & Co.

Film Favourites



Mr. J. Warren Kerrigan.

Film Favourites



Miss Margarita Fischer.

Film Favourites



Mr. Fredk. Groves.

Film Favourites



Miss Jean Morgan.

Film Favourites



Mr. Jack Richardson.

Film Favourites



Miss Winifred Greenwood.



"The Vicar of Wakefield"—Scene from the Film.



The Vicar of Wakefield

FROM OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S MASTERPIECE.

Written from the Film by A. E. MALLETT.

THE play, which, except in one or two small points, adheres closely to the story as told in Oliver Goldsmith's masterpiece, takes us back to the leisurely, peaceful days of the eighteenth century. There is about it a fragrant atmosphere of winsome simplicity and tender sentiment very soothing in these days of rush and bustle. The setting of the piece is admirable, and the costumes and manners of the time are represented with remarkable fidelity.

We are introduced to the two lovely daughters of the Vicar of Wakefield—Olivia, the elder, clever, studious, and withal vivacious, with "a great deal to say upon every subject, and very skilled in controversy"; and the gay, gracious, girlish Sophia, with a soul of sunshine and an exquisite face smiling like the spring morning.

The girls have been on an errand of mercy to one of their father's poorest parishioners, and on leaving to return home they are seen by the Vicar's landlord, Richard Thornhill, a young gentleman of fortune and ill reputation, who is described as "one who desires to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex." He is accompanied by two of his lady friends from London, whose fashionable dresses and plumed hats appear singularly out of place in the homely surroundings of the village.

Thornhill sees Olivia and Sophia, and is struck by their beauty. Learning that they are the daughters of his tenant, the Vicar, he determines to make their acquaintance. He imagines that they will fall easy captives to his charms.

In the delightful old-world garden of the Vicarage, Olivia and Sophia with their mother are seen gathering apples. The girls are merry and light of heart, and their laughter rings out gaily. Their mother, with a face as rosy as an apple itself, is as happy as her daughters.

They are poor enough. Through the defalcation of a merchant, the Vicar's comfortable fortune of fourteen thousand pounds has dwindled to four hundred, but the natural sweetness of their characters has not been soured by this reverse. They have still one another, and in all the land there is no happier household, no more loving and affectionate family than that of the Vicar of Wakefield.

Into the garden presently comes the Vicar himself, gentle, snowy-haired, Doctor Charles Primrose, his handsome old face radiant with happiness. With him is a gentleman of grave and dignified bearing, whom he presents to his wife and his daughters as Mr. Burchell. Mrs. Primrose receives the stranger graciously. The two girls, at first a little shy, are quickly placed at their ease by Mr. Burchell's courtesy and pleasant conversation. Moses, the Vicar's son, is discovered deep in a book as usual, to which he returns after having been introduced to the newcomer.

Although passing as Mr. Burchell, the stranger is really Sir William Thornhill, wealthy and famous. He is the uncle of



"In a fury, Thornhill thrashes the man."

Richard, the Vicar's landlord, and having heard stories of his nephew's career of wild and reckless dissipation, has come to the neighbourhood incognito in order to watch the young man and his friends, and find out for himself whether the stories are true or false. He has acquainted the Vicar with his secret, and enlisted his assistance, stipulating that his identity shall not be betrayed even to the Vicar's family. Mrs. Primrose believes him to be poor and a person of no great consideration. Nevertheless, she fulfils her duties as hostess admirably, and the guest is speedily on good terms with the entire family.

Somebody proposes a game, and the whole of the merry party are soon engrossed in the mirthful mysteries of "Hunt the Slipper" on the lawn.

Whilst the fun is at its height the Vicar's little son, Dick, runs up with the news that Mr. Richard Thornhill is approaching. The game comes to an abrupt end. The ladies spring to their feet in confusion, and Mr. Burchell, unnoticed by them, hides in the laurel bushes growing close by the house. It would spoil all his plans to be seen by his nephew. From his retreat he watches the meeting of the Vicar and the young Squire.

Richard gives the Vicar a careless greeting, and wins Mrs. Primrose's heart by praising her daughters and her wine. Of this latter, however, he takes but one sip, makes a wry face, and empties the rest out on the grass when nobody is looking. Presented to the young ladies, he bows with elaborate courtesy, and presses his lips to Olivia's hand so ardently that the girl is confused. He sets himself immediately to win her regard, and she is flattered by the attentions of such a handsome and dashing cavalier.

Richard presents his friends, The Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, whose cool assurance and ceaseless flow of small talk are accepted by Mrs. Primrose and her daughters as proof of exalted breeding. In pursuance of the plot concocted between them and Thornhill, they praise the beauty, refinement, and perfect manners of Olivia and Sophia, declaring that it is a thousand pities that they should be wasting themselves in the country when they might be the successes of the London season.

Much flattered, Mrs. Primrose sees the opportunity to put in a word for her daughters.

"I hope," she says, "your ladyship will pardon my present presumption. It is true we have no right to pretend to such favours, but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity; at least, the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work: they can pink, point and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small clothes and work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards."

The Vicar himself is not enamoured of the proposal that his daughters should go to London. He remarks "that their breeding is already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleaures they have no right to possess."

"And what pleasures," cried Thornhill, "do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for

my part," looking ardently at the blushing Olivia, "my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure are my maxims; but, curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers, and the only favour I would ask in return, would be to add myself to the benefit."

The Vicar, unworldly as he is, knows that this speech is only fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal.

"Sir," he says, "the family which you now condescend to favour with your company has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful."

With the greatest good-humour Thornhill grasped the Vicar's hand, commending his spirit, and protesting that nothing is further from his heart than the thought of attacking the honour of the family.

The upshot is an invitation for the girls to visit Lady Blarney and Miss Skeggs in London. The invitation is accepted with enthusiasm by Mrs. Primrose, and the two girls are wild with delight. Thornhill and his friends make their adieux, well pleased at the success of their plot. The two girls go off together to talk over their good fortune.

Mr Burchell comes out of his hiding place, startling Mrs. Primrose. Earnestly he pleads with her not to let her daughters go to London, warning her that Thornhill and his friends mean them no good.

The good lady, however, has been captivated by the Squire's dashing manners and appearance, and refuses to hear a word against him.

Part II.

In order to raise money to replenish the girl's wardrobe for their visit to London, it is decided that Moses shall take the colt to the fair and sell it. There is a great business



"Richard gives the Vicar a careless greeting."

in getting him ready, "trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins." Moses rides off on the colt, and presently we see him at the fair looking for a purchaser.

In the evening the simple lad returns home, informing his exasperated mother and sisters that he has exchanged the colt for a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases! And the silver rims prove to be merely copper varnished over.

"A murrain take such trumpery!" cries



"He compels them to drink to the fulfilment of his wishes."

his mother in a rage, and is about to throw the whole lot into the fire, when the Vicar interposes.

"We will keep them by us, my dear," he says gently, "for copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

* * *

In a richly furnished room in his fine mansion, Richard Thornhill is congratulating himself that all promises well for the success of his evil schemes. He awakes the jealousy of his female companions by his praises of Olivia's beauty and grace. He compels them to drink to the fulfilment of his wishes.

They are interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a note. Thornhill opens the envelope, and finds inside a warning not to persist in his designs. There is no signature, but he accepts the warning, and tells his accomplices that he has done with them, and they must pack off to London at once. They protest volubly and indignantly; but he insists, and bows them ironically out of the room. He hails their departure with a peal of sardonic laughter, pours out a glass of wine, and drinks a toast by himself—"Olivia to Olivia!"

The scheme has failed, but he is not to be so easily turned aside from his pursuit of the Vicar's daughter. He sets himself to win the girl's love, and finds it no difficult task. Meeting her at night in the Vicarage garden, he declares his passion. Such fervour is in his wooing, that the girl surrenders, and their lips meet in a long, ardent kiss.

She loves him—yes; but not until he promises her



"Thornhill receives a warning."

marriage can he persuade her to leave her home and come to him. She must leave secretly and at night, he tells her. A post-chaise will be waiting in the road near the Vicarage. Against her better nature, Olivia yields to his pleading, and then, overwhelmed with sudden fear, rushes into the house.

Thornhill has foreseen that a marriage will be necessary, and has already a plan in his head. It will be easy enough to arrange a mock marriage. He smiles evilly as he

recalls that he has already figured in such a ceremony more than once. Olivia will think it real, and when he tires he can get rid of her without difficulty.

Jenkinson, his trusted servant in many villainies, has managed such things before, and can do so again. So Thornhill thinks; but when he finds Jenkinson, and instructs him to arrange for a mock marriage between him and the Vicar's daughter, Jenkinson refuses.

In a fury Thornhill thrashes the man unmercifully with his hunting-crop until he consents to do his will. Thornhill gives him instructions, and then, with another threatening lift of his arm, walks away. Jenkinson shakes his fist and scowls after the retreating figure. He will arrange for the marriage, but—let Thornhill look out!



"Believing that she is marrying the man she loves."

It is night. The Vicarage family have been in bed some hours when Olivia, rising silently from beside her sister, dresses swiftly. Then, softly kissing the sleeping Sophia, she goes stealthily down the stairs. After one last, lingering look round the dear old room, she slips out of the house. In the road a post-chaise is standing, and Thornhill and Jenkinson are waiting for her. Then a thought of the sorrow she is bringing upon her parents comes to her, and she would change her mind even at this late hour. She hesitates, starts to go back, but at a cry from Thornhill, Jenkinson springs forward, and in spite of her tears and entreaties, the two men force her into the chaise, which drives rapidly away.

Olivia forgets her fears in the arms of her lover, in whom she trusts implicitly. At Thornhill's house a priest is waiting, and she goes through the ceremony willingly enough, believing it genuine, and that she is marrying the man she loves.

The witnesses are Jenkinson and the butler. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Thornhill kisses his bride, and leads her from the room, having first paid Jenkinson for his services. That worthy stays to secure from the priest the certificate of the marriage, and with a



"Throwing herself into a chair, she bursts into tears."

triumphant grin waves it towards the door through which Thornhill and Olivia have vanished. His time will come. With this certificate he can bring Thornhill to his knees.

On the following morning the Vicarage family are seated round the breakfast table—all except Moses and Olivia. They are wondering where the girl can be, when Moses bursts in with a white, tragic face, and tells them the dreadful news, which he has just heard from Jenkinson.

All is consternation. The white-haired old Vicar, tears streaming from his eyes, cries in a broken voice:

"Now, then, my children, go and be miserable: for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And, oh, may heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to heaven! . . . . Bring me my pistols—I'll pursue the traitor—while he is on earth I'll pursue him! Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet—the villain—the perfidious villain!"

The broken-hearted Vicar reaches down his pistols, but his children take them from his feeble grasp, while his wife, holding out to him the open Bible, says:

"My dearest, dearest husband, the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us."

"Had she but died," wails the poor old man; "but she is gone; the honour of our family is contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here."

Bowed with sorrow, but with a heart full of love and tenderness for his erring daughter, the Vicar leaves home to go in search of her.

His first call is at Thornhill's house, where he sees the butler, who says that his master is away, and that Olivia has never been there.

Part III.

Poor Olivia! Thornhill's fancy for her soon passes. He neglects and ill-treats her. We see her in a splendid apartment in Thornhill's house. Surrounded by every luxury, she is miserable, a prey to the bitterest remorse. The memory of the happy life and the loved ones at the Vicarage comes over her like a flood, and throwing herself into a chair, she bursts into tears.

She does not raise her head when Thornhill enters with a friend. She sobs on until his mocking, insolent laughter arouses her. He begins to talk in a sneering fashion, and gradually she realises that he is saying shameful, incredible things. He tells her that their marriage was only a mock marriage, that she is no wife of his, and that he has tired of her. Then he presents his friend, a baronet, who treats her with an



"Spurning the purse, she rushes from the room."

insolent familiarity which makes her blood boil.

Oh, it is horrible! infamous! She cannot bear it. Spurning the purse Thornhill offers her, she rushes from the room and out of the house. Where to go she has no idea, and she must have fallen fainting by the road side but for a friendly carter, who, seeing her distress, gives her a lift to the nearest inn, where she finds shelter.

But the landlady's patience wears out in a fortnight, during which she has seen not a penny of her lodger's money. The woman, after soundly rating her husband for giving a penniless baggage house-room, goes upstairs and demands that Olivia shall leave at once.

"Out, I say: pack out this moment!"

"Oh, dear madam," cries Olivia, "pity me pity a poor abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do the rest."

The landlady, however, is proof against such pleading, and urges the girl downstairs, into the parlour of the inn, where the landlord is just welcoming another customer — the Vicar of Wakefield himself, who, after tramping over the country, following clues artfully contrived to put him off the scent, is returning homewards, weary and hopeless.



"There is yet one in the world who will never forsake thee."

Dr. Primrose recognises his daughter instantly, and clasps the weeping girl to his breast.

"Though the vicious forsake thee," he says, "there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee: though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forgive them all."

* * *

Olivia receives a loving welcome at the Vicarage from all except her mother, who at first reproaches her bitterly, but soon relents and takes her daughter to her heart again.

But the troubles of the Vicar and his family are not yet over. Thornhill's wayward fancy inclines again to Olivia. Having driven her away, he now finds he wants her back. He calls at the Vicarage, and finding the whole family in the garden, salutes them as though nothing had happened. The dignified old Vicar rebukes him.

"Sir," he says, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character: and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence in presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe: for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them."



"Dr. Primrose recognises his daughter instantly."

"I vow, my dear sir, I am amazed at all this," returns Thornhill, "nor can I understand what it means! I hope you do not think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it?"

"Go," cries the Vicar, "thou art a wretch, —a poor pitiful wretch—and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger. Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing! to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion."

Thornhill says that if the Vicar and his daughter are resolved to be miserable, he cannot help it. He then makes the proposal that Olivia shall return to him. He declares that if the Vicar does not consent, he will at once have him arrested for a debt which he owes him.

The Vicar rejects the degrading proposal with scorn and anger. He has no money to pay the debt, and Thornhill, calling up two sheriff's officers, who are in waiting, directs them to take Doctor Primrose to the doctors' prison. The Vicar bids farewell to his sorrowing family, and goes with the officers, Thornhill swaggering after them, laughing, and slapping his boots with his riding-whip.

* * *

The scene changes to the prison, showing the gentle Vicar in the midst of as evil-looking a collection of scoundrels as can well be imagined. Even here, however, he makes his influence felt. He reads the scriptures to the prisoners, and exhorts them to a better life.

At first he meets with no success, and the men play many tricks upon him. One pulls his wig awry, another cries "Amen!" in mockery, a third picks his pocket of his spectacles, a fourth places on the Vicar's head a dirty, greasy old hat. But he perseveres, "and in less than six days some are penitent, and all attentive."

One of the penitents is Jenkinson, who is ignorant of the Vicar's identity, as the Vicar is of his. The man, however, recognises Olivia when she comes with the rest of the family to visit her father. Filled with remorse for the part he has played, he determines to make amends if he can.

The opportunity soon comes. Another visitor arrives—Mr. Burchell, as he has hitherto been known to all the family except the Vicar, but who now appears under his own name as the famous Sir William Thornhill.

Before they have recovered from their astonishment, Richard Thornhill is shown into the prison. He has come to taunt his victim, and is unpleasantly startled to find himself face to face with his uncle. He attempts to carry off the situation with a jaunty air, and extends his hand, which Sir William ignores.

Thornhill meets his uncle's questions with insolent replies. He denies that he is married to Olivia. He has, however, reckoned without Jenkinson, who here puts in a word, asserting that he witnessed the marriage, which was perfectly legal.

"You lie like a rascal," cries the Squire. "I never was legally married to any woman."

"Indeed, begging your honour's pardon," replies the other with a grin, "you were; and I hope you will show a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife. As sure as you stand there, Squire, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife: and to convince you that I speak nothing but the truth, here is the licence by which you were married together."

Jenkinson then produced the document, and to complete Thornhill's discomfiture, introduces to the company the very priest who had officiated at the ceremony.

Thornhill, now thoroughly cowed, slinks out of the prison, and, accompanied by Sir William, the Vicar and his family return to their home, their debts discharged, their honour safe, and happiness dawning anew for them.

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CAST:

The Vicar ...	Mr. WARWICK BUCKLAND	The Vicar's Wife ...	Miss MARIE DE SOLLA
Sir William Thornhill ...	Mr. HARRY GILBEY	Sophia	Miss CHRISSIE WHITE
Moses	Mr. JACK RAYMOND		and
Jenkinson	Mr HARRY BUSS	Olivia	Miss VIOLET HOPSON

THE ANIMAL



By Evan Strong.

GIVEN in our civilised days we realise that brute strength has tremendous power of attraction, particularly for women, and very often a woman prefers the man who carries her off by sheer force.

There are, of course, two ways of looking at this: the strength of character, and strength of muscle. The first often prevails, but it sometimes happens that brawn and sinew triumph in the wooing.

Reid was a man of tremendous strength—a gold-digger, rough, sullen, and ever ready for a fight. His antagonistic spirit, urged by the desire to use his great muscles, made him the terror of the district. Not a man could stand against him. With his huge build and weight, he swept everything from his path.

He came swinging along one evening before the sun had disappeared, intent on his draught at the drinking shack, where the miners gathered after their arduous labours, and a look which forbode trouble to anyone or anything that crossed his path gleamed in his restless eyes.

Emboldened with a glass of the fiery stuff, these Western men habitually imbibe, one of the men outside the tavern did not move from Reid's path quick enough. In a moment the "animal" had the daring fellow in his grip and forced him to his knees, just as Neilan, the smartest youngster in the outfit, came up with his sweetheart, Miss Bush.

The strength and stature of the giant drew the attention and admiration of the girl as Reid picked up his opponent and hurled him to the ground: but the sight sickened Neilan, and he drew the girl away to a quiet spot, where he protested his love.

Reid, after he had thrown his opponent, happened to look up and catch the last glance of Pauline, as she was urged from the spot. He was attracted—fascinated. He had never felt the beauty of woman before—strength had been his god, but at this moment a strange sensation crept over him, the gleam of the eyes he caught remained before him, acting as a lodestone, and, with one look of pugnacious scorn at the huddled figure at his feet, he strode away in the tracks of Neilan and the girl.

"What's he up to now?" the gathered crowd whispered among themselves. They dared not speak their thoughts right out in his presence, for he had thumped respect for his muscle into them.

"He has more devilry in his mind. Look! He's following Neilan, and he'll crush him if he offends him."

Neilan knew that as well as the crowd, and, you may be sure, would avoid a fight with Reid if he came up.

The "animal" found the two on the bluff of a steep hill over-looking a valley, and he said no word, but took the weak Neilan by the shoulder, and thrust him away from Pauline. It was an action which suggested a kick to a dog, and Neilan half made up his mind to resent it, but he did not—the "animal's" eyes flashed red, and that bode ill: so he turned instead, and slunk away.

Reid turned to the girl, a light of might and desire in his eyes. She read his wish, but was not afraid. The silent potency of the man magnetised her, and she stood waiting for him to speak—to explain. As ever, he explained in action. Might was right. He wanted her—what there was in

the frail woman that attracted him he did not know, but she was to be his only—and he crushed her in his arms, she unresisting, he like an animal that has gained something it does not intend to lose.

* * *

All the village knew Toddles intimately. Toddles was her only name out there; and she was the happiest, kindliest little soul on earth. When Merry Dick arrived at the diggings, it was natural he should fall in love with her. They were built for each other, and their love-making was the tenderest little romance imaginable.

Dick would meet Toddles after he had cleaned as much mud and grime from his hands and face as was possible, and the pair would trot off to the brow of the hill, there to sit and dream every evening in the fine weather.



"Promise you'll marry me whenever matters are ready."

They met at the foot of the hill with a "Hullo, Toddles!" "Hullo, Dick!" and away they went, arm in arm.

"Well, 'ev yer struck anything to-day, Dick?" she would ask.

"Nop; but the washin' pans out well, and we'll be able to settle down soon," he would answer.

"Oh! you take matters easily for granted," with a welcoming toss of the head.

And if they were out of sight, he would catch her, and plant a hearty kiss on the pouting lips.

"Take things for granted! Why, Toddles, dear, it 'as to be; we 'ev to marry, Fates 'ev decreed it. That's why I was sent to these diggin's, and why yer met me with a laugh, and why we laugh together in tune. Yer can't get away from that, Toddles."

"I could, perhaps, if I could get away from your arms, but you hold me like an old grizzly, and it seems to me I 'ev little breath to take a say in the matter."

"Well, I'll let yer go if ye'll promise to say yer love me, an'll marry me whenever matters are ready."

Then they would laugh together, such a melodious, away-dull-care cheery glee, and the promise would be given.

The day came when Dick struck it lucky.

"Toddles," he burst in upon her. "We're gwine to get married right now. I've struck it lucky. See that little 'un!"

And he held out a good showing of yellow metal that took all the coquetry out of Toddles.

They were married.

About the same time, Reid had won over Pauline. His strength had grasped her feminine mind in such a firm hold, that she had to go to him. From the first outburst of emotion, he had held her fast. She had qualms, but never in his presence. His forcefulness, his primitive wooing, had broken down all barriers. She knew she was bound to marry him; knew that whatever happened he would have her, and she had to yield; she made no resistance. Love or not, she wished him to be her husband.

* * *

A year had passed, and Toddles was the happiest of women. Her baby was a bright little angel, laughing and cooing in its mother's arms.

Dick came home from the works, and, unwashed, put his arms round Toddles in the old way, but his jest was different.

"Say, little one, d' yer regret?"

"Why, what a question. Do you?"

"Well, I wasn't quite sure; babies is troublesome critturs, seems ter me."

"My baby isn't troublesome," and Toddles tossed her head. To which Dick responded by taking the tender morsel, with Toddles hanging round his neck, hugging it for the most precious thing on earth.

They didn't say what they meant, these two, but each knew the other's meaning.

* * *

Reid, the "animal," lurched homeward from the diggings, and blundered up to the door of his humble cottage. Inside all was very quiet, an air of mystery hung about the place, lent by the silence, and the solid figure of the maternity nurse, who stood awaiting the man with a finger to her lips.

"You must not come in now," objected the nurse in her softest tones, as the rough fellow made to enter.

He looked at her blankly, his dull understanding half realising the reason, and he turned, and stumbled down to the village drinking shack.

The days went on, and Reid took little notice of the new arrival. He only wondered at the mother-love bestowed upon the frail object by Pauline. What was it to worry about, a crying, puking scrap of helpless humanity. And humanity without muscle was nothing to Reid. As the time passed, he grew jealous of the presence of the child, and his wonder increased as he noted the joy of Dick and Toddles in their little one. But the new little Toddles was a feeble, fragile thing; it pined and died.

Reid, disgusted at his wife's inattention, and blindly incensed at the attraction the babe had for her, could barely stay a moment at home. He strolled out, taking the direction of the village, and on the way passing the rude cemetery. There a sight, which made him halt, dumbly met him. Dick, with bent back, was shovelling earth into a tiny grave, by the side of which Toddles knelt in the abandon of grief. On Dick's face were lines Reid had never seen before: they made him realise dimly the cause of the sorrow. In that small hole lay the remains of their one great joy, and apprehending in his stupid way, Reid turned back home—not feeling any sympathy, but filled with a half-awakened idea. He took the babe—his child—from its cradle, and gazed at it in insane jealousy. This mean mite had robbed him of his wife's love. He would kill it. But, no! The thought developed in his mind: Toddles and Dick—they have lost theirs—why not; yes, he would take the thing to them. They would find happiness in it, and he would have his wife to himself. She would turn to him in the old way, once the intruder were out of sight.

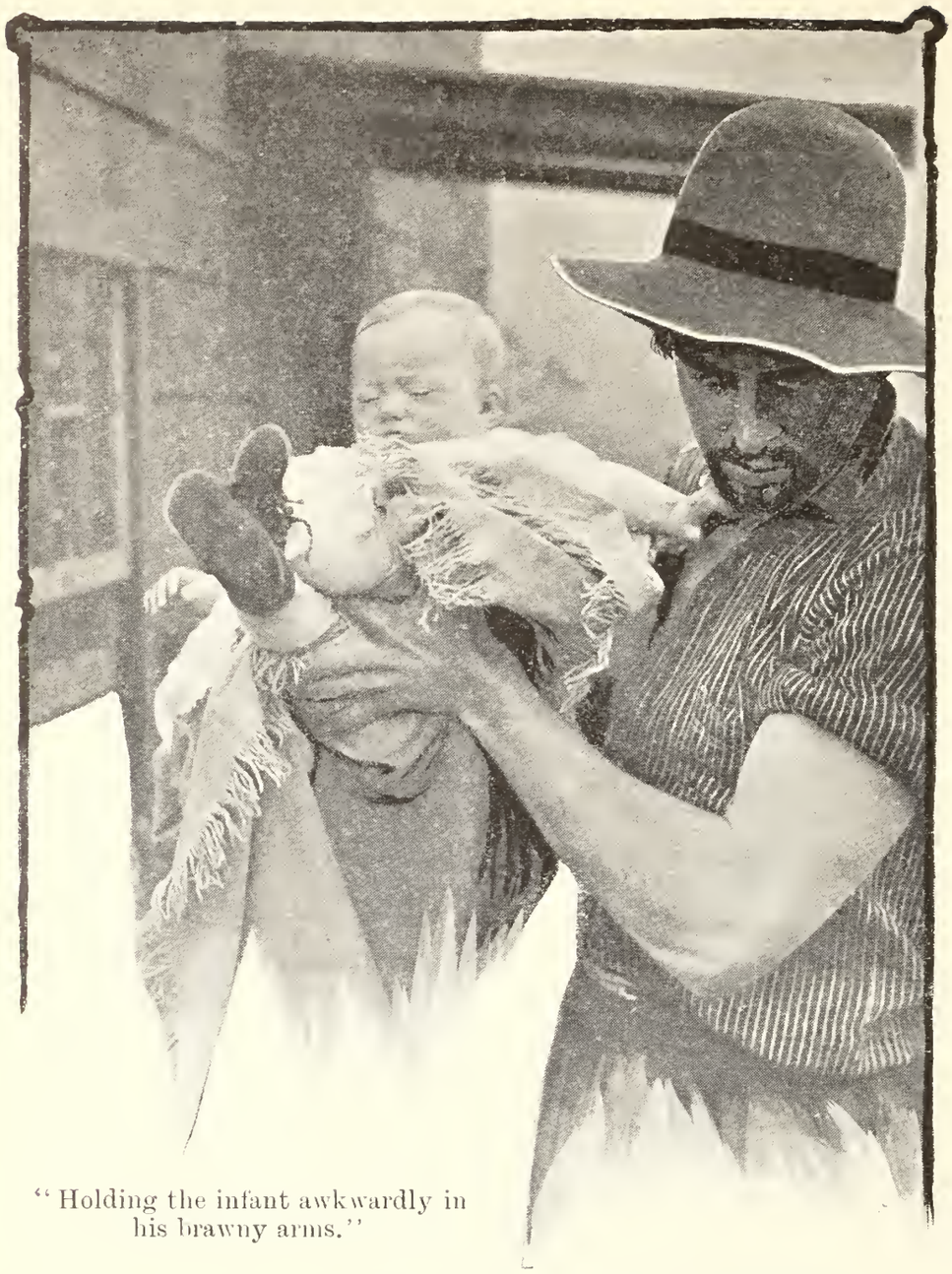


"Reid disgusted with his wife's love for the babe."

He marched down to the hut of Dick and Toddles, holding the infant awkwardly in his brawny arms. He met the bereaved pair, handed the babe to them without a word, and returned home, to meet a frenzied woman.

He took her roughly in his arms: "What is the matter, woman?" he said.

"My child, my baby, where is it? Give me my child," she moaned, and in a fierce



"Holding the infant awkwardly in his brawny arms."

effort she tore herself loose, and rushed hither and thither, asking and searching for her infant.

But no one had seen it; no one could tell her where it was.

And Reid looked on in contempt and wonderment. Contemptuous that the woman should go wild after that weakly thing when he was there; in wonder that his idea was wrong, that the intruder's absence made her take less notice of him than before.

The villagers, including Neilan, scoured the hills and neighbouring woods without success.

"If you ever loved me, find my child," cried the heart-broken mother to her old lover, and he, still fostering a tender feeling for the woman who had spurned him in earlier days, braced himself in determination to beard the "animal," whatever the consequence.

He rushed from the search party, and met Reid not far from the spot he had first been scared by him. The man's attitude was more forbidding than ever, but Neilan, after a momentary pause, took all his courage in his hands, and faced him.

"Reid, where's the child?" he cried.

"What's the durned kid to do with you anyway?" was the surly answer.

"For God's sake, man, listen. If you know where the babe is, tell. Can't yer see it will kill Pauline ef yer don't?" Neilan pleaded.

Reid advanced a step, with fist half-uplifted, but Neilan stood boldly up to him. The "animal" paused at this unexpected attitude from the man he had always deemed a skunk.

"Get out, it's too 'ot 'ere fur you," he growled.

"I didn't come to fight; but, man, realise what it means, your wife will go mad."

"What d'yer mean, go mad. What does she want that thing fur? Ain't I enough for 'er, anyhow?"

"Yes, but she must 'ev the baby also. You're nothing to her without the baby."

"Nothing to her without the baby!" That was a new thought for Reid, and Neilan, seeing he had moved him, continued: "Come, Reid; yer wife loves yer more'n anything in the world, but she must 'ev that infant. Bring the infant, an' yer'll find what I say is true."

"D' yer mean that's true, she must 'ev that thing again, or she'll 'ev nothin' to do with me?"

"You are the father of the child, and she loves yer first; but, because y'are the father, she wants it also. Follow! Come let's find the kid." And Neilan took Reid,

now passive in amazement, by the arm, and led him down.

A little way along, the "animal" took the lead. He went straight to Dick and Toddles' cot, where the pair were watching in great delight the feeble movements of the wee baby. Reid simply looked at them without words, picked up his child—more tenderly now—and carried it back home, where he placed it in its mother's arms. The woman's grief turned to joy. She could scarcely believe it: her whole store of love displayed itself in her fondling of the little thing, and the manifestation of mother-love awoke corresponding instincts in the heart of the brute man standing helplessly by.

A flood of shame and contrition overwhelmed him. He turned away aimlessly, but a word muttered in imploring soft accents brought him haltingly back.

"Dear!"

She spoke to him, not to the child.

"Dear!"

It was her thanks and love in one word.

And the man realised. He folded the mother in the fierce embrace of pent-up love, then gently bent to the babe and kissed it.

From the Rex Film which will be available for the Public on January 1st, 1914.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

The "Animal"	... ...	Mr. WALLACE REID
The Girl ...	... ...	Miss PAULINE BUSH
The Man ...	... ...	Mr. MARSHALL NEILAN
The Happy Ones	...	Miss JESSALYN VAN TRUMP
	...	Mr. D. BARLOW

REX FILMS



The Death Stone of India.

By Owen Garth, from the "101 Bison" Photo-play by James Dayton.

THERE is a little Buddhist temple to the north of Cawnpore, on the Ganges, bordering on Oudh, and there a little god is worshipped with untiring devotion by a band of Buddhist devotees, whose priests have had handed down to them through generations marvellous powers of magic which are beyond the comprehension of we Occidentals.

The little god has but one eye—a lustrous fire-flashing eye in the centre of the forehead. It is an emerald of wondrous beauty, large as a pigeon's egg, and through the mysterious working of the god it adorns, it contains extraordinary power of life or death over defilers and possessors.

Do not sneer or smile so scornfully, you who have never been beyond the limits of the Occident. There are many things we do not understand which are practised every day in the Orient. Do not shrug your shoulders and laugh disbelievingly if you have never been in India. Did you ever meet a man who, after living some years amongst the people of that land, scorned the occultism which is at work, and the superstition which mysterious happenings occasion?

Listen! I will tell you a story of the Emerald, the Eye of the God, in that little Buddhist Temple north of Cawnpore. "The Death Stone of India" it is called. And how many deaths has it occasioned? Was it not just before the terrible Mutiny that it was stolen from the temple, and after strange wanderings, fell into the hands of the ill-fated Sir Hugh Wheeler, commander of the Cawnpore garrison, the massacre of which forms one of the most hideous pages in history?

* * *

The priests of Buddha filed into the temple to pay their obeisance to their god who, raised on a dais at the far end of the edifice, sat cross-legged and immobile, gazing down on them with one fixed eye, from which brilliant rays of light flashed in every direction. Nowhere in the temple did one get away from the searching fire-flash of that eye—the mysterious emerald, known as "The Death Stone of India."

The priests in their flowing white robes, their long beards, and their expressionless features, wound between the wonderfully carved pillars silently, and with the appearance of utmost devotion. One could see as they arrived at the open space before the god, and fell prostrate to worship, a slight change in their faces, an incomprehensible change which suggested fear, apart from devotion.

All was as still as the grave, a faint odour

of burning perfume pervaded the atmosphere, arising from a huge bowl standing on three curiously carved legs beside the god on the right.

On a sudden there was a scuffle, a rushing of feet, and then, with the flashing of long knives and staves, cries of terror and pain from the priests, who were mercilessly beaten down and slain by a band of robbers, who, led by a villainous fellow—tall, gaunt, and with the yellow-black face of a devil, high-cheek bones, and queer squinting eyes—had determined on despoiling the temple of the famous gem which blazed in the forehead of the god.

The eye of the god kindles with wrath, and as the robber-band caught that flash they fell back in terror and dismay. But their leader, scorning the power of Buddha, and laughing defiance at the god, dashed on to the dais and gouged out the emerald with his knife, as a dying priest raised himself on his elbow, and expiring, cursed the defilers.

Then they fled in various directions, some of the crew running into hiding, away from the jewel; for, superstitious creatures, they were not strong enough to resist the fear the last flash of the eye of Buddha had given. Terror gripped their cowardly hearts, and they even gave up hope of spoil to be away from the influence of the strange gem.

But Gandha, the chief of the gang, and Bithra, the strong fellow from the hills, held on their course to the open country together. They hoped to reach the plain on the edge of the jungle, where no one would look for them. Gandha held the emerald rolled up in his turban, and they reached the plain towards evening, and sat down to discuss further action.

"I am strong, and not easily overcome, Gandha," said the strong man. "And it were better if I carried the stone."

"Not so, Bithra, my friend," replied Gandha, nervously feeling for the handle of his knife; for he understood what Bithra's suave words implied. "It was I who took the eye of the god; I who, when all others fell back in fright, had the courage to brave the god and take the stone: therefore, it is but right that I should carry it."

"But you are not so great as I, and your muscles are not of the same strength to resist the dangers which perhaps lay before us," said Bithra, a harsh, grating intonation robbing the words of their friendliness.

"I will hold the stone, Bithra, as I have taken it. We will sell it to some merchant proceeding to the city, many pass at this time of the year from the north, and we shall have good money to live as we will for years; and you and I shall share the money."

There was a snap in Gandha's voice; his fingers had stealthily gripped the handle of his knife, and he knew that though Bithra was stronger, he, Gandha, was quicker; and had he not become chief of a daring band of robbers by that self-same quickness with the long knife?

"I will have the stone, friend Gandha, and I will shake it from you if you do not hand it to me."

"As I have said, so will I hold the stone." Gandha felt confident of his ability to strike first.

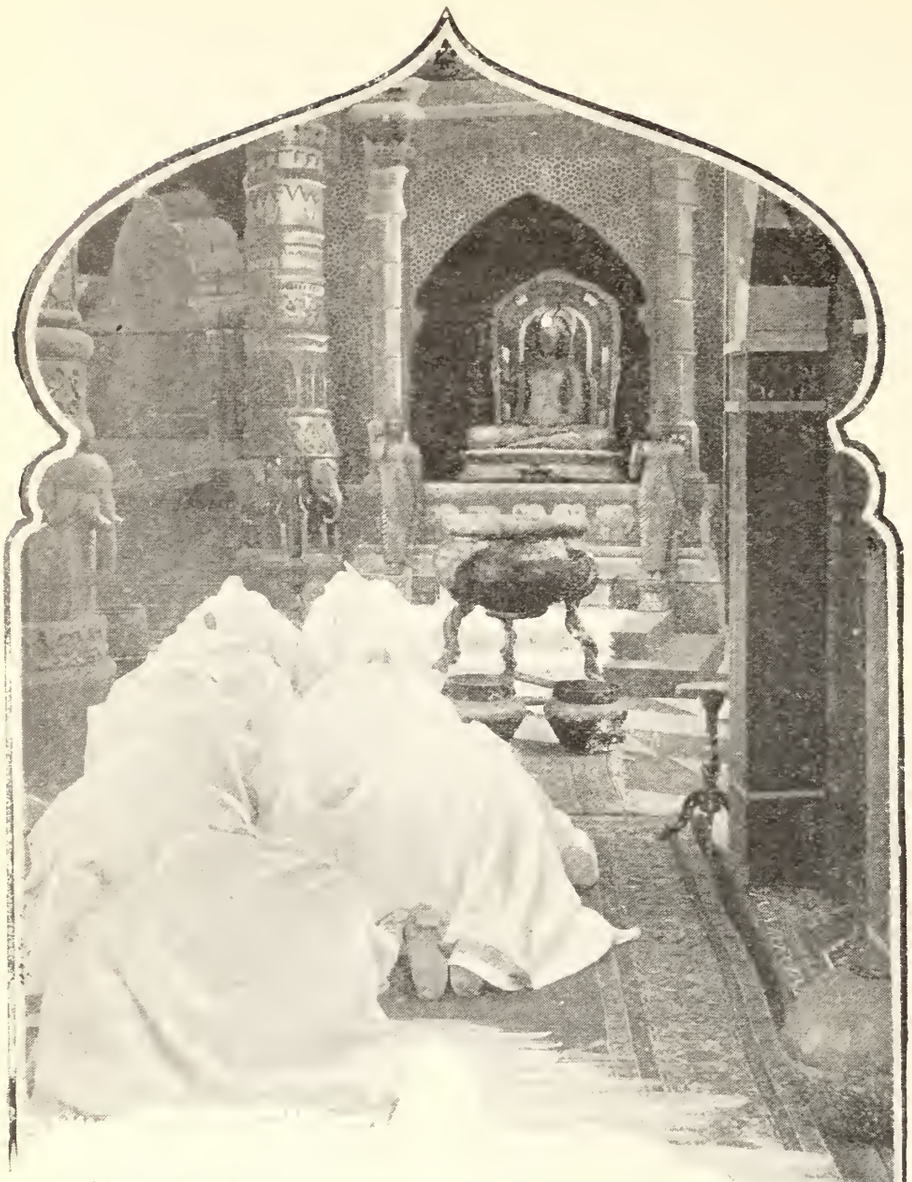
"Then I will break you like a piece of stick, and you shall lie here to rot, while the beasts and birds shall pick your bones clean, while I shall live with much money from the sale of the stone. Now, Gandha, will you give me the gem?"

Bithra meant what he said. He stood up to carry out his threat as Gandha shouted back defiance, but he had hardly straightened himself when there was a flash from the chief's upraised hand, the knife bit deep into Bithra's breast, it tore his heart asunder, and with one weak moan he sank down, dead.

So the stone—the Death Stone of India—claimed its first victim. For it was written that defilers and possessors should suffer violent death—and to hold the stone meant death.

With a glance of scorn at the prostrate form, Gandha turned, and dashed towards the jungle. Was it fright impelled him in that direction? It could not be, for Gandha was no weakling, or coward. Or was it the influence of the gem, for no one would venture in the jungle at evening by himself when the wild animals prowl round for food, and the serpents writhe in every direction, dealing death whenever disturbed! But Gandha went on into the jungle along the broad path which the merchant caravans travelling to Cawnpore took.

It became dark, Gandha could not see his hand before him. He could hear the rustling of the leaves and undergrowth on either side as small creeping things scurried away, and once a huge dark form dashed across his path, and a snake hissed at him as he passed. He cowered now in fright, he who had never feared before, and when he



"The priests of Buddha pay their obeisance to their god."

faced two large gleaming eyes in the shrubbery to his right he shrieked in dismay. He lost his reason—rushed hither and thither, and before morning he was raving mad. He stumbled on to the caravan route again, and in a frenzied despairing effort, his last, he flung the Death Stone from him. But it hung suspended in the air, and as he sank down and expired, the jewel slowly descended and rested on his breast.

So it was found next morning by a merchant, who, with his caravan, was journeying to Cawnpore to trade. He took the stone, and offered it for sale in the bazaar.

And Djahma, high priest in the temple of Buddha, through his magic knowledge, noted the toll of the Eye of the God; and a smile wreathed his stern features.

* * *

THERE had been trouble in Northern India for some time past. The compulsory enlistment scheme taking the place of the old Silladar system had caused discontent. Under the Silladar system the native soldiers received a monthly wage in return for horse and provender, and most of them were up to their eyes in debt. When the Persian war came along, and it was proposed to send Indian troops across the sea, there was further discontent, for the natives feared to lose caste by crossing the water. Now the introduction of the Minié rifle, and the greased cartridges brought further trouble. The Company did nothing to allay suspicion, or ease the minds of their native soldiers, those of whom being Mahommedans objected to biting the cartridges, as the paper was supposed to be greased with pig fat; those being Hindu, refusing, fearing to taste the fat of the sacred cow. There was ground for their fears, as investigations proved, and the authorities are to be blamed for the Mutiny, inasmuch that they did nothing in the least to obviate discontent. Remember! the Mutiny was in no way a national rising, but a factional affair engineered by a few deposed Indian princes and rulers.

In January of 1857, the mysterious chapatta, a small unleaven cake, began to be circulated; then came the rising in Calcutta, followed by the mutiny at Meerut, and the capture of Delhi by the rebels.

At Cawnpore, Sir Hugh Wheeler, an elderly general, but still a useful man, who commanded the tiny garrison, had felt the undercurrent of disturbance for some time, and the day he went down through the bazaar with his niece—the day the merchant, who had found the Death Stone, arrived—he was sensibly affected by an air of mystery which pervaded the city.

As he came into the bazaar he saw the

merchant offering the gorgeous emerald for sale, and struck by its flawless beauty, he bought it.

Back at his quarters, he handed it to his niece, saying:

"It is undoubtedly a jewel of uncommon value; such lustre I have never before seen. It has had, I am sure, a strange history." The commander turned the emerald over and over in his hands.

"Where do you think it has come from?" asked his niece, simply.

"Oh, most likely stolen from some temple: some of them are full of treasure, and many have been pillaged since our people first found their way here."

"But surely this was not stolen by Englishmen?"

"I should say not, as this merchant had it. Others have robbed as well as the conquerors; but we get the credit for all the plundering. This, no doubt, is the spoil of a northern robber band. At any rate, it is a beautiful stone—and of extraordinary size; I could not have missed the chance to obtain such a bargain," concluded the general. He little knew the element of truth contained in his words; nor was he aware how the curse of the stone had struck down the merchant in the bazaar. Further, he was not aware that a priest was at that moment stirring up discontent among his sepoys, and urging them to revolt.

A knock came at the door, and to his cry "Come in," an orderly entered, saluted, and handed Sir Hugh an official-looking envelope. Something stirred him as he opened it. When he read the contents his face blanched, and he strode from the room to put into execution that which he was advised in the despatch. He went out to put the cantonment in a state of defence, but already the sepoys had mutinied, and were preparing to attack the small band of British soldiers and residents.



"Afga and the dying High Priest."

The men, women, and children were hurried behind the weak defences of the cantonment, and preparation was made for a desperate siege, when Nana Sahib, that evil spirit of the Mutiny, came forward to treat with the commander.

Nana Sahib was the adopted son of the late Peshwa.

Rajah of Bithur, and he professed friendship for the British, but in his black heart was a deep scheme for the slaughter of the whites, wholesale. He promised them safe conduct to Allahabad, but when they marched out and down to the river, where boats were ready to carry them to safety, a murderous fire was poured upon the helpless column from hidden hordes of mutineers on the banks. The men were massacred outright, and about 200 women and children were taken back to the city and incarcerated in a horrible den which gave them hardly room to turn round, and into which scarcely a breath of fresh air could percolate.

And Djalma, the high priest, smiled as he noted the toll of the Death Stone.

The Cawnpore massacres roused the British troop to frenzied efforts. Every man from the meanest private to the commanders, burned with desire for a terrible revenge. Havelock and his little force, in the strength of their determination to teach the vile murderers a lesson, advanced by extraordinary forced marches to Cawnpore, and on the 15th July camped within a day's march of the city. And on that day the remnant of the white prisoners were brutally butchered, and their bodies thrown down a well, over which stands to-day the greatest memorial of that fearful time.

All except one little baby were hacked to pieces, and this little one escaped through the mother-instinct of a native ayah, who ran with him out of the city to the temple of Buddha, and offered him to the high priest, Djalma, for adoption.

"Holy one, I bring you this white babe as an offering to the great Buddha," she said, tendering the bundle to the priest. "Take him, and bring him up in the ways of the Great One, and maybe Holy Buddha will be pleased."

And the priest asked, "Where hast thou found the white child, woman? And who is he that I should receive him into the sanctuary of the Holy One?"

"He is the last of the feringhees. The others are all dead," the ayah replied simply.

A gleam of light came into the priest's eyes—he would make use of the babe—Buddha had ruled it so.

"I will take the babe, and he shall learn the true way. He shall grow up strong in Buddha, and shall return unto the temple the holy eye of the god."

So he took him and named him "Agfa."

* * *

After twenty years, the high priest Djalma being dead, Agfa, the white priest, ruled at the temple of Buddha, north of Cawnpore, in his stead.

To Djalma, on his death-bed, he had sworn to use every effort to regain the sacred stone, and he was thinking now of his vow, as with bowed head he wound his way through the bazaar. As he passed along, a little nautch girl stopped dancing, and her eyes followed his form in adoration and devotion. But he did not notice the reverent attitude of the men he passed among, and the love-light in the eyes of the dancing girl. His thoughts were far away from Cawnpore—he thought of the sacred eye of the god, and he determined to discover where it was now, and in whose possession.

As a matter of fact, it was now in the possession of Col. van Alston, who that day, in London, had presented it to his daughter Nellie for her birthday.

Nellie was just twenty—a lovely girl, gentle, and of adorable nature.

"Oh, papa, it is too splendid for me to wear," she cried, as she took the emerald. "Its brilliance, too—it almost frightens me; it seems to be alive as the light strikes it, and flashing angrily as if objecting to strange hands holding it. Has it any history, papa? All these great gems from India have histories."

"As to its history, child—I know nothing," Col. van Alston answered. "It comes from India, that I do know, for it was given to me by one of my greatest friends who died suddenly some short while ago."

"Didn't he tell you anything about it?"

"No, except that he said the sight of it always filled him with a strange fear; but he attributed the feeling to the value of it arousing alarm for its safety."

Nellie also felt some strange influence at work as she handled the stone, but she knew not that her every action was being watched by a white priest in India, who gazed intently into a huge crystal in the temple—a priest who, though very young, and not of the race he lived amongst, yet possessed such occult powers, learned from his predecessors, as no man outside the Buddhist priesthood would a moment give credence to.

Seeing where the stone rested in the crystal, Agfa determined to see it actually, by flying to London in his astral body. He



"Afga mysteriously appears on the scene."

saw the jewel on Nellie's dressing table as the beautiful girl lay dreaming, and satisfied, he left. In her dreams, Nellie saw the jewel, the god without its eye, and the priest, and she connected all with her emerald. She woke up in a fright to see the stone suspended in mid-air, and, with a shriek, she fell back unconscious. And then developed a strange disease, which baffled all the doctors, and nullified their knowledge.

She grew slowly worse—very slowly, and when the colonel, her father, was ordered to India, to take a command at Cawnpore, he determined to take her with him, thinking the new country would have a beneficial effect.

* * *

In Cawnpore Nellie and the colonel found great interest in the bazaar, the oriental architecture and life. One day they went north of Cawnpore, and came to the little Buddhist temple.

Nellie gripped her father's arm, a nameless fear came over her, as she looked at the building.

"Papa, what is this place? —I have seen it before, I am sure, and I feel afraid," she cried.

"No, no, child, you are dreaming. It is only a Buddhist temple, such as one may see in many parts of India. Perhaps you saw one like it as we came through."

"No, papa, I am sure I have seen it before—I remember the door, and the carving on it, and the peculiar step. Oh! I am afraid; let us return." She shook like an aspen leaf, and she turned impulsively.

"Nonsense, dear, you are not very well to-day; another day we will perhaps visit the temple again, and look inside. I'm sure it must be interesting." And as the colonel turned, he came face to face with the young priest, Agfa, who looked intently at Nellie, or rather at the stone she wore round her neck.

The girl had gone deadly pale: she clung terror-stricken to her father's arm.

There was momentary silence, then Agfa spoke:

"Your daughter, sir, is ill, but it is an illness which no doctor can cure. Take care of her."

"What the —— do you mean, speaking to me like that?" blustered the colonel, who also now had an uncanny feeling creeping down his spine. "You dare to ——"

"I dare more, sir: I dare to say that I could cure her, if you would let me try. Let me speak. I know from what she suffers. Be silent a moment and listen." as the colonel made to storm again. "I do not wish to be disrespectful. She is in grave danger. Should you need help I pray you summon me, for, as I say, I can cure her, and only I. Good-day." And Agfa passed into the temple.

"Good-day, and be hanged to you," cried the enraged colonel after him, torn with

anxiety and doubt, for the girl hung to him almost helpless, and a frightful look had settled on her face.

Agfa smiled to himself, well satisfied. He knew next day he would be wanted—and true he was. Nellie had sunk nigh unto death, and in despair the colonel sent for the strange priest.

"As I warned you," he said to the colonel, as he came to the residence; "but have no fear, in a short time your daughter will be well."

"Forgive my anger yesterday; I was upset," the colonel said simply. "If you can cure my daughter you will earn my undying gratitude."

"It shall be done; but perhaps one day you will be asked to express your gratitude in more than words," Agfa replied, as he was led to the bedside of the sick girl. She lay with her eyes fixed in a glassy stare: there was no colour in her face, yet, beyond the marks of terror, there was scarcely any appearance of illness.

The priest mumbled a few words, as he passed his hands slowly over the brow of the patient. Two or three times he drew his fingers lightly across her face, and the stare began to lose its intensity, and slowly the blood began to return to her cheeks. Agfa's cure had been effective, but before she completely awakened from her trance-like state the priest had disappeared—slipped out quietly while the parents were observing nothing but their daughter.

* * *

The cure worked miraculously, and in a few days Nelly was out again, feeling her old self, as in her happy youth in England.

She went about now by herself, and even made short trips alone beyond the walls of the city. The great emerald always hung on her neck, and the precious jewel one day attracted the attention of a small band of Thugs, who seized upon her, and would have strangled her to obtain the gem, had not Agfa mysteriously appeared on the scene.

"Away, swine," he cried in the vernacular, as he lifted his arms, "wouldst thou presume to defile the mem sahib by laying your filthy fingers on her. Away, before the vengeance of the gods falls on you."

They cowered back as he spoke, all except their leader, who, with a derisive laugh, cried, "Is it that we defile the accursed feringhee? Can our fingers defile what is already accursed? It is as conferring an honour we lay hands on the white woman."

"Back, dog!" burst out the priest in anger. "Dog thou art in heart and mind, and dog thou shalt be in form." And at the same moment the leader vanished, and a yapping cur scampered away, with its tail between its legs.

Then, turning to Nellie, Agfa said: "Come, I shall see you return safely; but first we will go to the temple, and give thanks."

"How fortunate you came. I cannot thank you sufficiently. It is beyond me to thank you. I owe my life to you a second time." Nellie spoke with emotion, scarcely knowing the words she chose.

"Perhaps I have a reason for saving your life, as you shall see," replied Agfa quietly.

"Yes; a reason in that your goodness leads you to help those in distress."



"You might be English but for the deep tan."

"Not merely that alone. Listen, I have a purpose in saving your life. Only by doing so can I keep a vow to he who was a father to me, who taught me all the things I know."

"From whom did you learn these mysterious powers—I say mysterious, yet in the atmosphere of India, they seem scarcely so to me. It seems so natural—or rather, so consistent with the people." She rambled on meditatively, but Agfa knew what she felt. He was not of the Orient; he was aware of his strange history, yet he had become more of the nature of the people he lived among than of the people he was born of. At times he felt an attraction to the British, and now, particularly, he felt drawn towards this beautiful English girl.

She broke in upon his reverie: "But you are not like these people; you might be English but for the deep tan, which could be from the terrible sun. Oh! what am I saying; pray pardon me. I did not realise what I was saying, and, indeed, had no intention of being personal and rude: I was thinking, they were my thoughts, and, unwittingly, I expressed them."

She looked up at the bronzed figure in his white garb beseechingly.

"You are right in what you have said, and have not offended me in the least. If you care, I will tell you my history. I am an Englishman, and the sole survivor, as a babe, of the massacre at Cawnpore. Shall I tell you my story?"

"Yes, please do, I should love to hear."

The white priest told his story to the attentive girl, who walked, deeply interested, at his side. They reached the steps of the temple as he finished. He made to enter, but the girl hesitated.

"I told you! had a purpose in saving your life—twice it has occurred—is there danger in my presence?" he asked. "Come, I will show you my reason."

Led by the priest, she entered. He took her through the wonderful building to the steps of Buddha, and pointed to the idol minus the eye.

"Just before the terrible Mutiny, the Eye of the God, the Death Stone of India, was stolen from the temple. Death followed the stone, murder and rapine. Every possessor till now has died a terrible and sudden death, and the present holder is in danger; has, in fact, twice been saved by my intervention from death."

His voice was earnest; his eyes were fixed on the stone on Nellie's neck. She understood—the terrible eye of the god—she was the possessor whom death stalked. Impulsively, she tore it from her neck, and, thrusting it in Agfa's hands, cried:

"Give unto the god what is the god's, restore the sacred stone—here it is."

Agfa took the gem, and reverently placed it in the eye socket of Buddha. It blazed with renewed fire and lustre, and the baleful appearance departed from it.

Then Agfa came back to the trembling girl, and folded her in his arms. They spoke no word till they were outside, and then the only words were in the soothing language of consolation. No love words were necessary. They felt.

* * *

A new life had taken possession of Agfa. He left the temple early, and strode lightly towards the city. When he came to the commander's quarters, he knocked, and asked for the colonel, who, having heard of the previous day's episode, extended a heartfelt welcome.

"Some little time ago, I said I might ask you for a sign of gratitude other than words," began the white priest. "I have come to tell you my history; before I ask my desire, it is better you know that I am of the same blood as yourself, and not a Hindu."

"But—you are a priest. You ——" gasped the colonel.

"I have come to explain, if you will have patience." And Agfa again told of his strange experiences as a babe during the Mutiny, and of the strange foster father and vows.

The colonel, recovered from his first astonishment, watched the young priest closely, noted his eyes wandering to Nellie's face, and her intent gaze at the priest. The signs he read told him more than any story. They loved each other: and, at the end of the recital, he joined their hands, saying:

"I have learnt much since I have been in India, and, though a Christian, have learnt it is unwise to deny the will of the gods, and, indeed, in this I have no desire to."



"Discovering the body in the Red Barn."

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE RED BARN.

THE title which stands at the head of this page will bring back to many old folk memories of village fairs and travelling players: canvas booths, aflare with naphtha lamps outside, and inside a company of "barnstormers" enacting, with all the harrowing details that could be crowded into the performance, the tragic story of the simple country girl who was foully done to death by the man who had loved, betrayed, and tired of her. There is hardly a village or town throughout the kingdom where the tragedy of Maria Marten has not been played, and it is still one of the most popular items in the repertoire of those exponents of the "legitimate" drama who follow their calling in the booths of that decaying institution, the old English fair.

There are, no doubt, some people who believe that the story of Maria and Corder is entirely fictitious, the product of the brain of some dramatist with a tendency to the gruesome. But it is on the contrary perfectly true in all essentials. Maria Marten was a real person. Corder was her lover, and he did kill her in the Red Barn, and bury her there; and he did at the last expiate his crime on the scaffold. It is one of the most moving and tragic stories in the annals of rural England.

It all took place in the early days of last century at Polstead, a peaceful little Suffolk village, about six miles from Hadleigh, a place of calm and quiet beauty, embosomed among rural scenery as lovely as can be seen anywhere in England. Polstead is almost unchanged to this day. It is one of those places in the rural districts where the passage of a hundred years makes little difference in external things. The pretty thatched cottage in which Maria lived with her father and mother, and Corder's

comfortable farmhouse are still standing, looking much as they did in the days of Maria's life and death; the grass is as green, in every recurring May the trees blossom, and the country smiles as serenely as it did in the May, nearly ninety years ago when that dark deed was done at night in the Red Barn.

It is a tragic story, pitiful enough, one to touch the heart. But, some will doubtless ask, is it a story to be displayed on the film? The cinema public is becoming cultivated — fastidious: it has no liking for horrors. Very true: and nobody knows it better than the Motograph Film Company and Mr. Maurice Elvey, the producer of this drama. He tells the story, but spares us the horrors. There is nothing here to make the blood run cold, but, on the contrary, a multitude of things to awaken interest, sympathy, and admiration.

Following their usual and praiseworthy practice, the Motograph Company has had the whole story reproduced in the actual place where it occurred, and there is something very thrilling in watching the meetings of Maria and her lover by the very trees and gates where they kept tryst ninety years ago.

A world of forethought, imagination, and artistic thoroughness has been bestowed upon the preparation of this remarkable film, and the result is one of which Mr. Elvey may well be proud. The photography is a triumph, and the pictured scenes form a most beautiful setting for the action of the story. The acting is of a very high order, and the picturesque costumes, rustic manners, and village merrymakings here portrayed, give an accurate and deeply interesting picture of rural England in the days when our great grandparents were young.

THE STORY.

Part I.

There had not been so much excitement in Polstead for many a long day. The young Squire, Captain Matthews, was going off to the wars, and was in the yard of the inn now with a detachment of his regiment. Brave, smart fellows they looked in their gay uniforms and quaint headgear. Captain Matthews had instructed his sergeant to get as many recruits as he could in the village, and a few sturdy lads had 'listed.

Now the time had come to leave. The Squire was already mounted, and fathers and mothers and sweethearts were bidding their farewells. A little apart from the crowd, looking on at the animated scene, stood a little group; a middle-aged, sturdy labourer, his wife, and their daughter, a pretty girl, with roses in her cheeks, and laughter in her eyes. She chatted gaily to a tall, fine young fellow, who answered her only in monosyllables, and turned his eyes every now and then to the soldiers. One would have said he was trying to make up his mind about something.

Captain Matthews, casting a look round before starting, noticed the young man.

"Now, Deaves," he said, "aren't you coming with us? There's money as well as glory to be won, man. Fighting the King's enemies is better work for a fine fellow like you than hoeing turnips in a sleepy village. You'll come back to your sweetheart a sergeant at least, and with plenty of gold clinking in your pocket. Come along!"

The young man said something in a low tone to the girl at his side. The laughter died out of her eyes, and she caught at his arm.

"Don't go, Roger," she pleaded. "You'll be killed. Stay at home here with me."

But his mind was made up now. "No, Maria," he said, "there's no chance for a man here. What the Squire says is right enough: sojerin's better'n farm work. And when I come home from the wars we'll be married. You'll be true to me, dear, till I come back?" he whispered.

"Oh, yes, Roger," she sobbed, "I'll wait for you; but oh, I'm afraid! Don't go — don't go!"

The young man gently disengaged himself, and kissed the weeping girl. Then he turned to the captain.

"I'm comin', sir," he said.

"Bravo!" cried the Squire, and the soldiers cheered. One of them took off his high, peaked, uniform cap, put it on Roger's head, and fastened a rosette in his coat. There was no going back now. He was a soldier of the King. He said good-bye to Maria, kissing her tenderly, and as he marched out of the inn yard with his new

companions he saw her crying quietly, while her father and mother strove in vain to comfort her.

While they stood there a man walked up to them. He was well-dressed, and obviously of superior station to the rest of the people in the inn yard. He raised his hat with a flourish, and the old people bobbed and curtsied deferentially.





"Maria with her father and mother. In the background is seen the actual cottage in which Maria Marten lived."

"Well, Marten," he said, "so Roger has gone for a soldier. Well, I don't blame him; he might do a deal worse. But you mustn't let Miss Maria here grieve too much. She'll spoil her pretty eyes, and lose her beauty. Come, Miss Maria, cheer up! There's just as good fish in the sea, you know!"

The girl looked at him indignantly, but he only laughed, and presently they took their leave of him. He followed Maria with his eyes, and there was an evil light in them.

"By Gad!" he said to himself: "she's a beauty," and he stood a long time thinking.

William Corder was a gentleman farmer who had once been well-to-do. The people of the village thought him well-off still, but in reality his fortunes had come to a low ebb. Well-educated, with manners which had a certain degree of polish, he kept company beyond his means, and he had, besides, the passion of gambling in his blood. His financial position at this time was such as to give him deep concern. His ease of manner and air of courteous deference made him popular with women, and there were girls in the farms and villages round about who had found reason to regret the hour when his eyes had first lighted on them. This was the man who now marked Maria Marten for his own.

The girl, with her father and mother, walked on through the village to the cottage where they lived. It was a pretty little thatched place of one storey, with half a dozen steps leading up to the front door. At the foot of the garden hedge a little stream ran tinkling pleasantly over the pebbles.

There was little sleep for Maria that night. Her thoughts were with Roger,

her soldier sweetheart, who had gone to the wars. But she rose early next morning, and did her work about the house as usual. Later in the day she was washing watercress in the little stream when Corder came by. On seeing her, he stopped and raised his hat. Maria smiled at him, and, taking this for encouragement, he began to talk, and to practice upon her the arts he had often found successful.

Maria was at first unsuspicious, and answered him freely enough, but presently, when he came close to her, and took her hand with a touch like a caress, she was startled, and drew herself away from him.

"Oh, come," he said, "there's no need to be prudish. Deaves is far enough away now. There's no harm in a little flirtation. Can't you meet me now and then?"



"William Corder, the murderer, seen standing at the gate of the actual house where the original Corder lived."

"No!" retorted Maria, indignantly, "I can't. And it isn't right of you to ask me to."

Corder seemed for a moment as if he would have tried to persuade her, but, changing his mind, he made a low bow, and with a word or two which might be taken as an expression of regret, he walked away.

But he was not the man to accept defeat at the first repulse, and he bided his time. His manner to Maria was irreproachable, and she began to lose her fear of him. She heard from Roger occasionally, until he had been away for more than a year. Then the letters stopped, and her heart wearied for news of him. * * *

One summer day she was sitting on a seat by the "Gospel Oak," under whose spreading branches, so the legend ran, the Gospel was first preached in England, when she saw coming towards her a gentleman. As he approached she saw, with a wild beating of the heart, that it was Captain Matthews. She sprang up as he stopped and raised his white beaver hat. He would give her news of Roger! But why was not Roger here himself? The captain's face was very grave.

"Oh!" she gave a little cry, "what is it? Roger! Is he——is he——" She could not say it.

Then he told her. He and Roger, returning from a reconnoitring expedition, had been caught by the enemy while they were still some distance from the main army. They had defended themselves. Roger, he told her, had fought like a hero, and had insisted on his escaping on the only horse they had. Captain Matthews had hoped to be able to return with a British force in time to save Roger, but when he came back to the place there was no sign of him or the enemy either.

He told her gently of his fear that Roger must be dead.

She burst into wild weeping. He comforted her as well as he could, and then, bending low as to a great lady, he kissed her hand and left her.

Her grief for Roger was deep and sincere; but she was young, and time heals many wounds. Roger became gradually only a memory. Corder heard the news, of course, and came to her with hypocritical sympathy. She believed it genuine, and could not help feeling flattered by his attentions. She had by this time quite got over her first instinctive feeling of dislike for him. He seemed always so considerate and sympathetic, that she came to look forward to meeting him. One day, when they were walking through a wood, he gave her his hand to help her over a bank. As though swept out of himself by the contact, he suddenly gathered her in his arms and carried her along the path into the gloom of the trees. She was startled, but not angry. Then he set her on her feet, looked at her for a moment, and in a fierce gust of passion, pressed his lips to hers,



"Roger Deaves, Maria's sweetheart, at the French wars."

kissing her madly again and again.

* * *

Corder had conquered. There was no room for Roger now in the girl's heart. Its every beat was for Corder.

STILL, the poor girl trusted and loved him, though against her better judgment. She dared not now let go of her faith in him. She had thought once or twice lately that he was growing cool towards her, but on that thought she was afraid to dwell, and she determined to make another appeal to him.

The opportunity came when she saw him one morning in the inn yard. There were many witnesses to their meeting, and he frowned angrily as she put her hand on his arm, but she was past caring for that.

The man was as jealous as a fury. One day, when passing along the road, he saw Captain Matthews turn and mount the steps of Marten's cottage. He followed cautiously, and hid behind the hedge. He saw the Squire knock; saw the door opened by Maria. He could not hear all that passed, but he heard enough to convince him that the Squire was offering her money, which, after some persuasion, she accepted. The Squire bowed and turned smilingly to descend the steps, and Corder slunk away, fierce rage in his heart. Why should Matthews give her money? Curse him! And curse her, too! He would know what this meant. He sent a note asking the girl to meet him that night, and when she came he cried out at her:

"What was Matthews doing at your house this morning?"

She laughed. "He came to see me."

"Don't trifle with me. He gave you money. Why?"

She was a little afraid now. "He said it was Roger's; it was due to him, and I had better have it now."

As she spoke she drew from her dress a long silken purse. Corder snatched it from her.

"I don't believe it," he said roughly. "There's some cursed underhand business in this. Anyhow, I'll keep the purse."

Maria burst into tears, and with a scowl he strode away and left her.

PART II.



"Roger—a prisoner."



"Corder and Maria outside the Red Barn just before the murder."

"We can't talk here," he said, impatiently. "I'll see you to-night."

"No," she replied, "I must speak to you now."

He hesitated, and then led the way to a more secluded place.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded. "I've no time to waste."

"Oh, William, don't speak like that." She was almost in tears. "I had to tell you. Somebody has been talking. Father is angry—terribly angry. He says I'm a fool, and you'll never marry me; but you will—oh, say you will!"

She clung to his arm, and tried to look in his face, but he held it averted from her. This was awkward. He had not expected this; he had thought nobody knew their secret, and now it was the talk of the place. And the girl was begging him to marry her! That, at any rate, he would never do. Why, he was tired of her already, though he had not yet made up his mind to tell her so.

"There, there," he said, caressing the hand on his sleeve. "All in good time. Of course I'll marry you. There's no hurry. I can't marry you just now, anyhow, for the fact is I'm deuced hard up. But in a few months we'll see."

And with that she was forced to be content. But she was soon undeceived. Corder began to let her see that his feelings had changed, and one day, when they met accidentally, and she began again to plead with him, he told her that their marriage would never take place. It was necessary for him to marry money, he said; to wed a penniless girl would be to ruin himself.

"And what about me!" she asked piteously, but she got no answer to that. Corder had risen and was crossing the road to speak to a lady who had ridden up on horseback and dismounted.

Maria knew the lady by sight. She was Miss Burrows, heiress to a fine estate and a big rent roll. She and Corder seemed to be on



"At the door of the Red Barn."

very good terms. They talked together in an animated fashion, Corder standing hat in hand.

Miss Burrows looked curiously at Maria several times, as though wondering in what relation the girl stood to Corder. Then they walked away together, Corder leading the horse.

The story that the farmer was paying his addresses flew round the village, and reached the ears of Maria's father. The old man questioned the girl, and then determined to take matters into his own hands. He went straight to Corder and demanded to know whether he meant to marry Maria.

"Certainly not," replied Corder coolly. "Why should I?"

Marten's eyes flashed. "Then damn you for a villain!" he cried, and drawing a knife from his belt, he made a dash at the farmer. Corder, however, was prepared for some such attack. He seized his assailant by the wrist, twisted the knife out of his hand, examined it contemptuously, and handed it back. Then, paying no further attention to Marten, he walked to his horse, vaulted into the saddle, and rode away.

He was going to call upon Miss Burrows. He had determined to put his fate to the touch, and he went confidently, for he had not much doubt that the lady would consent to give herself and her money-bags into his care and keeping.

He received an unpleasant surprise. He found her in her father's park, and when the usual greetings were over, he led her to a seat under a tree and made his proposal. She rejected him! At first he could hardly believe it, but she spoke in a manner which left no room for doubt that she meant what she said.

He pressed for a reason, and she at last told him that she had heard serious allegations against his character and reputation. She mentioned Maria's name, and though he stoutly protested that he had been maligned it was plain that she did not believe him. Her manner was contemptuous, and there was nothing for him but to accept his dismissal.

This was a blow, indeed. He felt that he hated Maria now, and vowed to be revenged upon her. Until she was silenced there could be no hope of his marrying a wealthy bride.

He hatched a devilish plot. He had never yet entered the Marten's cottage, but he went there now, when it grew dark. Marten, who was sitting smoking a long clay pipe when Corder was admitted, got up angrily, but his wife put her hand on his arm, and he listened quietly to what the visitor had to say.

Corder managed to make the old people think he had come to make his peace with Maria, and they went out of the room presently, leaving him alone with the girl. She, too, seemed to think that the visit meant a re-awakening of love on his part, and when he kissed her tenderly she was overjoyed, and and nestled down on the floor at his feet, fondling a puppy in her arms. There was no light in the room but that of the fire.

Corder passed his hand gently over the girl's hair.

"Maria," he said, softly, "I've thought better of it. I'll marry you."

Her heart leaped up, but she could not speak. She just looked at him.

"But," he went on, "I don't want a noise made about it. We'll have a runaway wedding, and you mustn't tell a soul about it. Meet me to-morrow at midnight at the Red Barn. You know the place."

"Yes," she said, doubtfully, "but why there?"

"Oh," he answered, lightly, "it's quiet, and we shall not been seen there. You must come dressed as a man. I'll have horses waiting, and we'll ride straight away together."

She was little afraid, and would not consent at first, but he persuaded her, and when he left he was satisfied that she would keep the tryst.

Next day he bought two pistols and carried them home with him. The night came, the night of May 17th, in the year 1826. Corder had been gloomy and taciturn all day, and when darkness fell he made his preparations. * * *

Marten and his wife were sound asleep when Maria crept silently downstairs. She stood a minute or two looking round the room in the flickering firelight. She opened the door softly, closed it after her, and descended the steps. At the foot she turned and stretched out her arms in farewell. Then she stepped out in the direction of Corder's farm, and found him waiting for her at the door of the Red Barn.

With an attempt at gaiety, she took off her beaver hat and made him a bow. He took her in his arms and kissed her half-heartedly. He peered about him like a

hunted man. Then he turned to the door, opened it cautiously, and motioned to her to enter.

She held back, looking closely at him. "Not inside!" she whispered, fearfully.

He swallowed something in his throat before replying, "Yes, for a minute or two. There are some things there which we must take, and if you waited outside somebody might see."

Reassured, she stepped over the threshold into the dark, and he followed her, peering cautiously round the edge of the door before he closed it.

* * *

After some time the door opened slowly, and Corder came out. His face was drawn and haggard, and his eyes stared. He buried his face in his hands, and a strong shudder shook him. Then he pulled himself together and walked away with a firm step.

* * *

Part III.

Eighteen months passed. Corder had now began to feel safe. Maria's disappearance had naturally caused much talk, and there were people in the village who connected him with the mystery, but the matter never got beyond the stage of suspicion and rumour.

Corder went about his business and his pleasure as usual. He was deep in debt, and it had become more than ever a matter of necessity that he should find a bride fairly well dowered. Since Miss Burrows had rejected him, he had been rather cold-shouldered by the people of substance in the neighbourhood, and it was clear to him that to find a wife he must look further afield. He put an advertisement in the "Sunday Times," describing himself as: "a private gentleman, aged 24, entirely independent, whose disposition is not to be exceeded." He received a reply from a Miss Mary Moore, and a meeting was arranged. He called at her house, and the lady's own statement and the proof furnished by the style in which she lived convinced him that she was comfortably off. She let it be seen that she was attracted by him; and the wooing, thus begun, was not a long one. They were married, and Corder left Polstead.

* * *

Then Roger Deaves came home. All this time he had been a prisoner of war, and now that he was free once more he wanted to see his sweetheart. Marten and his wife, looking as though they thought he was a ghost, met him in the yard of the inn.

"Why, where's Maria?" he asked, when he had greeted them. "Why isn't she here?"

Mrs. Marten burst into tears. "We don't know where she is—nobody knows."

"Nobody knows," repeated Roger, in a dull voice—"Nobody knows!" Then, turning to Marten, he said, "Here, tell me what this is all about."

The man told him all he knew, and when Roger heard how Corder had come to the house on the last night they saw their daughter, he clutched the man by the arm.

"Where is he? Where is Corder?" he cried.

"Gone away," was Marten's reply. "Married some other woman."

Then the stricken father went on to tell of their distress at Maria's disappearance, the searching, and the enquiries through the countryside.

"And from that day," he finished, "We've never seen nor heerd tell of her."

Roger went home with them. He questioned them closely, but they had nothing more to tell of their own knowledge, though they had fancies and suspicions enough.

Roger sat and listened, absently stroking a sharp little terrier which, when a puppy, had been Maria's pet. Mrs. Marten recalled that the girl had the puppy in her arms when Corder came to the cottage that night. Then she went on to tell of a dream she had had—three times, always the same dream.

"The third time was last night. I was sitting by the fire, and I fell into a doze. I dreamt I saw a young man standing just there"—pointing to the centre of the room. "He carried his hat in his hand, and wore riding-breeches and boots, and an overcoat with a cape. I could see him quite plain in the firelight. He turned his head and looked at me, and it was Maria!

"I couldn't say or do anything," Mrs. Marten went on. "I just looked at her, and I heard her say as plain as I ever heard anything: 'Mother, I was murdered! You'll find my body in the Red Barn.' It all seemed so real that when I woke up I

expected to see Maria in the room—poor lamb! But there was nobody there."

The old woman fell to weeping unrestrainedly, and Roger, strangely troubled by her story, went out, the dog following him. Instinctively, his steps turned in the direction of the farm which had been Corder's. He went into the farmyard, thinking deeply. A whining sound made him look up. The dog was scratching frantically at the door of one of the farm buildings. It was the Red Barn!

Roger's heart seemed to stand still for a moment. Then he turned, and ran back to the cottage. He returned soon with Maria's father and mother. All three were violently agitated. The dog was still scratching at the door, and whining. Roger threw the door open, and, with a yelp, the dog sprang in. They followed. In a corner of the gloomy building the terrier was scrabbing furiously at a heap of faggots and rubbish. Cold with fear, with shaking hands, Roger knelt and moved one of the faggots. Something clinked against metal. A pistol! Roger picked it up, held it out for the others to see: then laid it aside, and started to dig.

* * *

Roger now gave up all his energies to bringing Maria's murderer to justice. He found out that the pistol was one of a pair that had been sold to Corder by a local gunsmith, and, fortified with this damning evidence, he put the hounds of the law on the track of the miscreant.

It was discovered that Corder, with his wife, was keeping a school for young ladies at Grove House, Brentford, Middlesex. Lea, a famous Bow Street runner, was instructed to go there, and effect the arrest. He went



"Corder proposing to Mary Moore, whom he afterwards married."

armed, and when he walked up to the door of Grove House he left half-a-dozen armed men outside.

Within the house there was laughter and merry-making. Corder himself was entertaining some of the pupils with amusing stories while boiling eggs for their tea. A maid came to say that a gentleman had called to see him. Suspecting nothing, he left the laughing girls, and went to his study.

Lea had been waiting some minutes, and

had made good use of his time. In a drawer of the writing-table he had found a pistol—the fellow of the one Roger had discovered in the Red Barn!

When Corder appeared Lea expressed a wish to place his daughter in the school. Corder sat at the table, and began to write down particulars given him by Lea. He looked cheerful and prosperous. Turning to ask a question, he found himself looking into the barrel of a pistol.

"William Corder," said Lea sternly, "I arrest you for the murder of Maria Marten, in the Red Barn at Polstead."

"It's a lie!" Corder screamed, but he went as white as death. His teeth chattered, and he clutched at the table for support. He soon recovered, however. His right hand went stealthily to his pocket, and he drew a pistol.

"None of that!" said Lea quietly, and Corder's hand fell to his side. Suddenly he leaped to his feet.

"This is an outrage," he cried. "You shall pay for this. Murder! I wonder what next!"

Suddenly he made a rush at the officer, and the two men were locked in a life and death struggle.

Corder's shouts brought his wife to his assistance. She went behind Lea, and, with her hands round his throat, dragged upon him. He turned to shake her off, and Corder, seizing his chance, felled him with a smashing blow with the butt of his pistol. Then he dashed out of the house, and up the road, with Lea's men after him. He turned from the road presently, through a gate into a stack-yard. The runners came up, and stopped outside the gate, keeping in the cover of the hedge.

After a few minutes Corder appeared, took aim and fired, hitting nobody. He was untouched by the answering shots. Then, reloading, he started to climb one of the stacks. The runners dashed into the yard, and two or three of them began to climb the stack after their quarry. He turned and fired, and one of the men gave a cry, let go his hold, and fell to the ground.

"Quick!" cried another, "before he has time to reload!"

One of the runners was very near to Corder now. He closed with him, and the two, struggling fiercely, rolled over and over to the ground, where Corder was quickly overpowered.

He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced. The jail doors closed on him, and did not open again until, on the eleventh day of August, 1828, he was taken out to execution, amid the execrations of the populace, who, if they could have got at him, would have torn him limb from limb.



Produced and Controlled by the Motograph Film Co.

CAST:

Maria Marten	ELIZABETH RISDON
William Corder	FREDERICK GROVES
Roger Deaves	DOUGLAS PAYNE
Capt. Mathews	MAURICE ELVEY
Thomas Marten	A. G. OGAN
Mrs. Marten	NESSIE BLACKFORD
Miss Mary Moore	MARY MACKENZIE



Drama by Essanay.

"LOOK here, mother, I've had enough of it—enough of the city, I mean. I can't stand it any longer."

Mrs. Hammond, busy at her needlework, looked up at her big, broad-shouldered son. She had seen more years and more sorrow, than he, and she dreaded lest he should on an impulse sacrifice his post in the city, and find himself no better, but perhaps worse off than before. She sighed as she answered:

"Yes, I know it must be dull and monotonous; but it is safe, and brings in a steady income."

"Oh, it's steady enough, and small enough too—hardly enough to live on, even as we live."

"But we are quite comfortable, my boy," said his mother, "and you'll get more money one day. You are so clever; they are sure to promote you before long."

"Not much hope of that," John shrugged. "Besides, I can't bear to see you having to work like this. I want you to enjoy some of the good things of life."

Mrs. Hammond smiled up at him. "I'm quite happy," she said. "I think you had better stay on at the office, John."

"No, mother, I can't. It's no good. I wasn't cut out for it. I want to get out into the open, where I can breathe, and make money, and enjoy life and give you a good time. That's what I want, and I believe I've found out how to do it."

He produced a newspaper and spread it out on the table, pointing to an advertisement in bold, black type.

"There, mother," he cried with enthusiasm; "read that!"

The advertisement was headed, "Go South, Young Man," and told how fortunes were to be made quite easily, provided you were prepared to lay out two-hundred-and-fifty dollars in the purchase of twenty acres of land. Wonderful land it was—a land flowing with milk and honey, a veritable earthly paradise.

Mrs. Hammond shook her head doubtfully. "But, my dear boy, you don't know anything about farming."

"Oh, I can soon learn," was the confident reply. "Besides, with land like that, anybody can make a living—anybody who's willing to work, that is. What do you say, mother? Shall we try it?"



"'There, mother,' he cried with enthusiasm; 'read that!'"

Mrs. Hammond was not yet convinced, but after a while John's enthusiasm prevailed upon her, and they began to discuss ways and means. John had not been able to save much out of his salary. By the time they had paid the two-hundred-and-fifty dollars and their fares down South there would be little enough left. But if John was lacking in cash, he had an inexhaustible fund of hope and enthusiasm.

So it happened that Mr. John Rogers, president of the Sunny South Land Company, received a call from the widow and her son. He gave them a warm welcome, and congratulated John upon his decision to become a farmer and cultivate his own land. He won the widow's heart completely by assuring her that such a fine young fellow as her son was sure to succeed. Documents were drawn up and signed, and in a few minutes John had paid over his two-hundred-and-fifty dollars, and had become owner of twenty acres of the finest land in the States. Mr. Rogers said so. He shook the young man by the hand, and wished him the best of luck. And Mr. Frank Morton, the secretary of the Sunny South Land Company, seconded Mr. Rogers's good wishes.

In a few days John and his mother were on their way to the South and a new life.

After a long and fatiguing railway journey they arrived at the town in the neighbourhood of which their land of promise was situated.

As soon as John could get a horse and trap, they started off to inspect their purchase. The prospect, as they left the town behind them, was not cheering. As they drove along, the road grew worse, until it became at length a mere rough track, with a waste of tall reeds and rushes stretching away on either side as far as the eye could see.

Here and there on the way, they passed posts, evidently put there to mark out plots. John was looking for a post marked "D48," and he looked at each one they passed, fearing it might be his. Presently they came to a small clearing where two or three men were loading a waggon with bundles of reeds. John pulled up and hailed, and an old man, bent with rheumatism, and leaning on a stick, came shuffling to the side of the trap.

"Does this land belong to the Sunny South Land Company!" asked John.

"Waal," was the slow answer, "it do—if you call it land."

"Then where are the farms!"

"Farms!" repeated the old man with a cackling laugh. "There ain't no farms, I reckon. Why, stranger, nothin' can't grow here—nothin' but these here flags." He waved his hand to the reeds on either side.

John felt his dreams slipping away from him. He thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a neatly folded plan, which he spread out. He pointed to a section coloured red and numbered "D48."

"That's my plot," he said—"twenty acres

of it. How do I get to it?"

"Yours, is it?" queried the old man. "Well, it ain't no affair of mine, I reckon."

He told John how to find his property, and went back to the waggon. John and his mother drove on. Presently they saw in the distance what seemed to be an encampment. They heard voices. John left his mother in the trap and went to make enquiries. As he came near the village, or camp, or whatever it was, his attention was arrested by a board nailed to a post, and bearing in big black letters the word "SWAMPVILLE."

The name was appropriate enough, and had a certain grim humour of its own. John went on to where he could see men and women among the tents—some working, some talking together—and ragged, half-starved-looking children standing around.

Two or three of the men came forward on seeing a stranger. John wasted no time on preliminaries, but produced his plan and enquired where "D48" was to be found.

"Bought it?" asked one of the men.

"Yes. Paid two-hundred-and-fifty dollars for it. What sort of land is it?"

"Land!" laughed the man. "It's land and water—swamp! Old Rogers has swindled you, as he swindled us got our money and sent us down to this fever-ridden, God-forsaken country to starve and die. Curse him! If ever I get a sight of the dirty scoundrel I'll shoot him like a dog. And there's others here like me." The man's eyes blazed.

"But if it's all swamp," said John, "how do you manage to make a living?"

"We don't live," was the reply; "we're dying by inches all the time. We make a little money harvesting the flags, and that prolongs the agony. We've all got malaria in our bones. You'd better go back while you've got the chance."

"No," said John, setting his teeth, "I reckon I'll stay and see what I can do. I can't go back, anyhow—I've put all my savings into this land."

"Well, I'm sorry for you," said the man, "but we're all in the same boat."

John walked slowly back to where his mother was waiting. After some time they found the post marked "D48," and John helped his mother out of the trap.

"Here we are, mother," he said with a bitter laugh; "here's the land that's going to make our fortunes!"

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Hammond, and burst into tears.

In a moment John's arms were round her. "There, mother," he said, "don't give way. I'll have to set to work to earn enough to take us back North again, that's all."

But there was a grim look on his face. He clenched his fist, and beneath his breath cursed the man who had taken his savings, and given him in return this horrible swamp.



"Documents were drawn up and signed."

In Swampville there were men and women worse off than John and his mother. They too had come South full of hope, but hope had long since turned to despair. Day after day they laboured in the broiling sun in that pestilential swamp, wearing their lives away in a hopeless endeavour to win a livelihood. Men saw their wives grow weary and worn, and their little children sicken and die. And they cursed John Rogers, and swore that there should be a day of reckoning for him, and that he should pay for their misery.

John Rogers, in his office in the great city in the North, neither heard their curses, nor felt their hatred. The president and the secretary of the Sunny South Land Company

drank success to their fiendish schemes. They chuckled as they counted their gains.

They were growing rich; they were coining money. What did it matter to them that their wealth was made by destroying the souls and bodies of men and women?

II.

The more John thought over the matter, the more hopeless it seemed that he could ever win a livelihood for himself and his mother from such a swamp. It was with a heavy heart that he began his preparations. There was no timber anywhere near for house-building, and they were forced to become tent-dwellers like the other residents of Swampville. As soon as the tent had been fixed up and scantily furnished, John began work in earnest, cutting the flags, and tying them into bunches for market. Mrs. Hammond insisted upon helping him, in spite of his protests.

The work was terribly hard, and the money they earned barely sufficed to provide food. John reproached himself constantly for having brought his mother to such a place, and as the days passed he grew morose and silent, and began to despair of ever getting away. He began to brood, and at last he sought solace in drink. For a time he kept the secret from his mother, but one day she saw him put a flask to his lips, drink, and slip it back slily into his pocket. Terror seized upon her. She knew that if her boy gave way to drink it meant ruin for them both. With uncertain steps, she crossed to where he was standing.

"John," she said, in a low, reproachful voice—"oh, John!"

He hung his head sullenly. "Well, what's a man to do in this hell on earth? If I didn't drink I should go mad."

"You'll go mad if you do," rejoined his mother, sadly. "My poor boy—my poor boy! Give me the flask."

There was a pause, and then John handed it to her and turned away, overcome with shame and remorse.

So the days passed, each more dreary and hopeless than the last.

They were at their accustomed labour one day, with the sun beating fiercely upon them, when John was startled by a childish voice at his elbow.

"Please, I'm lost," it said.

John turned, and saw a little girl. No Swampville child this. Her pretty white frock, and dainty shoes, proclaimed her the darling of well-to-do parents. Her hair was tied with dainty white silk ribbon, and her sweet little face bore traces of tears. John stared at her.

"Lost!" he said.

"Yes, I came for a ride in the motor-car, and I ran away, and now I can't find my way back to the road."

"Oh," said John, "that's soon put right": and he pointed in the direction she was to take. The little girl thanked him and trotted off, and he went on with his work.

He might have been more interested in the child if he had known that she was Josephine Rogers, the daughter of the swindling president of the Sunny South Land Company. Business had called Mr. Rogers South, and he had brought his wife and child with him. He knew better than to come to Swampville itself; he enjoyed his life too well to risk it in that way. He had put up at the best hotel in the nearest town. But Josephine had begged for a ride in the car, and Mr. Rogers had told the chauffeur to give her a run round. The car had broken down, and while the man was doing the necessary repairs, the child had slipped away, wandered off the road in search of wild flowers, and got lost in the swamp.

But John Hammond did not know all this, and he went on working. He had just risen to his feet after tying a bundle of reeds, and, glancing across at his mother, who was working at a little distance from him, he saw her put her hand suddenly to her head, totter, and fall heavily to the ground. He rushed to the spot, and found her unconscious, overcome by the terrible heat. In answer to his shout an old man appeared, and they carried the poor woman to the tent, and laid her upon the bed.

The old man looked grave. "It's malaria, I reckon," he said. "Better go for the doctor. I'll stay till ye come back."

John started off at once. He had a long way to go, and he had to go on foot. Fortunately, the doctor kept a horse. The young man saw him ride out on his errand of mercy, and began his return journey at about the time when Mr. Rogers, driven at frantic speed by his frightened chauffeur, jumped out of his car at the spot where Josephine had slipped away some time earlier.

The president of the Sunny South Land



"He clenched his fist, and beneath his breath cursed the man who had taken his savings."

Company was half mad with fear and distress at his daughter's disappearance. He plunged into the reeds, the chauffeur following him. He shouted the little girl's name at the top of his voice, but there was no answer. After a time he found Josephine's hat, and his heart went cold with fear. There were death-traps in this swamp, as none knew better than he. More than one man had stepped unwarily out of the beaten track on to the treacherous bog, and been heard of no more. Perhaps his little Josephine ——! He put the thought from him with a shudder, but it came back again, clutching with icy fingers at his heart.

* * *

John Hammond, making his way back to the tent, where he had left his mother, came to a stand on seeing a white ribbon entangled in the reeds. He picked it up, and recognised it as the silk ribbon worn by the little girl who had been lost. Then she had not found the road! For a minute he paused, considering whether he should turn aside to look for her. Then he remembered his mother—ill, perhaps dying—and started forward again.

Hark! Was that a cry? He stood listening. Yes, there it was again, a shrill, frightened cry—"Help! help!"

That was enough for John. With an answering shout he dashed into the thick reeds, ploughing his way in the direction of the sound. The cry came again, feebler

now, and John burst clear of the reeds, to see a little girl waist-deep in the treacherous marsh mud, clutching with feeble hands at the firmer ground on the edge of the morass. He bent down, seized her hands, and, with a mighty effort, pulled her clear of the mud. Even as he did so, the poor little girl fainted clean away. Fortunately, his tent was not far off, and gathering the child in his arms, John carried her there.

The doctor was just leaving. His remedies had been effective, and Mrs. Hammond had recovered consciousness. She was able to get up when John burst into the tent, and placed the lost child tenderly on the bed. He explained briefly where he had found her, and the doctor, after a hasty examination, declared that she would be alright in an hour or so.

Meanwhile, despairing of finding Josephine without assistance, Mr. Rogers decided to venture into Swampville, and appeal for volunteers. He went, not without fear, for he knew that the place was full of his victims, and that many had sworn to kill him.

He had no sooner reached the miserable village than the report of a rifle rang out, and a bullet whistled past his ear. He turned in a fright, and would have run for his life, but by this time the whole place was in an uproar. Men and women surged around him, with shouts of "Rogers! Rogers!" "Kill the swindler!"

It would have been all over with the president of the Sunny South Land Company, if at that moment the doctor had not ridden into the village on his way back from the Hammonds' tent. The infuriated crowd ceased from belabouring Rogers, in order to explain to the doctor what had occurred. The respite gave the unhappy swindler a chance to speak, and he announced, in a quavering voice, that his daughter was loss in the marshes, and that he would make amends to all of them, if they would help him to find her.

"She's found already," said the doctor, with a look of contempt at Rogers.

"Found! Where? How? Tell me where she is—quick!"

The doctor directed him to the Hammonds' tent, and he rushed off, bursting in on John and his mother as they stood looking down at the child, who was just coming to herself.

"Josephine! Josephine!" he cried, and elbowing the other two roughly aside, he bent and clasped his daughter in his arms.

As yet John had not seen his face, but Mrs. Hammond had.

"It's Rogers!" she whispered.

"What!" John started, as if he had been stung. He clenched his fist and took a step forward as Rogers rose.

"You scoundrel!" cried the young man. "You swindler! I wonder you've got the nerve to come here after the way you've treated us and other poor devils in this cursed place. Now I'm going to give you what you deserve."

He raised his fist threatingly, and Rogers recoiled.

"No, no," he said, "I didn't know—I didn't know. I'll give you your money back—I'll do anything. Here, take this," and he thrust a bag of money into John's hand. Then, lifting Josephine in his arms, he was gone.

When John had recovered from his surprise, he counted the money in the bag.

"Mother," he said, "we can go back North now."

And they left Swampville that very day.

Produced and controlled by the Essanay Film Co.

Released Jan. 29th.

CAST:

John Hammond ...	A poorly paid City man	... FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
Mrs. Hammond ...	His mother	... HELEN DUNBAR
John Rogers ...	President—Sunny South Land Co.	... FRANK DAYTON
Frank Morton ...	Secretary of the Company	... WILLIAM BAILEY
Mrs. Rogers ...	The President's wife	... JUANITA DALMOREZ
Josephine ...	Their daughter	... JOSEPHINE DUVAL

ON THE SCREEN.

By EVAN STRONG.

PROSIT! New Year. Because your months will mark the period of an extraordinary epoch in Cinematography. We extend to you a handful of hands. We look forward with radiant hope realising the possibilities, aye, and the great probabilities of the near future.

* * *

Do you make reckless resolutions for the New Year? I do—most reckless ones. I promise my conscience all sorts of restraints, but every New Year regularly—unfailingly, an antagonistic spirit spurs me to burst the self-imposed bonds, and New Year's Day sees all self-promises swept away in an avalanche of debauchery. A double packet of cigarettes is procured, the glass is filled a second time, and bed does not see me till hours later than the general one o'clock. Those "wee sma' hours, ayont the twal," on New Year's Day in the morning, and the bright spots which throw a warm light on the life of the coming year.

* * *

Cut down my baccy bill,
Reduce my glass of beer;
I will not drink another gill—
I will not wish another ill—
Nor smoke a pipe 'fore dinner 'til
I've grown both old and sere.
These resolutions bold

I made 'fore New Year's day,
But well I knew they would not hold—
And never will until I'm "mould"—
I bust the limit, so I'm told,
On New Year's Day. Hurrah!

* * *

What new fields will be opened up for the cinematograph in the New Year? Are we to see as great progress in the next twelve months as we have seen in 1913? Why not! The march of the science of motion photography is ever onward—there are many paths yet untrodden, and many regions but cursorily explored. It is well within the bounds of reason to expect pictures by wireless before long; it has already been attempted with more or less success; and hospitals cannot long withstand the invading forces of cinematography. Doctors everywhere welcome the inventions and research of a few noble spirits, who, realising the advantages held out by cinematographic diagnosis, are busy experimenting with X-ray motion picture machines and microscopic photography. When their investigations are complete, the most elusive disease, bacillus, will be traced to its lair and treated according to its merits.

* * *

The topical picture newspaper is going to be greatly developed in 1914. The doings of people in the far corners of the earth will be brought nearer day by day. People will attend their theatres to learn the news of the hour from out-of-the-way and strange places as well as to be amused; the school authorities will be brought to see that the motion picture lesson is the greatest obviator of truancy, and that it is just as easy and more effective to teach children by moving pictures that: "The horse gallops," "The birds fly," "The tiger prowls," and "Fishes swim," as it is by sketches—in doubtful correctness—on a blackboard, with the written sentences below.

* * *

Yes, the year 1914 is going to witness progress of an extraordinary nature. The Government and the local authorities will perhaps learn that the picture palace is the greatest advocate and influence against drunkenness and crime; clergymen will be led to appreciate the value of the *morale* picture over the laboured sermon; and the military and naval chiefs will recognise it as a powerful recruiting agency. It will be employed in a multitude of ways yet unconceived, and in future years 1914 will be looked back on as an epoch-making period in the uplifting of the masses through cinematography.

* * *

The silent drama, as the photo-play is sometimes called, receives a deal of attention



from musicians and others, who attempt to enliven the cinemas somewhat. That they have been successful, I will admit to some extent—at any rate, they certainly liven up matters a little, but would it not be better if more attention were given to the music and mechanical noises? Germany has some of the most pleasant picture theatres in the world, and they are able to command high entrance fees, and still crowd the places out.

I attribute this mainly to the greater attention paid to cinema music. How often, here in England, is one disgusted with the incongruous tinkling of amateurs on cottage pianofortes at the picture shows? There are few places, even in Town, where one would go to hear the orchestras; but I assure you there are places on the continent where one would gladly pay a shilling or two for a comfortable seat, to hear the excellent music which is provided as accompaniment to the pictures. Improvement could be made in England. I know one or two palaces in London it is a pleasure to go to, but one cannot always reach these places. As for mechanical noises, it is a matter of taste. One likes the introduction of artificial means to aid a greater realism in the picture; the other requires to admire in absolute silence. For myself, if the mechanical noises are good, and synchronise exactly, I raise no objection to them.

* * *

Is the picture-play going to oust the stage from its place in the front rank of entertainments? Some writers are immensely concerned about it. Scarcely any need to be, because as soon as any form of entertainment loses its hold on the people it is time to let it drop. As a matter of fact, the legitimate stage is not being hurt by the photo-play. The life we lead demands that we have varied and more forms of amusement and relaxation, and because the cinema has come to fill a want, it does not mean that it is going to kill anything. When the theatre does feel the effect, perhaps it will discover a means of supplying something more palatable to the classes and masses.

* * *

To the Syracuse University, N.Y., belongs the credit of being the first academical body to institute a professorship of cinematography. Opportunity will be afforded for study and graduating in the art, but the credit of affording similar advantages to persons of limited means belongs to England. In various parts of Europe—Germany, Austria, France, England, etc.—for many years now, there have been founded polytechnics or technical institutes, where photography can be studied for little money. The study can be followed up by examination and honours if one wishes. Now, just lately, the Polytechnic Institute in London, under Prof. E. Howard Farmer, is opening classes for the study of motion pictures, and Prof. Farmer's idea is to give young students the opportunity of studying properly the art and science for a nominal fee. Prof. Farmer has taught thousands of photographers during the last quarter of a century, and we owe some of our finest artists to his careful training and tuition.

* * *

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof." There have been many attacks lately by church and chapel on the Sunday opening of cinemas. The attackers naturally plead that the pictures attract people away from places of worship, but, unnaturally, add that the Sunday opening of the cinemas tends to create indifference to religion and duty, and causes rowdysm. This latter charge has been proved false in parts of the country where it has been tested, and the authorities have given blank denial to the charges. It seems that if persons cannot go to the picture palace they will not go to church—and many will wander into the



public house. Let us have more cinemas open on Sunday, and not the church attendance will diminish particularly, but that of the street parade and hotel bar.

* * *

A final New Year fling:

"No more I'll waste my hard-earned cash
On 'baccy all reduced to ash,
Or foaming goblet full of wine,
But, just for sake of Auld Lang Syne,
I'll go the picture shows instead:"
These were the words the fellow said.

"I shall cut down my dress account—
By paying cash I'll get discount—
My clothes I'll mend, and hats remake,
Do with less chocolates, and—wait:
If I save money at this rate"—
The happy thoughts her spirit raise:
"I'll have much more for picture plays."

I am compelled to take up the educational side of cinematography again, not in order to force down anyone's throat the value of the motion-picture in this respect, but to show that in other countries this fact is being realised to a greater extent than in England. I must recapitulate one or two items: Italy intends using the cinematograph machine to teach her millions the election system—she has also arranged facilities for the projection of "The Last Days of Pompeii" in the schools; Japan has circularised all the great motion-picture producers, inviting them to send educational pictures for viewing by a commission, before being placed in her schools. Now we hear from Germany that a conference of the big wigs in the steel and iron industry have decided to inaugurate a service of motion-pictures, in the interests of German manufacturers in foreign markets. The films will show the development of German industries, and are intended for propagation, particularly in the Far East, where our Teutonic friends are making a bold effort to oust British and American manufacturers. America leads the way in picture production, and cinematography is put to many useful purposes over there. The latest idea emanates from the United States Department of Health. This Department has made arrangements for motion-pictures of personel, their work and sanitary means employed for combating disease. It is anticipated that these pictures, which will be loaned free to cinemas, will educate people in the care of their homes, general cleanliness, and the methods of preventing the spread of infectious complaints. At any rate the influence of such pictures should be great, and one can but wish that the Health Authorities of Great Britain will not much longer disdain this effective means of necessary education for all classes.

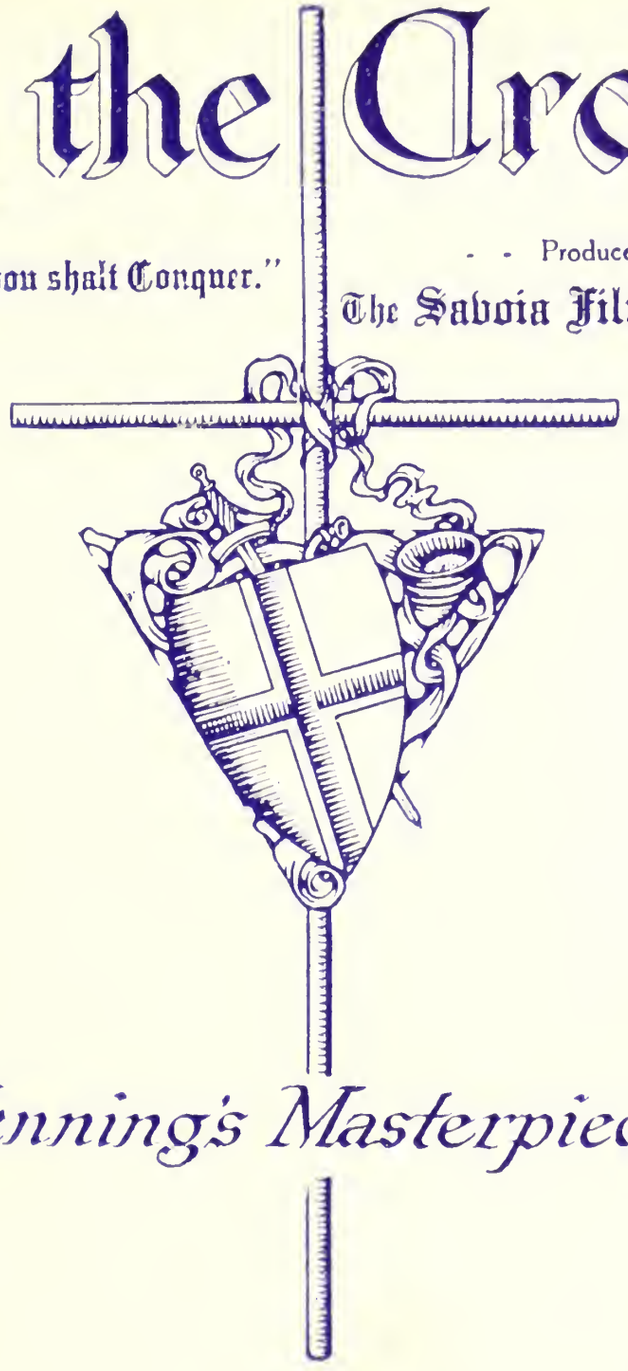


By the Cross

"By this Sign, Thou shalt Conquer."

- - Produced by - -

The Savoia Film Co., of Turin.



Fenning's Masterpiece

PART I.

MAXIMIAN HERCULES has renounced his Empire, but his forced idleness weighs heavily upon him, owing to the passion of dominion and the habit of tyranny having become so engrained in his nature. Also, in spite of the advice of his colleagues, he dreams to regain the sovereignty, and it is with this end in view that he chooses Milan, the second capital of the Eastern Empire, in which to celebrate his triumphant return to power.

At the time which he has fixed for this ceremony, Licinius, the young Cæsar of Illyria, is at Milan, also the beautiful and virtuous Constance, who is acting as representative of her brother, Constantine, Emperor of the Gauls, accompanied by his wife, Fausta, daughter of Maximian, who had caused her to be married to Constantine for base political motives.

Licinius is charmed by the beauty and virtue of Constance, who, on her part, has become enamoured by the uprightness, strength, and indomitable bravery of Licinius. A tender and pure idyll springs up between them, and this does not escape the notice of Fausta.

Such is the situation on the arrival of Maximian, who returns from the camp of Lodi where he has received the oath of allegiance of the army. The crowd, impatient in its triumph, presses around his passage right to the entrance of the Imperial Palace, where he is awaited by the two

young princesses and Licinius.

Maximian wishing, with the aid of Constantine, to rid himself of Maxence, endeavours to strengthen the bonds which unite him to Constantine by marrying Constance, first ridding himself of his wife, Eutropia. Fausta is aware of this project, which, if successful, will succeed in



"The Conversion of Constance."

estranging Constance and Licinius. Their attachment must be broken at all costs: therefore, immediately Maximian enters the palace, and before the cheers of the populace have subsided, Fausta, at a sign from her father, leaves him alone with Constance to enable him to proffer his suit, but Constance, horrified, indignantly rejects his proposals. Maximian will not, however, admit himself beaten, and vows to accomplish his ends.



"Maximian gives a splendid feast."

Constance feels herself strangely agitated—her mother, Helen, who is a Christian, has often pointed towards the Heavens and said, "It is from there that we derive strength in the time of danger." Being already naturally inclined towards Christianity, Constance feels that by this means alone can she find salvation, and therefore secretly visits the Bishop Maternus, Prelate of Lombardy, who, in the Gardens of Philip, teaches her the fundamental truths of Christianity and baptises her.

Part II.

Fausta, who has followed Constance, informs Maximian of all that has happened and they decide to act. They first try the temptation of pleasure. Maximian gives a splendid feast, hoping that, in an atmosphere of luxury the resistance of Constance will be overcome, but she, still uplifted by the Sacrament which she has just received, refuses to follow Fausta, who is sent by the Emperor to bring her to the festal hall. Temptation having failed, violence must be resorted to—the faith of Constance must be suppressed. Maximian calls together the priests of the idols, and in their presence destroys the edict of tolerance of the Christian religion signed by his predecessors, saying, "As the resistance comes from Christianity: war on Christianity." The followers of Christ will fall in thousands until the time that Constance shall give way to Maximian.

At the instigation of Fausta, Constance is compelled to witness a series of gladiatorial combats and massacres of Christians which are enthusiastically applauded by the fierce populace. The spectacle of a soldier leaving the ranks and confessing his faith, being immediately put to death by order of the furious Emperor, teaches Constance that firmness will lead to triumph, and, with lips firmly closed, she resists all attempts to make her forswear her faith, and holds herself ready to shed her blood for the glory of Christ.

Maximian submits her to a further ordeal. At the Lodi camp he commands the soldiers to throw incense on a pagan altar. Numbers obey, but there are three who refuse to render homage to an idol, and prefer to seal their faith with their blood. They throw their arms at the feet of the tyrant, who causes them to be immediately put to death. As their corpses pass in chariots before the Imperial pavilion, Fausta whispers to Constance, "Give way to the Emperor and all this will end—if not, tremble also for yourself." The bodies of the victims are thrown into the forest, where the wild

beasts, far from ravaging their remains, range themselves round the bodies in the form of a miraculous guard of honour. Night falls; the Christians, lead by the Bishop Maternus, come to remove the bodies for burial. Constance is at prayer in her chamber, when Maximian appears and makes a last appeal, but is forced to retire, infuriated by her resistance. Constance resolves to flee, and takes refuge with the Bishop Maternus, who exhorts her to have courage and, promising better days, blesses her love for Licinius. Fausta and Maximian are furious at their setback, and Constance leaves by the road to Gaul to place herself under the protection of her brother, the Emperor Constantine.

Part III.

Constance arrives unexpectedly at Constantine's palace. Here, instead of luxury and vice, the predominant features are virtue and goodness. Constantine, with the help of his mother, occupies himself in governing wisely, administers justice, distributes alms and succours the poor and oppressed, paving the way for Christianity in the world. Constance informs her brother of the temptations with which she has been assailed, and the horrible spectacles she has been forced to witness. Constantine is furious at the recital of these infamies which bring dishonour on his family and Imperial dignity. On the pedestal of a statue of Maximian the title "Divine" has been engraved, but Constantine erases it with the point of his sword, saying to the astonished soldiers, "He who conducts himself like a beast cannot be called 'divine.'"



"Constance at prayer."

Maximian and Fausta, who had nevertheless decided to continue their attempts, even at the court of Constantine, learn by this action that they have to fear a terrible vengeance. They therefore plot to rid themselves, by treason, of the great Emperor. Fausta corrupts the centurion, Elvius Brutus, who undertakes to make the criminal attempt. Constance learns of this plot, and that night, after enticing Constantine from his room, places a dummy in his bed. Her plan succeeds. The following morning, Maximian announces to the cohorts of Gaul, "Constantine is dead, I am your Emperor."—"Constantine lives," interrupted the powerful voice of the Emperor himself, appearing surrounded by his faithful guards. Cries of "Treason, regicide, death to Maximian," sound on every hand, and the traitor falls pierced through and through. Justice has been done. Fausta, mistress of duplicity, obtains her pardon from her husband whom he cannot bring himself to believe can be capable of such infamy. This leniency will, however, prove to be misplaced. Fausta secretly sends a messenger to her brother, Maxence at Rome.

which reaches him in the middle of an orgy surrounded by his courtiers witnessing a series of oriental dances. "Constantine desires war—well, he shall have it," cries Maxence in a violent passion. He dismisses the messenger and mobilises his army.



"Constance and Licinius."

Part IV.

This defiance, however, causes Constantine no inquietude, he placing his confidence in Heaven. He feels himself irresistibly drawn toward Christianity, which he at present only imperfectly understands—but the Gospel has conquered him. He leaves Gaul at the head of his army. Constance desires to follow him, as something seems to tell her a miracle is going to happen. She fervently desires to find Licinius—the triumph of her faith and of her love is approaching.

Fausta also follows the army, but it is with the intention of carrying out a fresh conspiracy. The Alps having been crossed,



"War is declared between Maxence and Constantine."

the soldiers prepare their encampment. Constantine is strolling aimlessly round the camp when suddenly there appears to him, blazing in the blue of Heaven, an immense cross, the sign of Christianity. What does it mean? Constantine cannot explain the mystery—perhaps the night will bring him counsel. In the middle of the night the figure of Jesus of Nazareth appears to Constantine and presents him with the "Labarum," the new standard of victory, quite different from the Roman eagles. A voice from the vision pronounces these words :—

"In hoc Signo vinces"

(By this sign thou shalt conquer).

Victory is foretold to Constantine through the faith of thousands of martyrs, the faith of Helen and Constance, the faith which is henceforth his own.

Constantine causes his soldiers to be assembled, relates his double vision, and orders that the "Labarum" be constructed according to his instructions, and that the "Cross" be engraved on all the shields. The Christians rejoice whilst the pagans protest, but, nevertheless, everyone obeys the order and the army resumes its march on Rome.

Fausta, preceding the army of Constantine by several days, enters Rome and persuades Maxence to oppose the power of Heaven by the power of Hell. The pagan priests and oracles are consulted and recourse is had to sorcery and the calling up of evil spirits, and the army of Maxence thus prepares to meet that of Constantine.

Preceded by the "Labarum," Constantine had arrived with his troops at Saxa-Rubra, on the Flaminian route. There he encountered the army of Maxence which had left Rome to oppose his advance. Constantine chose the most exposed part of the enemy's ranks and threw his forces against the opposing cavalry. At first the combat hung in the balance; but in the end the arms of Constantine put to flight the enemy's infantry which essayed to cross the Tiber by means of a bridge of boats, constructed to supplement the insufficient accommodation of the Milvius Bridge. A rout then ensued. The bridge, of old construction and little strength, crumbled beneath the weight of the retreating forces, and Maxence was precipitated into the Tiber with the majority of his followers. His body was recovered from the waters the next day, and his head was carried round on a spear as a sign of victory

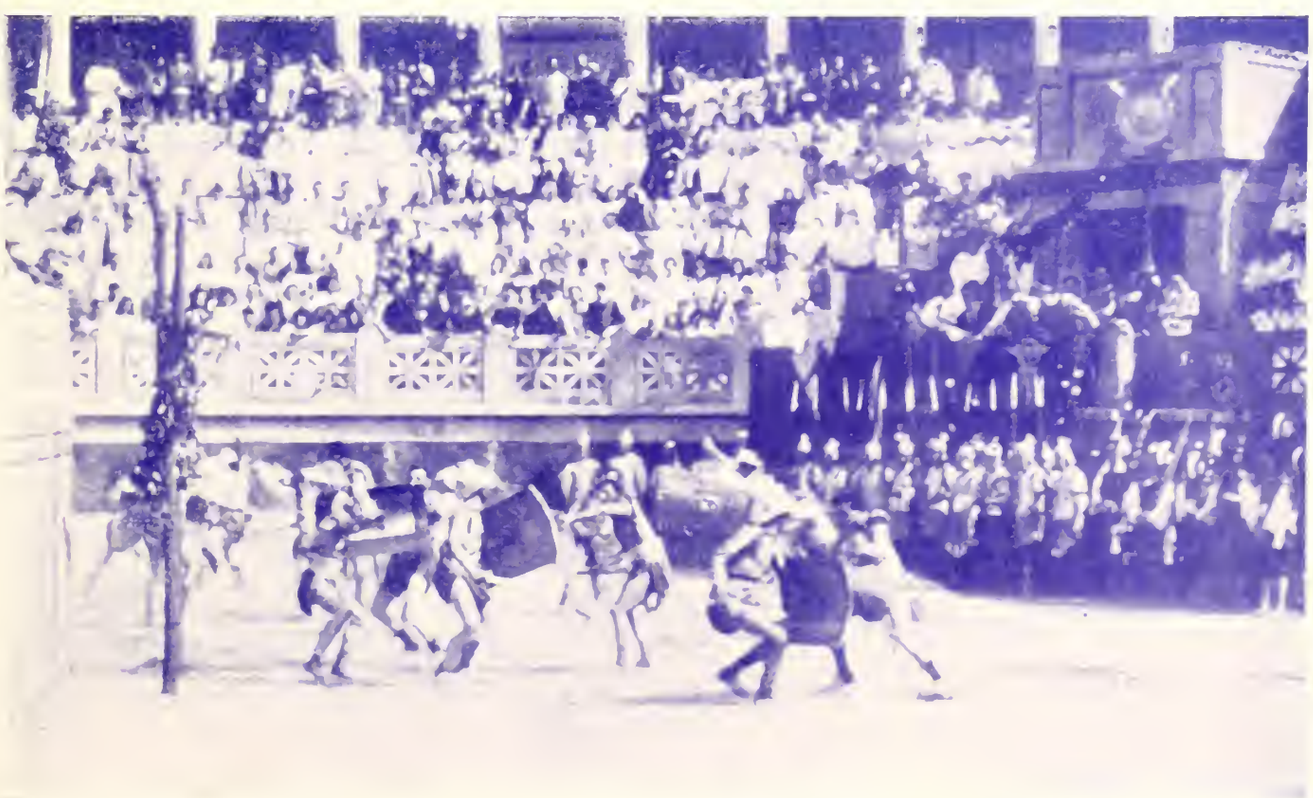
during the triumphal march of the victorious army. Hardly had the wooden bridge collapsed than the soldiers of Maxence fled towards the Milvius Bridge, but this was already occupied by the army of Constantine, which thus gained a complete and overwhelming victory.

Immediately on his entry into Rome, Constantine's first care was to visit the head of Christianity, His Holiness Pope Melchiade. He prostrated himself at his feet and promised to accord the greatest liberty to Christians. As a sign of respect he presented him with the magnificent palace of Latran, which, from that moment, became the mother church of all Christian churches. The victory of Rome not only terminated the reign of persecution in Rome, but obtained religious tolerance throughout the empire, embodied in an edict published in Milan by Constantine and Licinius in the early months of the year A.D. 313. Constantine thus stands a victor in the very hall where the last revolution had its conception.



"Blazing in the blue of Heaven—an immense cross, the sign of Christianity."

Licinius has rejoined his beloved Constance at Milan and there he countersigns, if not through faith at least through love, the



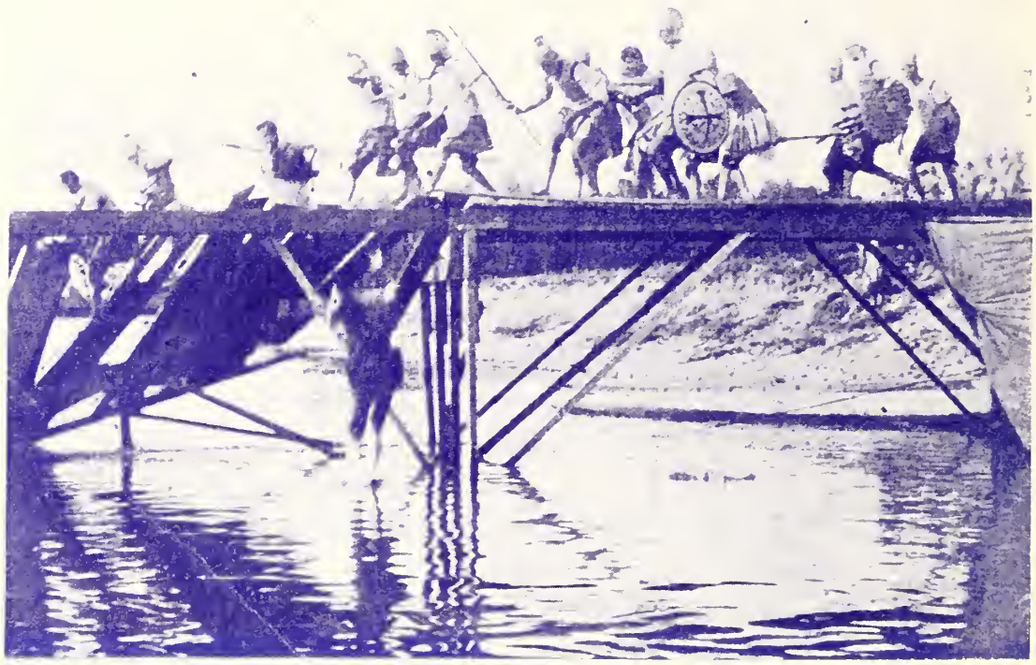
"Constance is compelled to witness massacres of Christians."

edict according full liberty to the Christians. He stands by the side of Constantine while the herald reads to the enthusiastic people the Imperial message :—

"We, Constantine and Licinius, being "assembled at Milan to take cognisance "of all that concerns the well-being and "security of our people, amongst those "things which we have judged of benefit "to the majority of our subjects and "especially those having relation to God "and the worship which is due to Him, "do hereby grant to the Christians and "to all citizens, full liberty to follow, "every man, the religion he prefers."

It is night—Constantine sits alone in his chamber by the light of a single lamp holding in his hand the tablet on which the edict is written and murmurs, "These few lines contain the history of the world." His eyes close and there appears to him a vision of the martyrs of the centuries which have passed, when all the blood which was shed seemed to confound the prophecy of Christ of His Church, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it," but, with the aid of Heaven, the ardent faith of Constantine has changed the face of the world.

The Emperor is roused from his meditation by the entry of Licinius and Constance, who come to ask his blessing on their betrothal. He joins their hands and says : "I bless you in the name of Christ."



"Maxence was precipitated into the Tiber with the majority of his followers."

CAST OF CHARACTERS :

Maximian Hercules, Constantine, Maxence	The Three Emperors	DILLO LOMBARDI, ARTHUR GARZES, FRANCIS BONINO
Licinius, Caesar of Illyria		ANNIBAL DURELLI
The Bishop Maternus (St. Maternus)		MARIUS MARIANI
Elvius Brutus		E. GARRONE
Victor (St. Victor)		NINO TARABINI
Fausta, Wife of Constantine and Daughter of Maximian		ADRIAN COSTAMAGNA
Constance, Sister of Constantine		MARY JACOBINI
Helen (St. Helen), Mother of Constantine and Constance		JEAN BAY

Courtiers, Dames, Slaves, Gladiators, Soldiers, People.

Period : 300 A.D.

The Scene is laid successively in Milan, Rome and Gaul.

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The TRAIL OF THE LOST CHORD.

Produced by the "Flying A" Co.

FATHER JOSEF sat at the organ in the little chapel of the monastery. He was an old, old man, and had seen many sorrows, but they had only mellowed and sweetened his character, and he had found balm for his bruised spirit by helping others in their troubles. For fifty years, ever since the greatest sorrow of his life had fallen upon him, he had spent his days in doing good—a gracious, tender, loving ministry. No man, woman, or child, had ever come to Father Josef in sorrow without going away comforted, and with a heart made stronger to meet what further afflictions might come. Father Josef had always a hand to help and a heart to sympathise, and in all the country round the people loved him.

They thronged the little chapel on holy days to hear his gentle homilies and listen to his playing on the organ. For Father Josef played, as the people said, like an angel. His fingers seemed to give the organ a soul, and the people sat silent, spellbound, as he wove wonderful, solemn harmonies.

Music was his solace, his refuge from the cares and weariness of the world. Seated at his beloved organ, his soul soared far above the things of earth, drawing help and inspiration from the unseen Source of strength and power.

Father Josef was very weary now. The burden of his long pilgrimage was heavy upon him. Soon, his earthly task completed, he would be able to fall asleep and rest, to wake in the land of light and joy and peace to where one he loved had gone so long ago.

It was a poor little chapel, simple and unadorned, but as Father Josef's fingers strayed over the keys of his organ, it seemed to him that the place became a mighty cathedral, a glory of stained glass and splendid architecture, with the swelling music of praise pealing triumphantly in its echoing dome. Then the song of praise died away, and there came from the soul of the organ a melody, simple and sweet, like the prayer of a little child. The great cathedral faded, and there was only the bare little chapel, fragrant with sacred memories. And always Father Josef's eager fingers seemed to seek for something—something which always eluded him, which he felt but could never find—a chord, a memory of the long ago.

Still the wonderful music went on. But the youth who presently entered the chapel seemed scarcely to hear it. He hurried up the aisle to the organ.

"Father! Father!" he cried, impetuously, "Come—oh, come quickly!"

The old man stopped playing, and rose.

"Hush! my son," he said, with a touch of severity. "What is it?"

"Oh, Father," the lad went on more quietly, but in a tone of urgent entreaty, "we want you—Rose and I. Rose's father is dying, and he wishes to see us wedded before he dies. Let us go quickly, or we may be too late."

He seized Father Josef's hand, and, with a sigh for the impetuosity of youth, the old man suffered himself to be led from the chapel to a sick-room in a house close by.

In a bed by the wall lay a man who plainly had not many hours to live. His wife, with a face worn with sorrow and anxiety, was tending him, and their daughter Rose, a pretty girl in a white dress, came forward to meet Father Josef and his companion.

The sick man's face lighted up as the priest went to his bedside.

"I'm going, Father," he said, speaking slowly, and with difficulty. "I'm leaving my dear ones. I want to see Rose—safe—before I go. I shall be—easier if I know she is in Perri's care. Will you—marry them—here—now?"

Father Josef consented readily, and the simple ceremony was soon performed which made his ward and the pretty girl husband and wife. Then, giving them his blessing, the aged priest prepared to leave. Suddenly he stretched out his hands in a curious, yearning gesture, staggered, and would have fallen, if Perri had not flown to support him.

"You are ill, Father," he said, in distress.

"No, no, my son," quavered the old man; "it is nothing—just a memory, that's all."

Then, stretching out his arms again, with a piteous look at Perri, he said brokenly:

"Fifty years ago, in this very room, my Marie heard the grand Amen!"

They looked at one another. They did not understand. They would have had him stay and rest, but he would not.

"Help me to the chapel, my son," he said, and, supported by Perri's strong young arm, Father Josef went back to his beloved organ. The youth was reluctant to leave him, but the old man smiled and said:

"Go back to your bride, my son. She must be your care now."

Alone once more, Father Josef began to play, and as he touched the keys he saw visions, and lived again in the past.

* * *

He saw himself as he was fifty years before—young, strong, handsome, fresh from the Conservatoire where he had taken high honours in music. He came back to his native village to teach his art. He had neither father nor mother, and lived alone in his little cottage with his piano.

The fame of his playing spread over the countryside, and he secured some pupils—not many, but their fees provided enough money for his simple needs. And then he fell in love with all the fervour of his passionate poet's soul.

Ah, Marie! There was nobody in all the world like her—so sweet, so good, so beautiful. She was one of his pupils, and he went twice a week to the big house where she lived, to give her lessons. And he fell in love; he could not help himself.

For a time he kept his secret, for he was only a poor music-teacher, while she was the daughter and heiress of the wealthiest man in the district, a haughty grandee of the bluest blood in Spain. But one day when they were half way through the lesson he spoke. He had not meant to do so, but something, a turn of her graceful head, or a look from her dark eyes, set his soul on fire.

"Marie!" he said, suddenly, and there was that in his voice which made her look up at him in a startled way. "Oh, Marie, I love you!"

She hung her head, and the colour rushed up into her sweet face.

"Marie, have I frightened you? Perhaps I should not have spoken, but I love you so, and I could keep silent no longer. I cannot live without you. There would be no joy in life, nothing worth living for. Look at me, Marie," he whispered, bending towards her. "Oh, you love me, too. I have seen it in your eyes. Tell me, Marie."

She looked up then, and though she said no word, he read his answer in her face.

"My love!" he cried, and clasped her in his arms, straining her to his heart.

Suddenly the door opened, and her father stood in the room, his face dark with anger, bitter words upon his lips.

"You villain!" he cried. "How dare you make love to my daughter! A music-master, a lazy, good for-nothing—a beggar! She is not for such as you. Out of my house this instant! Out, I say!"

Hot words rose to the young man's lips, but he fought them back.

Marie began to plead for him, timidly, but the angry man stopped her, and ordered

her never to speak to Josef again. He turned to the young man, handed him his hat with a scornful gesture, and pointed to the door. And Josef, with a last look at Marie, went out.

In a moment his world had turned to darkness. He walked on, stumbling as he walked, seeing nothing. After a time he leaned upon a gate to rest, and there, presently, a voice aroused him from his brooding.

"My son, you are in trouble. Let me help you."

Josef raised his eyes. A priest stood there, habited as a Superior of the Franciscan Order. His look and manner were so sympathetic that presently the young man found himself telling all his trouble.

The priest listened in silence to the end, and then told him not to give up hope. He knew the father of Marie well, knew that he worshipped money, and that no penniless suitor for his daughter's hand would ever have his approval.

"You are young, strong, and in love," said the Father. "You must work. Give up music-teaching, and work hard with your hands and your head. Who knows? You may win a fortune and the girl you love into the bargain. Courage, my son!"

Hope kindled again in Josef's breast. On the recommendation of his new friend he secured a position in the orchards of a wealthy merchant, and, with Marie as the goal of his labours, he worked and prospered. He saw Marie sometimes for brief moments as he worked in the orchard, and they renewed their vows. Soon he became his employer's right-hand man, and then, a little later, his own exertions being helped by good fortune, he became the owner of an orchard himself, and in a position to sue for the hand of Marie once more.

Her father again refused him with scorn, but when Josef took him to his orchard and showed him his possessions, his manner changed. He became cordial, placed Josef's hand in Marie's, and bade them be happy.

* * *

The old man played on, living over again the halcyon days that followed.

And then the morning of the wedding! He had never imagined he could be so happy. With a full heart, he sat down at the piano, and played a song of joy.

The music filled the little room with a crescendo of exultant harmony, until it reached its climax in triumphant chords, "like the sound of a great Amen."



"Out of my house this instant Out, I say!"

And at Marie's house how warm and cordial was the welcome he received from her father and mother; and how sweet and winsome Marie looked, dressed for her bridal, with a wreath of flowers in her hair. They were all ready and waiting, and they started on horseback for the church, Marie and Josef leading the way, and her father and mother and the guests following. How gay it all was!

Then suddenly, when Josef had looked back for a moment, there was a cry of alarm from Marie. Something had startled her horse, and it was galloping madly along the road. Like a flash, Josef started after her, urging his horse to its utmost speed. But the runaway was already far ahead, and Josef saw with dismay that he could not lessen the distance between them. Then Marie's horse turned a corner, and was hidden from view. Frantic with fear, Josef dashed on. Rounding the bend he saw the horse standing at a little distance, and there upon the road lay Marie, very white and still.

Josef raised her in his arms, and carried her to the home which he had prepared for a happier home-coming. He laid her tenderly upon the bed, and the wedding guests gathered round with horror-stricken faces. Marie opened her eyes, and smiled at Josef, but she could not speak. A priest was hurriedly sent for, and almost before he had administered the last rites Marie's soul had fled.

* * *

With trembling fingers the old man played on. As in a dream, he saw the stricken bridegroom standing with bowed head by the side of the grave, where they had buried his love.



"They started on horseback for the church."

Josef could no longer bear to stay in the house of his sorrow. As he stood at the graveside, it seemed to him that the spirit of Marie came to him with healing and gentle words.

"The world is very cruel," she seemed to say, "and there are many sorrowing. Help

them, for my sake."

Humbly and reverently Josef took up his mission. His own grief brought him the gift of sympathy, and opened his eyes and heart to the griefs of others.

On the day, when he left his home, he came upon a pathetic scene. Walking through the village, he heard a voice, raised in anger, and abusive, insulting words. Another voice answered, apparently pleading; and there came the sound of a woman's hysterical weeping. Josef turned aside, entered a garden, and saw a man with a child in his arms. Another man was pushing him roughly out of the house, while the woman looked on, wringing her hands. They had no money, the woman told him, and were being turned out into the road. There was nowhere they could turn for shelter; and the child was sickly.

Finding the landlord obdurate, Josef led the unhappy man and woman to the house he had prepared for himself, and told them they might use it as their own. Then, without waiting to receive their astonished gratitude, he left them and went out again on his mission of love and mercy.

The grave of Marie, in the little churchyard, was his shrine—his Holy of Holies, and to it he returned again and again for inspiration and help. It was there one day that the Father Superior found him.

"My son," he said, placing his hand gently on Josef's head, "the Church waits for you. Will you not come to us? We have work for you."

He led him, unresistingly, into the little chapel, and left him at the organ.



"The wedding guests gathered round with horror-stricken faces."

* * *

Many years passed. Long ago Josef had become a humble servant of the Church. As he played there came up before him the vision of a dying woman placing her little boy in his charge, praying him, with her last breath, to protect her darling Perri.

He accepted the sacred charge, took the boy to his heart, and in time grew to love him as his own son. There came a day when he nearly lost him. The boy's father, a drunkard, came to the monastery, and with

threats compelled the boy to go away with him. In the chapel Father Josef heard the boy's crying, and hurried to rescue him.

The man, in a rage, raised his fist to strike the priest.

"Curse——," he began; but Father Josef, with hand sternly uplifted, bade him be silent, and he slunk away.

After that, Father Josef kept a closer guard on Perri, and the two were seldom apart. He taught him to play the organ, and trained him with loving care, hoping that he would one day become a minister of the Church. But that was not to be. Perri fell in love, and Father Josef had that day married him to the girl he had chosen. He prayed that the boy might be happy.

* * *

Very feebly now the old man played. He was feeling very lonely. Marie was waiting for him up yonder. It would not be long. A dimness came before his eyes. His fingers faltered on the keys. He sought, but sought it vainly, "that one lost chord divine," that chord which he had played out of a heart full of happiness fifty long years ago. His head bent lower over the keys.

"Perhaps," he thought, "it is only in perfect happiness that the chord will come:

"'It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven,
I shall hear that grand Amen.'"

He lifted his head, and a wonderful light came upon his worn, old face. He saw Marie, radiant, shining in glory, beckoning him. He stretched out his arms, and fell forward on the keyboard.

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FAKING THE FILM.

THE MAGIC OF THE KINEMATOGRAPH.

Under this title every month an article on the peculiarity and capabilities will appear in this magazine. The articles will explain many of the wonders of Cinematography.

ONE often hears the camera does not lie. May be not, but it can produce illusions and suggest impossibilities. The Kinematograph has a great deal to answer for in this respect for it allows of a lot of "picture faking" and much of the terrific scenes, high dives, and extraordinary escapades seen on the Cinematograph scene is simply trickery.

The skill of operators in camera manipulation enables them to attain results verging on the miraculous, and seem absolutely marvellous to the spectator who is innocent of knowledge of the methods employed.

Early Tricks.

Camera trickery had its beginnings in a mechanical peculiarity of the moving-picture apparatus. The photographs, each one inch wide and seven-eighths of an inch deep, are taken on a continuous moving film, and it was found that the apparatus could be stopped at any point so that each picture might be taken separately or grouped together, or that substitutions and changes in the scene might be made between the exposures.

When the manufacturers realised these possibilities, the earlier styles of trick picture began to appear. A French magician, named Malies, originated the so-called magical pictures, in which persons and objects appeared or disappeared in an instant. Of course, these were merely placed in or removed from the scene while the shutter of the camera was closed between the photographs.

Ghosts and Spirits.

Optical delusions are many and varied—applicable to every condition of life and to every motion made by a living creature. For example—one of the scenes from "Sapho" represents four celebrated men sitting around one of the familiar tables in a Parisian café, describing their personal experiences with this famous woman, who was "all things to all men."

In the film representation, the men at the table, in their faultless evening clothes—the interior of the cafe—the waiters and other guests—dissolve imperceptibly into a soft grey mist from which another picture grows even before they have entirely disappeared: the actual scene with "Sapho" which the narrator is at the moment describing. One instant, you see his lips move—see the animated

expressions upon his and his listeners' faces —and then you see the living, moving facts which he describes.

How It is Done.

Photographs of the class in which ghosts or visions appear may be "faked" in several ways. It may be done by the duplicate exposure method, or in other ways. We will take it that, suppose for example we wish a photograph of a man inside a bottle (which will hold no more than a pint) is required, we should photograph the bottle standing on a dull-black support, and with similar background first. While focussing, we should mark out the bottle's boundaries on the plate. When this is done the subject will stand or sit in a chair upon a black cloth with a smooth black curtain behind him, so that when focussed he will come within the boundaries of the bottle (this is managed by means of gummed paper guides). Finally, the plate which has been already used to photograph the bottle will be exposed, and when this is developed the man will appear inside.



This method will explain many pictures which at first seem very astonishing. To make a "vision fake" arrange a little scene, such as a bare room with an empty hearth, with your model sitting listle-sly in the foreground. Make your first exposure on this scene, being careful to mark out on the ground glass screen the space into which the vision must fall. Procure a sheet of dead-black paper, mount it evenly upon stiff card, and with a little Chinese white sketch out an appropriate vision, and when your photograph is taken you will find the vision therein.



THE WASTREL.

Drama by Pathé.

Chapter I.

CHARLES MAUNIN had but one leading passion in life—the love of gambling—a passion for which he constantly neglected a comfortable home and a loving wife and child, and to gratify which he had spent every piece of money which his wife, in her devotion, had lent him. Undeterred by the knowledge of the awful impending downfall, Maunin went to the Club again that night—on which the reader makes his acquaintance. The fear of absolute ruin, calling to him to turn back before it was too late, held him in check for a moment, but when his eyes lighted on the cards displayed on the table, the passion which was meat and drink to him welled up anew in his heart, and he took his seat by the green baize. Luck went against him, until, finally, his last bank-note lay before him. The cards went round, and *that* was lost—and then Charles Maunin realised that the end had come at last. Yet the call to the tables was so insistent, that his mania was not lessened by this loss. Just one more chance and he was certain to win, he thought, perhaps be richer than he had ever been. He would ask his wife—"Berthe," he said to himself, "was so good she wouldn't refuse"—to let him have just a little of the 50,000 francs which were to be his daughter's dowry, just a few hundreds to start afresh with.

* * *

Next day, Maunin, assuming his most persuasive manner, tried to induce his wife to make over to him this last remnant of their fortune. But Madame Maunin was well prepared: for a letter from her solicitor, who had got wind of the scheme, had already warned her what she might expect. Jealous for her child, Suzanne's future, her mother-love stirred to a spirit of defence at the thought that it was in danger, Berthe Maunin met the wastrel with a firm refusal. "You shall not touch one penny of it," she cried. "If I was fool enough to let you waste all my marriage settlement, you need not think I am going to allow you to ruin my child also." The words stung like a lash, and only the intervention of little innocent Suzanne saved the tortured wife from a coward's blow. After this scene, Berthe's mind was made up; a continuance of life with the gambler and drunkard, the life she had borne with patience through so many years, was now no longer possible, and within a few days Madame Maunin had applied for a divorce.

* * *

Six months passed. Berthe, freed from the burden of her spendthrift husband, was now struggling to support her child, Suzanne, by working as a typist. Nothing but the dowry was left from the ravages of Maunin's extravagance: yet, alone with her child in a little house in the suburbs, Berthe, if poorer in purse, at least enjoyed such peace of mind as she had not known for many a day. Help was at hand; for a friend who knew the whole sad story of Maunin's recklessness and Berthe's heroic defence of her little one, introduced her to M. Sartigny, a rising engineer. Berthe's quiet alacrity, her serious manner and her ability, at once made a deep impression on the man of business, and he had no hesitation in giving her the work she required. Meanwhile, Maunin, having returned to bachelorhood, continued in the old ways. Unable, through poverty, to still frequent fashionable clubs, he now gratified his love of gambling by playing in the lowest taverns. Even the fact that he was cheated out of his last coppers on one occasion by a sharper, and ejected from the den for disorderly behaviour, failed to cure him of his favourite vice. Its only effect was to drive him to resort to Berthe and his child again, in the hope of getting money out of them. A second request to Berthe to "lend" him the 50,000 francs he had so long coveted, was met by a second refusal, and made the unliked ne'er-do-well determine on a still more violent method of obtaining both his revenge for Berthe's contempt for him, and extorting from her their child's dowry.



"The Wastrel."

Chapter II.

"What can that be!" exclaimed Berthe. On the evening of her scene with the wastrel, as she was seated in front of her typewriter in the little sitting-room, a sudden noise in the adjoining room made her stop to listen. "Suzanne was fast asleep when I left her five minutes ago." Rising, Berthe gently opened the door of the cosy little bedroom which mother and child shared alike. It was empty. The clothes on the child's cot lay heaped in disorder, the window stood open, and a chair was placed so that one could reach the sill easily. A chill of fear ran through Berthe's frame. "My God! Suzanne, my Suzanne!" she shrieked. "They have taken you from me, my all!"—and with a cry of anguish, she fell to the floor unconscious.

* * *

When she recovered, it was to feel a soft cheek pressed against her own—Suzanne was in her arms once more. Her emotions stifled by the joy of reunion, the poor mother was lost to all around her. It was not until a strong arm was held out to assist her to rise, that Berthe became conscious there was someone else in the room. "Monsieur Sartigny!" she exclaimed. "Yes, Madame Maunin," replied the engineer, advancing, "It is I. Indeed, it is rather fortunate I came when I did," he continued, with a smile. "I felt uneasy about you after I saw that threatening letter from Maunin, and I started to come and see you, as I dreaded that he might do something violent. Two of the men from the office came with me. When we got to the gate, I was surprised to see this window wide open. We then noticed a man holding something white in his arms, running down the road as fast as his legs could carry him. We gave chase, and caught him up at the corner. What he was carrying was that poor child, Suzanne. We"—"But this man," Berthe interrupted, "who was he!" "I am sorry to tell you," replied Sartigny, "but it was your husband." "Charles!" "Yes, it was he: and when I taxed him with it, he said he wanted to revenge himself on you for refusing to lend him your child's money. Knowing how fond you are of Suzanne, he broke into the house, chloroformed her, and was carrying her off, to spite you, when we caught him. The fellow is a living menace to you, so we have given him in charge to the Police for kidnapping. However, if there is nothing more I can do,



"Chas. Maunin realised that the end had come at last."

I will leave you now. Believe me, I am indeed sorry for your troubles." With these words, Sartigny left the house, but before he went, Berthe turned on him eyes which spoke a deeper emotion than mere gratitude—an emotion which his heart reciprocated.

The trial came on four months later. Maunin, found guilty of attempted abduction, was condemned to six months' imprisonment. It was a crushing blow to Berthe, that the father of her child should be a convict, but Sartigny did the best in his power to recompense her, by appointing her his private secretary, a position which her abilities amply merited. Moreover, little Suzanne and her rescuer had now become the greatest of friends, and she was often allowed to come and sit in Sartigny's private office while her mother performed her various duties.



"With a cry of anguish she fell unconscious."

The six months passed swiftly, and Maunin was at last released. All his energies were now directed to effecting his frustrated revenge on Berthe and Sartigny. He was not slow in obtaining work in the stone quarries of the Pyramid Quarry Company, which were owned by the engineer. Penury, and the degradation of prison-life, had rendered him unrecognizable to those who had known the smart "man about town" of earlier times. Indeed, his vagabond appearance so prejudiced the foreman against him, on his first presenting himself at the quarries, that he would probably have been driven off with a harsh rebuff, had not M. Sartigny, failing to recognize Berthe's scapegrace husband in the ragged tramp, personally intervened to obtain him the job. Even this act of generosity did not lessen Maunin's resentment against the man who had previously baulked his evil schemes, and chance soon suggested to him a means of effecting a terrible vengeance. A handbill, given to Maunin on his pay-day, informed him, in common with all the other workmen, that on the following Wednesday, at three o'clock, a new quarry, known as the Ormoise, was to be blasted with dynamite, the men being warned that it would be dangerous for anyone to approach within a radius of 600 yards of the quarry. Turning this information over in his mind, Maunin hit on a plan to wreak his vengeance.



"A new quarry was to be blasted with dynamite."

* * *



"Suzanne and her fiancé."

Wednesday came, and, towards half-past two in the afternoon, Sartigny went to have a last look at the arrangements for the blasting; and just before the fuse was lighted, started off on foot to return to his office. Barely had he reached a lonely spot, still within the danger zone, than Maunin, who had been awaiting this opportunity, sprang upon the engineer, felled him to the ground, quickly threw a rope round him, and departed, leaving his victim gagged and bound hand and foot, unable to move, or cry for help. To make the torture still more complete, he placed Sartigny's watch by his side, so that the unhappy man could count the gradual advance of the minutes which separated him from an awful and violent death.

* * *

There lay the doomed man, struggling violently to free himself from his bonds. Could he succeed in the brief space of time which remained? The hands of the tell-tale watch which crept on through what seemed to him an age; nearer and nearer they came to the dread moment when the explosion would take place. Ten minutes to the hour, then five. Sartigny, realising that all efforts to free himself were hopeless, sank back, with closed eyes, awaiting the fatal end which there was no one to prevent. At that moment when life and all that it implies were on the point of slipping from him for ever, a hand was laid on the cords which bound him, and he was set free! It was Berthe's little girl who had frustrated her father's cruel revenge. On leaving school, she had gone to Sartigny's office to seek her mother, and not finding her there, was coming towards the quarries to look for her, when she espied the engineer lying bound and helpless; and running up, she released him. Even then the danger remained, for in a few seconds the trail of the fire would reach the dynamite charge. Seizing the child in his arms, Sartigny leapt to his feet, and ran with her headlong. Barely had they got out of range than with a terrific roar and amid clouds of dust, the ground crushed in, engulfing the very spot on which Sartigny lay but a few minutes before. The engineer now suddenly caught sight of Maunin, who was holding Berthe in his grasp. The wastrel, by means of a false telephone message which, she supposed, had come from Sartigny, had drawn his



"He sternly asked the wastrel to give an account of himself."

divorced wife to this place, in order that he might compel her to assist at the fulfilment of his vengeance on the engineer. Berthe's struggles to free herself from his grip were seen by two of the quarry-men, and when Sartigny reached the spot, the baffled criminal was made a prisoner once more.

Chapter III.

Maunin, condemned to twenty years' hard labour in the penal settlement of Cayenne, passed under the burning tropical sun ten weary years of toil: but one day he found himself, while working in the open air, side by side with a fellow-convict who persuaded him to risk an escape. Both men had their hands free so as to use their picks; it was to be now or never. Slipping unperceived round some rocks, the two outlaws took to their heels and ran like hunted beasts towards the vast forests which cover the interior of the country. The warders soon became aware of their absence, however, and the hue and cry was given. The pursuers scurried like hounds at the chase. Maunin's comrade fell, mortally wounded: but the wastrel sped on, tearing his clothes and limbs on the branches, until at last, after eight days of alternate hiding, tramping and struggling through the undergrowth, he outdistanced the human bloodhounds at his heels, and sank on the arid ground exhausted and starving, yet free once more!

Chapter IV.

"They're a little late, our guests," said M. Sartigny to his wife, as he stood in the brightly-lit drawing-room of his magnificent mansion. "Ah, here they are. How do you do, Madame Lemousan; and you, my dear Madame?" Gradually the numerous circle invited to the Sartignys' fancy dress ball assembled: and all, as they entered, were impressed by the singular, quiet charm of Mme. Sartigny, who had a gracious word for everyone alike. "I think Madame Sartigny is the most delightful woman I know," said one of the gentlemen present, turning to his neighbour, who chanced to be the engineer's assistant-manager, M. Leblanc. "It's strange that though I know they're giving this dance to celebrate Sartigny's step-daughter, Suzanne's, engagement, I cannot recall her mother's first husband's name. Can you tell me what it was?" "I am probably the only person here who knows the truth of the story," replied M. Leblanc. "Madame Sartigny was originally married to an atrocious scoundrel named Charles Maunin. He treated her disgracefully, and she was compelled to divorce him. It's a thing of the past; he is safely out of the way, it doesn't matter where; and she is now happily married, as you know, to M. Sartigny." The conversation was interrupted as the guests moved on into the handsome, brilliant ball-room, where Suzanne and her fiancé were awaiting them, and the waltz began. Just as the revelry was at its height, a strange individual walked slowly up the hall. "What a capital get-up," exclaimed one of the guests. "Never saw such a life-like thing at a dance. He might be a tramp in real life." The figure was indeed an original one. It was that of a man with close-cropped hair and sunken cheeks, his eyes concealed by a black mask; a badly fitting greasy coat hung loosely on his shrunken shoulders: while a pair of rough corduroy trousers and down-at-heel boots completed a garb which stood out, strangely sordid, amid the gay dresses of the rest of the masqueraders. "I suppose it is alright," whispered Sartigny to his wife. "But whoever he is—I cannot recognise him in that dress—he has certainly made himself look as evil as possible. When you get an opportunity, find out what his name is."

The stranger, however, came straight up to Madame Sartigny, and drawing her aside, thrust a paper into her hands; then, lifting his mask for a moment, he revealed to her horrified eyes the face of her divorced husband, the convict, Charles Maunin. Making her way to another room, Berthe, almost fainting from the shock, tore open the note he had given her. "You forgot one guest at your dance," it ran. "If you want a public scandal, give me up to the Police; but if you would rather I kept my mouth shut, you must make it worth my while. Your late husband, Charles Maunin." Berthe went at once to her husband, and whispered to him what had occurred. Hoping to rid them of their tormentor, Sartigny led Maunin—whose clothes were indeed no assumed disguise, but the everyday garb of his poverty—into the study. Here he sternly asked the wastrel to give an account of himself. Maunin, in a few words, sullenly related the story of his escape from Cayenne, and his many wanderings, adding that at last he had reached the sea, where he was taken on a homeward bound steamer as a

stoker, and thus worked his passage to Europe, where he had arrived a fortnight before. He concluded by threatening to make public the whole story, unless he were well paid for his silence. Realizing the shame which would weigh upon Berthe and Suzanne, who had now, under happier conditions, almost forgotten the brutal father who had darkened her childhood; realizing the disgrace if all were known to the mocking world without; Sartigny decided to shut the vagabond's mouth.

* * *

A few minutes later, the masked stranger left the Sartigny's house as mysteriously as he had come, but richer by the roll of bank notes which Sartigny had given him. His enjoyment of his evilly acquired was not for long, however. Boastfulness overcoming prudence, he was foolish enough to display it openly in a dramshop, where it excited the passions of two of his comrades of the under-world; and as soon as he had left the place, in the early hours of the morning, they followed him. At the first opportunity they were upon him. Maunin, half-drunk, was powerless to defend himself; and leaving him lying mortally injured on the pavement, they made off with the money. Suzanne's fiancé, passing that way a few minutes later in his motor, on his way back from the fancy-dress ball, found the wounded man stretched out in the road, and conveyed him to the hospital. Even there, he still concealed his identity, until the day when Suzanne came with her future husband to see the unknown sufferer, whose real name she did not know, since her mother and Sartigny had deemed it best to preserve complete silence regarding him. Then he revealed to Suzanne's lover that he was her father, and begged him to bring Berthe to see him before he died. As soon as Berthe learnt from her future son-in-law that the man, who had been her earliest love, was on the brink of the grave, she hastened, accompanied by M. Sartigny, to see him. As they entered the bare, white-washed hospital ward where Maunin lay, he started up with a cry. "Berthe," he uttered, in a quavering voice, "I am heart-broken at the wrongs I did you. I realize it all at last; but it is too late. Would to God that I had seen it earlier, while there was yet time to expect your forgiveness." "It is not too late even now, poor Charles," came the gentle answer, in accents hushed by tears. "My only prayer is that God may forgive you as fully as I do, from the depths of my heart." "And I," added M. Sartigny; and with the blessing of his victims—for Suzanne, too, knew the truth at last, and impressed a farewell kiss on her misguided father's forehead—the soul of Charles Maunin, spendthrift and criminal, went forth to be judged by a Tribunal higher than that of man.



FILM GOSSIP.

By CHARLES F. INGRAM

THE filming of the world's greatest and best books is finding much favour amongst picture-goers. Public taste has been cultivated to a very high standard, and producers are responding right valiantly to meet this taste. A brief review of the last twelve months' work is convincing proof that high-class pictures are in the ascendant. The old doubtful character of the cinema has vanished. When we recall some of the immortal works that have been adapted to the screen, and the popular patronage that has been afforded to them, it is more than sufficient guarantee for good.

Numerous subjects of Biblical history are now standardised in cinematography, to say nothing of the works of Shakespeare, Dante, Dickens, and Scott, which are receiving additional immortality through film productions.

But among cranks and kill-joys there is, unfortunately, still existent much narrow-minded bigotry and unfair prejudice against the cinema. I venture to assert that some of these so-called public moralists are out more for personal advertisement than public good. Certainly, from some of the hollow statements and misrepresentations that are made, there is every evidence to show that two sides of a question are seldom studied, and that they are but the self-opiniated views of some blatant individuals who are ever ready to decry anything, if not in strict accordance with their own narrow outlook on life.

* * *

AN example of the cinema film being used in Divine service comes from Poplar and Bromley Tabernacles. In adopting the cinema the Rev. A. Tildsley has said that he would like to see every church using films for illustration, for he is fully convinced of its value to appeal to a congregation.

* * *

"JUDITH OF BETHULIA" is the title of the latest masterpiece by the American Biograph Co. The story of the film is taken from the book of Judith in the Apocrypha, and the tragic poem from the same source by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Words almost fail to do justice to the wonderful scenes and stirring incidents of this picture. There are scenes of the battle outside the city, the attempt to storm the mighty stone walls, the tragic death of Holofernes at the hands of Judith, and the final destruction of the Assyrians. For spectacular splendour no finer film has been seen, and it should live long in the memory of those who see it. Miss Daphne Wayne is to enact the part of "Judith."

* * *

"THE SILVER KING," that most popular of all plays, has been filmed, and may be expected on the screen shortly. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has sold the film rights of his famous work to the Famous Players Film Co., of New York. A great success, no doubt, awaits this film.

* * *

IN my last month's "Gossip," I referred to the suggested filming of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." This has been arranged by the Eclair Film Co., of Paris, who have obtained the exclusive rights for the production, together with other of Jules Verne's works. Some wonderful pictures may be expected from these "Verne" adaptations.

* * *

THE MAGNET FILM CO. have secured the services of several well-known music hall "stars." These include Miss Marie Lloyd, who appears at her best in a short film of 300 feet, entitled, "A House and Bunkered." Also Mr. Malcolm Scott, in "How the Housekeeper Lost Her Character"; and Miss Le Hay and Mr. Arthur Chesney in that successful farcical comedy, "Daphne and the Dean."

* * *

"WHEN THE EARTH TREMBLED," the Lubin Co.'s masterpiece to be released on January 19th, is a remarkable film in more ways than one. It is thrilling drama, a striking and impressive spectacle, a highly-emotional love story, and a film of exceptional pictorial beauty. Perhaps its claims rest mainly upon its wonderful portrayal of the terrors of an earthquake. These scenes should prove one of the biggest "sensations" yet produced. Great buildings totter upon their foundations, and fall in ruins upon the inhabitants; crowds

of terrified citizens, many clad only in night attire, scamper through the stricken city, trampling upon each other in their wild frenzy.

The producers have carried out a gigantic task, one that merits, and will no doubt prove, their biggest success.

* * *

"Ju-Jitsu to the Rescue," is the title of a film of unusual interest. Yukio Tani, the World's Champion Ju-Jitsu Wrestler, displays many of his remarkable holds. Miss "Babs" Neville, the leading lady of the Motograph Film Co., appears in this picture. A portrait and account of Miss Neville appeared in our last issue.

* * *

The utmost realism seem to be the order of the day among producers. I understand there is shortly to be a mock shipwreck filmed in the North Sea. A special liner is being built for the occasion, which will cost something like £12,000. It is to be enacted on the lines of the Titanic disaster, and will be full of sensational scenes, the like of which has never been attempted for film purposes. Being on a "Titanic" scale, naturally a certain amount of risk will be run by passengers while the ship is sinking. But there, cinema actors seemed to have a dogged indifference to risks.

* * *

It is a distinct sign of the times to find producers and composers of music collaborating in the big films. The musical programme at picture halls has always been a sore point to me. No doubt many readers have also felt the need of a more appropriate musical accompaniment to the pictures. I think every film should be screened to adequate music. The effect is more pleasing and attractive.

* * *

A new innovation from the house of Pathé Frères is the "Pathé Cartoons," which will be on view shortly. The cartoons are drawn by a well-known artist, and will include satires on all the topical events of the day in sport, politics, art, and the stage. The audience will be able to watch the development of a drawing from its first line, until the full significance and humour of the sketch reveals itself. The drawings are made with amazing rapidity and accuracy, and will add much interest and amusement to all picture programmes.

* * *

There is always something new in Filmland. The latest is the "Kinemapoem" film. This is an adaptation of special films to melodramatic and other recitations, with incidental music and effects. There is a perfect synchronism between the pictures and the delivered words. Mr. Donald Cornwallis, the originator, is enthusiastic regarding this form of entertainment.

* * *

Early in January, the Edison Co. will release a film adaptation of a well-known poem, "The Green Eye of the Yellow God." It is an old superstition that he who meddles with the gods of the heathen shall surely die. In this tragic little episode there is no exception. The "green eye" was a priceless emerald, through which the "yellow god" leered down at its worshippers. To gratify a woman's desire, and gain a love, the eye was stolen. And the end is appropriately described on the film:

> "There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Khatmandu,
> There's a little marble cross below the town,
> There's a broken-hearted woman tends the grave of Mad Carew,
> And the yellow god for ever gazes down."

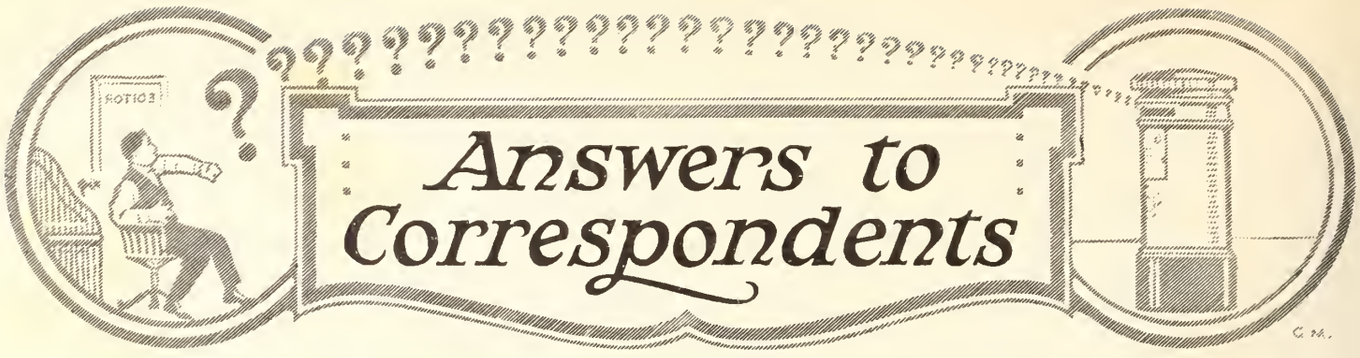
* * *

The filming of "David Garrick," in which Sir Charles Wyndham is to appear, has been completed after much delay. Through indisposition, Miss Mary Moore has been prevented from taking part in the picture, as was originally intended. Miss Chrissie White, one of the leading ladies of the Hepworth stock company, has been selected by Sir Charles Wyndham to fill the rôle of "Ada Ingot," in place of Miss Moore.

* * *

The Natural Colour Kinematograph Co. recently gave a series of pictures, illustrating the world of fashion as it is in all parts of the globe to-day. A large and distinguished company was present, consisting of many society leaders, and a large number of leading London dressmakers and milliners.

Great interest was evinced in the Tango dresses, and quite naturally, in view of the craze which just now grips London society. The beautiful Paquin gowns worn by Mme. Lydia Yavorska (Princess Bariatinsky) were much admired. Due to the beautiful settings, and the famous Kinemacolour process of natural colours, the dresses were displayed to the greatest possible advantage.



We shall be pleased to answer any questions on subjects of interest relating to the Film World. Give as many particulars as possible and write on one side of the paper only. Whilst we use our utmost endeavours to make these replies correct, we cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracy.

"Fifty-Odd."—I wish to thank you for Christmas greetings and good wishes, which are much appreciated. It is very gratifying to know that one's readers are so thoughtful.

"Petrol," Clacton.—You will doubtless soon have an opportunity of seeing on the screen how motor cars are made, as we hear that the Straker-Squire works have been filmed.

"Thanhouser."—Maude Fealy played Vere in "Moths." Lila Chester—Lady Dolly; Gerda Holmes—The Duchess; Harry Benham—Correyee; William Russel—Prince Zouroff. It was Earle Williams and not Maurice Costello in "When Society Calls."

"Screenite," Glasgow.—"Mr. Henpeck's Dilemma" is a Pathé film with Chas. Laws as Mr. Henpeck and Louie Freer as Eliza.

"Costello."—Edgar Allen Poe of "Pit and Pendulum" fame was a handsome man, and though erratic at times was very hard-working.

"Josephine," Torquay.—If you saw "The Road to the Dawn," you must have seen Mr. Arthur Johnson. He was featured in this film.

"Picturegoer," Finsbury.—You should remember that many other people have a different favourite to yours, consequently you cannot expect your man to have the lead in everything. He is good, and gets his fair share of leads. Don't be greedy.

"Alice Joyce."—Tom Foreman was Breton, and Helen Holmes—the Sheriff's Wife in "The Alibi."

"Billy," Edinburgh.—Palmer Bowman was the Bank Messenger; Alma Russell, his Sweetheart; and Julius Frankenburg, the Crook, in Selig's "The Short Stop's Double."

"Josie," Brixton.—Your first question is rude: your second, impertinent; and the others are out of alignment. Endeavour to be more polite and perhaps you'll be answered.

F.B.T., Balham—Jane Gail, Lillian Longden, and Matt. Moore were featured in "Jealousy of Jane" (Imp). "Seeds of Wealth" was a Lubin film, released Nov. 13th last.

"Keen Reader," Hammersmith.—If you require your volumes bound, you should take advantage of our offer and introduce one new subscriber. By so doing you become entitled to have your volume bound free of all charge. Failing this, the charge for loose covers is 1/6 each, or, if you wish us to do the binding, 2/6 for each volume. A volume consists of six numbers.

"Brighteyes."—J. Warren Kerrigan is now appearing in Victor films. Katherine Kerrigan, his sister, is also playing in the same stock.

G.M., Putney—Chas. Stine was Mr. Busyman in "Such is Life" (Essanay). Gertrude Forbes—Mrs. Busyman; Marguerite Ives—Friend of Mrs. Busyman; Robert Bolder—Friend of Mr. Busyman. Thanks for cuttings.

Alice J.—We cannot answer marriage questions. "Borrowing Trouble" was a Selig film, with Palmer Bowman as Tom Harding; Maxwell Sargent—Dick Woods; Alma Russell—Peggy Morton; Harriett Notter—Alice; Lillian Leighton—Mrs. Morton.

J. W., Birmingham.—You are correct. Arthur Johnson appeared in "Her Husband's Wife" (Lubin). Your letter very interesting.

J. M., Swindon.—Card very nice indeed; much appreciated. Sidney Drew was John Marshall, the master painter in "The Master Painter" (Vitagraph); Courtenay Foote—Robert Gordon, the pupil; and Rosemary Theby—Eleanor Marshall, the master's niece.

The Editor regrets being unable to include the many other answers to queries he has received, owing to want of space.

ILLUSTRATED Films MONTHLY

A magazine intended to appeal to the Film-loving Public, giving the stories of the principal films due to be released during the coming month.

Promoted with the idea of increasing and cementing Public interest in Moving Pictures.

FEBRUARY 1914.

F. F. W. Oldfield & Co. Dugdale Works, Camberwell, London, S.E.

Film Favourites



Miss Alice Joyce.

Film Favourites



Mr. Carlyle Blackwell.

Film Favourites



Miss Mary Fuller.

Film Favourites



Mr. Sydney Ayres.

Film Favourites



Miss Edith Holdeman.

Film Favourites



Mr. Edwin August.

Film Favourites



Miss Alice Hollister.

The Heir of the Lagardères.

Cine-Drama in Four Parts, adapted from the popular novel by Paul Féval, Jnr.

Interpreted by artistes of the Comédie Française and the principal theatres of Paris.

Specially written by J.H.D.

"DIDST remark that beggar girl?" whispered M de Peyrolles to his companion, as they stood in the crowded market place one morning in the year 1725.

"Yea, and what of her?"

"I wish thee to follow her," replied

Lagardere: did he not stand by and tell me it was but justice to take my life? Nay, I should indeed have died, had not that stout Swiss fellow, Knauss, who hath become my very shadow, chanced along just then and cut me down. Is it in my nature not to wish for revenge on the man who tried to kill me! Knowest thou what



'He speedily picked a quarrel with the haughty nobleman'

De Peyrolles, his sinister eyes gleaming with eagerness. "Maybe she will prove helpful to my revenge. Thou knowest my affair with the Comte de Lagardère; how, charging me with divers crimes, he treated me like a dog. He set his lackeys upon me, and they left me hanging, well nigh dead, with a writing pinned to my body to say that I was a traitor and a coward. That was the work of Monsieur le Comte de

the Italians call *La vendetta* — the vengeance which descends from father to son and visits itself upon all, until the offence is wiped out? So shall it be 'twixt I and Lagardère: not he alone, but his fair wife and child, shall bear the burden of my hate."

* * *

The beggar girl soon reached her home, and hardly had she ascended the ricketty stairs, than Peyrolles, warned by his servant,



"'Did'st remark that beggar girl,' said M. de Peyrolles."

followed her into the house. A man, the pallor of death on his features, lay on a pallet stretched on the floor of the miserable garret.

Peyrolles' suspicions were confirmed.

"I will do thee no ill," said he to the girl, whose face and voice showed she was no ordinary mendicant. "Rather do I wish to help thee. Take this money and go and buy what is needful for thyself and thy father."

When the girl had left the room, Peyrolles bent over the dying man. "De Wendel, fraudulent money-changer, dost thou not know me, thy old companion?" he hissed.

* * *

The sick man started with horror. "Peyrolles, the author of my ruin," he muttered, faintly. "Hast tracked me even here?"

M. de Peyrolles seated himself, and wrote a few lines in haste. Then, kneeling by De Wendel, he thrust the paper before his eyes, saying sternly:

"Affix thy name to this."

"Never," cried the dying banker, with an effort. "Give my child into thy guardianship? In faith, I know thou wilt but make her the instrument of thy vile schemes."

He put the paper from him, but Peyrolles held a pistol to his head.

"Sign, or thou must die," he cried

Trembling with fear, De Wende placed his signature on the deed, and fell back exhausted. Scarcely had he done so, than Peyrolles, seizing the bed-clothes, pressed them on his victim's mouth until life was extinct.

When, a few minutes' later, Bathilde de Wendel returned, the murderer told her that her father had died in a fit.

"But thou hast ever a friend in me," he added. "See this paper which thy father signed ere he passed away, and by which he appoints me thy guardian. Thou must know that we were old friends. Come with me and obey me as thy father."

* * *

When the orphan had been under his roof for a few days, Peyrolles revealed to her his plans.

"I have told thee already, Bathilde," he said fiercely, "of the injury done me by the Comte de Lagardère. Now will I tell thee how I avenged it. By a letter in an assumed name, asking him to act as second at a pretended duel, I drew Lagardère to a rendezvous in the disused moat of the Invalides. There did my worthy Knauss await him. He speedily picked a quarrel with the haughty nobleman. He drew his sword: in a trice, Knauss's bravoes were upon him. He fought like a Paladin, and laid many of the poor fellows low. 'Twas small avail to him, however. When once we had got him to the ground, a stab with a knife achieved my revenge. Thus was Lagardère punished for his chastisement of me—and ere he died, he knew whose hand had wrought his death. But more remains. I have sworn that my revenge shall fall not



A Scene from the Film.

on him alone. Attempt to resist me — and thy fate is sealed. Thou shalt go to the doors of the Hôtel de Nevers, where dwells the Comtesse de Lagardère with her son, the heir. Dressed as thou art, in rags, the poverty of the friendless beggar-girl will trouble her heart. Appeal to her as she enters the gates, and offer thyself to be the governess of the heir. In time I will send thee further instructions. The Comtesse de Lagardère shall pay dearly for her husband's insults to me, and that in the person of the heir to his name and rank.

Peyrolles' plans had succeeded admirably. The kind-hearted Comtesse, seeing the beggar girl seated at her gate, had taken her in and befriended her; and, attracted by her gentleness and pitiful story, had appointed her governess and nurse to her own fatherless child.

Bathilde, for her part, had grown to love the babe in the few weeks that had passed, and her only fear now was that Peyrolles, who had once already ordered her to make away with the heir, might find some means of compelling her to do so. With nervous



"They forced a quarrel on the young men

Now, begone: breathe not my name, and do as I have told thee, or — —" The look in Peyrolles' eyes was so menacing that Bathilde, trembling with horror at what she had heard, could do naught save obey him.

* * *

Bathilde de Wendel, seated by the cot in which slept the infant inheritor of the fortunes and high rank of the Lagardères, turned over the crumpled paper which a mysterious emissary had thrust into her hand as she passed through the door of the Hotel.

hands, she opened the note. It was as she thought: the revengeful villain threatened her with death if the child of Lagardère was not killed forthwith.

Bathilde was torn with anguish: she knew that Peyrolles' threats were not meaningless: she knew that just as he had betrayed the Comte de Lagardère to his death, so would he dispose of her if she resisted him.

* * *

When, a few hours later, M. de Peyrolles received a letter in which Bathilde told him

that the heir of the Lagardères was dead, he felt triumphant in the realization that his revenge was consummated.

Chapter II.

Early one morning in the year 1740, a vigorous young man of some twenty years, stood alone, a bundle in his hand, in the spacious parlour of an old-fashioned dwelling in the heart of France. Tears coursed down his cheeks, for he was about to leave the scene of his childhood. Brought up by honest peasants, whose death a month or so earlier now obliged him to seek fortune elsewhere, the young man's birth was shrouded in mystery. The good old couple had never been able to tell him more than that his name was Philippe, and that he had been



"She consented to forgive the unfortunate woman."

brought to them secretly as a child, fifteen years earlier by a man named Hélouin. He had placed on the boy's breast a locket, which Philippe still wore, bearing a noble coat of arms and a motto; but to whom it belonged, or who were Philippe's parents, he could not himself tell them, nor did anyone know.

Dashing the tears from his eyes, the young man set out on his journey to the capital.

On reaching Paris, good fortune attended him. The gallant rescue of a youth whom some rough companions had thrown into the river, earned him the gratitude of the lad's father, a fencing-master named Passepoil, who took Philippe in, and henceforth regarded him as a son. So close grew the friendship between the two, that when Philippe volunteered to go and fight for King Louis in the Netherlands, young Passepoil went with him. Here Philippe distinguished himself by stopping the runaway horse of a carriage in which the Marquis and Marquise de Chaverny were travelling through Flanders with their daughter, Olympe. As a soldier, too, he did his duty so loyally that he was raised to the rank of sergeant. * * *

Stranger things were soon to be revealed to the young hero.

One day, while seated in a Flemish tavern with his comrades in arms, young Luc Passepoil and the fencing-master's friend, a dashing swashbuckler named Cocardasse, a paper was thrown in at the window. Philippe picked it up, and was surprised to read on it a warning:

"The man who murdered your father, and took you away from your family, has tracked you down once more, and wishes to kill you. Beware! A Friend."

"*Saprisli!*" exclaimed Philippe. "It is strange that I knew not even the name of my father, not to speak of his murderer."

"Eh! eh! my young fledgling sergeant," cried Cocardasse, "If thou wilt take an old soldier's advice, 'twere well to be on your guard against this unknown assassin."

His words were justified a few minutes later, when a band of evil-looking rogues entered the inn, and without ado, forced a quarrel on the young men, which ended in a general fight.

Philippe and his two friends got the better of the them, however, and when they left the inn, most of Knauss's bravoes, for such they were, lay dead or dying on the tavern's floor.

Chapter III.

The Marquis de Chaverny was not forgetful of Philippe's brave rescue of himself and his family, and was pleased to present him to the King, Louis XV., before all the nobility of France at the Louvre. That day marked an epoch in the young soldier's life: not only because he then saw the glitter of a Court for the first time, but also that the same day he received another mysterious missive, asking him to come to a certain

spot where there would be someone to lead him to his unknown friend, who now promised to reveal to him the secret of his birth.

Philippe went to the appointed place and was led into a room where stood an empty cot, and beside it a lady whose face bore the marks of sorrow.

"I have asked for you to come here to-night," she said, in measured tones, "to tell you your parents' name. Is this room not familiar to you? You say it is not: yet this, and all the mansion wherein you stand, is yours. This is the Hôtel de



He then saw the glitter of Court for the first time

Nevers, and you are its rightful owner, Philippe, Comte de Lagardère."

"I!" The young man started with surprise.

"See you the coat-of-arms and the motto emblazoned on this cot where you slept as an infant? They are those which are upon the locket you wear. I will tell you all. My name is Bathilde de Wendel. More than fifteen years ago I was befriended by your mother, the noble Comtesse, and became your nurse. You were then almost a babe. Monsieur de Peyrolles, the murderer of your father, seeking to extend his vile revenge to your mother also, and extirpate the name of Lagardere, ordered me, on pain of death, to take your life. To save you from his clutches, I resorted to a worthy alchemist named Hélouin. He gave me a potion which made you appear as if dead. Then, when all, even your mother, believed you to be no more, I put a waxen image, made like to you, and given me by Hélouin, into your cot. The heir of the Largarderes, so all suppose, lies buried in the family vault: but all that is there is a figure made of wax. You I saved by handing you over to Helouin, who put you in safe keeping with some worthy peasants in the country. 'Twas I who gave him that locket, so that when the time came, you might be known to the mother who has mourned your supposed death for nigh sixteen years. Once I was writing to tell her that you still lived—for I have watched all your movements, and but for the fear of this man's vengeance, would have revealed the secret ere now—but Peyrolles saw the letter and prevented me. He thus learnt,

however, that you were alive, and it was then he tracked you to Ostend, and sent his hired ruffians to kill you in the inn. Now I care not if he kills me, for death were better than this cruel deceit."

"Your wish shall be fulfilled," cried a voice at their elbow, "You and he shall both die this night."

"Fly for your life, M. le Comte," cried Bathilde, "This is your father's assassin, the vile Peyrolles,"

As she spoke, she pushed Philippe into the next room. A struggle ensued, but Bathilde, to defend herself, thrust a dagger into Peyrolles' heart, and he fell to the ground dead.

* * *

Meanwhile, the alchemist, Hélouin, to whom Bathilde had at last revealed the secret of the child he had taken away fifteen years before, had waited upon the Comtesse de Lagardère, and told her as Bathilde had informed him that the heir still lived. When, therefore, Philippe at last came face to face with the Comtesse she had no difficulty in acknowledging him as her long-lost child. Her heart was steeled against Bathilde however, when, pallid and exhausted, after the fearful scene with Peyrolles, she entered the room where Philippe and his mother stood, surrounded by the good friends —Cocardasse, the feneing-master and his son—who had been the young man's companions through so many trials. But Philippe's earnest pleading won the day, and his mother finally consented to forgive the unfortunate woman who had unwillingly caused her so much sorrow.



"Joy reigned in all the House of Lagardère that night."

Joy reigned in all the Hôtel de Nevers that night, as the joy of hearts reunite after years apart; and still greater was that joy when the Marquis de Chaverny, having been apprized of the facts, gave his consent to the betrothal of his lovely daughter Olympe to her gallant rescuer, Philippe, now restored to his lawful rights as the heir of the Lagardères.

Pathé Frères.



M. SIGNORET.

Of the "Comedie Francaise," who figures prominently in many Pathé exclusives.



MARIE FROMET.

The Wonderful Child Actress, who achieved fame in such well-known Pathé Films as "Her Dreadful Secret," "Honesty," &c., &c.

CAPTAIN KIDD.

A TALE OF THE SCOURGE OF THE SEAS IN THE TIME OF WILLIAM III.

By Owen Garth.

This story is taken from the first of a series of Pirate Films by the 101 Bison Co. Produced by Otis Turner, which will be showing in the Picture Palaces from Feb. 2nd.

IN the days of William the Third there was not the security on the seas that we enjoy to-day. Hordes of pirates and privateers scoured the waters, and a ship started its voyage across the ocean dubious of its fate, for the chance of falling in with a pirate was not remote, and death and destruction was the inevitable outcome of contact with these wolves of the seas.

In England, several ships of war were commissioned to suppress this menace to the mercantile marine, and chief among the captains who did good work in this direction was Kidd, a man of good family, of indomitable will and courage, who for his services was honoured by the King with the commission of the sturdy frigate, "The Wasp."

But the pirates whom Kidd had previously hunted down mercilessly never felt the sting of "The Wasp," for an incident occurred which turned the hot-tempered jealous sailor from a law-abiding gentleman to the vilest of sea-robbers who ever roved the main. His acts of piracy beggar description—torture and death in the most hideous forms followed in his wake everywhere—and his name became a synonym for all that is horrible and vile, and so deep an impression did his rapacity make on the civilised world that mothers frightened their babies to silence by the mention of his name.

* * *

A man in the uniform of a captain of the King's Navee strode through the streets of the small seaside town with an air of dignity, and features on which was visible the pleasure of anticipation. He was the famous Captain Kidd, who, for his enterprise against the scores of pirates who made seafaring fraught with hideous dangers, had just been promoted to the command of the spruce and brave little war-vessel which lay at anchor out in the roads. A smile lit up his otherwise stern features as he turned a little out of the town to a pretty cottage nestling in the protection of the cliffs.

He was going to meet his sweetheart, pretty Peggy, who lived with her old father in this out-of-the-way place. He wished to tell her of the good fortune which had befallen him, and to fix the day of their wedding.

But Peggy was not at home; she had gone out along the shore, and Kidd turned his steps in the direction pointed out to him.

Peggy's mission along the shore was unknown to her sailor-lover. He did not even know she had a wayward brother who that day had been released from prison and had arranged a clandestine meeting with his sister. She made the mistake many make: that of concealing the skeleton which must inevitably be discovered, in the false hope that its presence would never interpose to disturb her dream of joy.

As Kidd strode along the beach, a sight met his searching eyes that set his blood aflame—that roused all the animal of his jealous nature: Peggy stood there half-hidden by a brown grass-tufted dune, clasped in the arms of a tall stranger. His anger rising with every step as he quickened his stride towards the pair, Kidd came up behind them unawares. He seized the girl and tore her from the stranger's grasp, and would have slain the man there and then had not the girl intervened.

"Away you hussy, you foul deceiver," shrieked Kidd, as he flung the girl aside. "So this is how you requite my love; how you play behind my back, knowing your innocent face had inspired me with confidence!"

"William, let me explain," Peggy cried, seeking to embrace.



"The men under Kidd's command were rough uncouth fellows."

"Explain, what is there to explain?" he screamed in rage. "Have I not seen it with my own eyes, and are they not more reliable than the lies of your explanation? Could I believe a word from your mouth now? From you who have deceived me these long months with your pretty words. Get from me you wretch." And again he thrust her away.

Kneeling before him in the sand she attempted to plead with the jealousy-overpowered man. "I will tell you, William; I will tell you all. There is nothing wrong in what I have done. He——."

"Nothing wrong you think, when you have blighted my life—and robbed me of all confidence in mankind. Hold your shameless tongue and speak not another word to me. Have no fear for your fancy lover—I shall not soil my hands on his vile body—you shall have him. As for myself, you shall not see me again, but perhaps you will hear, and every day of your life you will curse yourself for what you have done this day."

'Hear me, William," the despairing girl implored, as half crazy at the turn of events she stretched her arms out to him. But Kidd had turned his back on the pair. Filled with ungovernable rage he heard not her appeals, but strode determinedly towards the boat his men had drawn up on the beach awaiting to take him to his ship.

* * *

"The Wasp" had been at sea several weeks, but not pursuing the purpose it was commissioned for. The men under Kidd's command were rough, uncouth fellows, as brave as lions, but without much care of the work in hand so long as food and grog in sufficient quantities came along. Kidd in his anger, and self-disillusioned, turned against mankind. He soon won over his men, his iron spirit and forceful influence turning them easily to the cause he had in mind. They became pirates, turning their hands against all men, regardless of nationality. In a short while they gained an infamous name for themselves, and Captain Kidd was the most feared name on the seas.



"Men for the merest offence were strung up on the yardarm."

He who had set out with the King's commission to clear the waters of these pests became the worst of them, and his men following his example developed a capacity unbelievable. Mercy was an unknown quality. Their outrages outdid the lowest and most savage beasts. Murder and rapine was the order of their day, and chief and most terrible of them all was their captain, who ruled with iron hand, ever alert and ready to punish with death any who rebelled against his orders. So hard and unmerciful was his rule that the men were goaded to revolt, and but for his cunning and watchfulness Kidd's days would have been very short.



"The mate, with a snarl, sprang forward with bared sword."

It happened that one of the men had failed to execute an order to the satisfaction of the pirate captain, and at the point of the sword his comrades were compelled by Kidd to throw him overboard. There had been several cases of yard-arming and keel-hauling for slight insubordination, and this last act set the men aflame. When Kidd turned his back the poor wretch who had brooked his wrath was rescued from the waves and hidden in the hold, where he was fed by one of the mates. The two conspired together to overthrow Kidd, but reckoned without the keenness of the latter.

Watching around as his wont, Kidd observed the mate letting himself down into the hold. He followed quietly, listened to their scheming, learnt that they intended to murder him in his cabin, and escaped unnoticed.

"So that is the way the wind blows. Good! I must take precautions." He clenched the hilt of his ever-ready sword as he communed with himself. "An end must be put to this rebellious spirit. I must teach these curs that it is dangerous to thwart me and my desires."

The next day or so saw Kidd more oppressive and cruel than ever. Men for the merest offence were strung up on the yard-arm, or marooned. It seemed he was intent on rousing the furies of the crew, and indeed that was part of his plan. His eyes were ever keenly alive to every suspicious movement, and at last he learnt how and when his assassination was to take place.

From the hold, assisted by the mutinous mate, crept the sailor who had been hidden The pair stole into the captain's cabin, where the sailor concealed himself under a rug on the couch. Kidd followed, his hand on his pistol, and the mate was trapped. He turned at the captain's dry cry of "Hullo, there!" and with a snarl sprang forward, with bared sword.

"Steady, now!" Kidd, with his pistol pointed at the man's breast, spoke. "What do you want here?"

"Nothing in particular; that is, I came to find you," said the mate sulkily.

'Ho, ho! Do you come to seek your captain with a drawn sword?" Kidd's question was rasping. "What is under that rug?"

"Which rug?—nothing," replied the mate.

"Nothing, aye; well, if there is nothing there, just run your sword through to prove it to me."

The pistol was nearer the confounded man's chest.

"Run your sword through that rug, d'ye hear me!"

"I can't—there is no reason—why should I?"

"Why should you? Because I tell you to. Now, one, two, three. If you value your life you will thrust your sword up to the hilt through that rug before I count five; you understand, up to the hilt, or my pistol shall speak more definitely to you. Now—four——"

The mate moved nervously towards the couch where his comrade was concealed—he lifted his arm, but it drooped weakly. The pistol was thrust nearer, so near that it could not fail to kill; the face of Kidd had developed a sinister aspect, there was the lust of blood in his eyes; and the mate knew he must do what he was told.

Kidd's lips moved to form the fatal word—"Five."

A shriek rose from the couch—the mate had thrust home, and, as he withdrew his sword dripping with blood, the figure under the rug moaned as the limbs which had been drawn up with sudden agony relaxed. On Kidd's face was a cunning smile of triumph. He called, and several of the crew came tumbling into the cabin to carry away the corpse, and arrest the mate.

It was a terrible lesson. It cowered the crew, and when the body was hurled overboard, and the mate strung up on the yard-arm, there was no more murmuring, though, in their hearts, the men felt more revolt than ever.

* * *

In England, in the small seaport, Peggy, the misunderstood and deserted sweetheart of Captain Kidd, pined away in sorrow. No more the pretty, lively girl of yore, she declined slowly before the eyes of her father who adored her. She became so weak and ill that when a letter came from a sister in America inviting the family over to her, the old man seized upon the opportunity, thinking the voyage and change of scene would be good for his daughter.

They sailed shortly after, and, by a curious act of fate, the vessel fell in with the pirate ship "The Wasp." Terror gripped the crew of the merchantman as the dread vessel bore down on her, and the black flag burst open at the peak. Despairing effort was made to get away, but Kidd's vessel gained fast. The voyagers rushed hither and thither in fear as a shot flew across the bow, and another crashed through the bulwarks. "The Wasp" came alongside, and crowds of savage men, armed to the teeth, poured on to the merchantman. Resistance was almost useless. Those who offered opposition were quickly hewn down, and all whom the pirates met were put to the sword, or held to be made walk the plank later.

On the first sign of danger, Peggy's father had drawn his daughter down into her cabin. But this was a poor retreat from the infuriated, fiendish pirates. The cabin door was burst open, and, defending the girl, the father was pierced through and through, while a ball entered the gentle Peggy's breast, dealing a mortal wound. On a sudden, a uniformed figure darkened the doorway, and seeing one of the men with the girl in his arms, dashed across and threw him roughly aside.

"William."

The pirate captain looked and recognized Peggy, who shrank back from him in horror. "Her old lover a pirate ——." The thought was as mortal as the ball wound in her breast.

Kidd rushed to take her in his arms. As he saw her wounded and ashamed, all the old love flooded back.

"Peggy, how came you here?"

"William, listen—let me explain before I die. I was not false to you. It was my brother you saw."

"Peggy!" But words were useless, his sweetheart had sunk back apparently dead. Kidd gathered her in his arms, and as she felt his embrace the girl roused herself with a last effort and whispered: "Why did you do this, William?" then fell back, limp and lifeless.

And the strong, violent buccaneer took her, and stumbled blindly to the forward deck. All the brute in him died—he became as a simple child, and the foul ghouls that formed his crew cowered before the sanctity of grief they dumbly felt.

The Padrone's Plot



Written from the Film by LEYTON SOMERS.

TONY VALLENCI, at his home under the blue skies of Italy, had heard wonderful stories of America. It was a land where any man who was willing to work could make a fortune in no time. So, at least, Tony had been given to understand. So, one fine day, he and his wife and child, with the little money they had saved, took their passages on a great liner and set out for the great, the free, and above all, the rich country on the other side of the world.

They landed, found some cheap lodgings with compatriots, and then Tony began to make enquiries about work. That was how he fell into the power of Pietro Va li.

Valli was a padrone—a sweater, a blood-sucker ; but then Tony did not know. How should he? He had only been in America a few hours. He knew nothing about American customs or American money. Therefore, when he was offered work at sixty cents a day, he jumped at the chance, signed a contract agreeing to sell his labour for the magnificent sum. He went to work the same day. It was hard work, in a quarry, and the name of the owner of the quarry was Dodge.

On the following day Tony's adventures began. He was on his way home from work when a passing motor-car brushed by him and sent him sprawling. Happily, he was more frightened than hurt, but the lady who was in the car called to her chauffeur to stop, and herself got out and expressed her sorrow at the accident. She insisted on conveying Tony to his home in the car. She inquired his name and whether he was married, and was altogether so pleasant that Tony felt almost glad the accident had happened. He felt that he had already made one friend in America.

Not many days had passed before Tony and Maria, his wife, began to find that sixty cents a day was very far from being the fortune they had at first considered it. Live as cheaply as they might, the wage barely sufficed for food and rent. Tony spoke to the padrone about it.

"You see, signor," he said, in a troubled voice, "it costs much more to live here than it does in Italy. I did not know. I thought sixty cents a day was a lot of money, and that we would be able to save something out of it. But it is not enough. My wife and I, we cannot live on it So, signor, if you could pay me more——"

"Not a cent," cried Valli. "You contracted to work for sixty cents a day, and work you must until the contract is finished." He almost pushed Tony out of the office door.

Very sad at heart, the little man went home to tell Maria of his failure. As he got near to the poor little place he saw his wife standing outside. Somebody was talking to her—somebody who was dressed as a gentleman. What on earth could he be doing there? Tony watching, saw Maria shake her head vigorously. Then the gentleman laughed and seemed about to put his arm round her waist. Tony's hot Southern blood caught fire at that, and there was no need of Maria's startled cry of "Tony! Tony!" to make him dash forward.

The stranger saw him coming, but too late to escape. Tony had him by the throat, and beat him to his knees. The little man saw red, and it would have gone hard with the man if the bystanders had



"He was more frightened than hurt."

not persuaded Tony to let him go, saying that otherwise he would get into trouble himself.

Tony watched the stranger disappear. Afterwards he learned that the man who had been making love to his wife was Dodge, the owner of the quarry in which he worked. Well, he had let him escape this time, but Tony promised himself they should meet again, and that then Dodge should not get off so easily.

The news of the encounter got abroad, and Tony's compatriots urged him to seek revenge.

"You must join our society," said one of them. "It makes war on the rich for the benefit of the poor. It will be easy to throw a bomb in Dodge's house, and then you will be revenged on him—eh?"

So spoke the tempter, but Tony was not prepared to go to such lengths as yet. A few days later he returned from his work to find Maria missing, and his home desolate. Little Rosa told him that a bad man had taken her mother away.

What had really happened was that Maria had been taken suddenly ill, and the doctor had had her conveyed to the hospital. But Tony had only one thought. The "bad man" must be Dodge, and Maria had gone away with him.

Then Tony, mad in grief, and raging against the world, took the oath, and joined the secret society. Later, he learned the real reason of his wife's disappearance, and in a few days she was well, and back again in their cottage. But the die had been cast; Tony had taken the oath.

* * *

Tony's desire for revenge had somewhat cooled now. Still he owed Dodge no good-will, and showed no reluctance to discuss plans of vengeance at the meeting of the society. He felt distinctly uncomfortable, nevertheless, when, in the drawing of lots to decide who was to place a bomb in the house of the quarry-owner, the Fates selected him. It was one thing to owe a man a grudge and to wish to pay it back with interest; but quite another to pay it in such a way as this. However, if it must be, it must be. Tony, it will be seen, was something of a fatalist. Uncomfortable as he was, he would have been still more so if he could have known that Pietro Valli, the hated padrone, had overheard every word the conspirators had spoken, and knew that Tony had been chosen to carry out their fiendish plot. Valli made up his mind to inform the police.

It would appear that the bomb throwers had their doubts about Tony. Accordingly, on the night appointed, when he crept along to the front of the quarry-owner's house he was watched by a number of his fellow-members, though he did not know it. Tony had the bomb ready, and was watching for an opportunity to throw it into the house, when he saw a lady cross the hall, the door of which stood open. He recognised her in a moment as the lady whose motor-car had knocked him down, and who had afterwards driven him home. She must be Dodge's wife!

Whatever might be Tony's feelings with regard to Dodge, he had nothing but gratitude in his heart for this lady, almost the first who had shown him kindness after he had landed in America. He recoiled in horror at the thought of what he had been about to do, and hurried away from the house.

He had not gone far when a man whom he recognised as a member of the society came up with him.

"You have not carried out the society's directions," he said, laying a hand on Tony's shoulder.

The little man knew the peril in which he stood. All the same he answered pluckily: "No; I cannot do it. I will not do it. There is a lady in that house who was kind to me. I will not kill her."

"Very well; then we shall know what to do. Several of our members have been watching you. They have found out that Dodge is not at home. He has gone out with his daughter. When he returns he will get a warm welcome." The man laughed. "You must come back," he said, "and wait till Dodge appears. It will perhaps be possible to deal with him in the street, and you must do it."

Tony thought quickly. He was no coward, and his heart was warm with gratitude to Mrs. Dodge. If he could repay her kindness in any way he would do it. He would even save her husband for her if that were possible. He turned back with the man to the place where the other members of the gang were skulking. These immediately assailed Tony with threats and blows, but presently one of their number, who had been on the look-out, ran up with the news that Dodge and his little daughter were approaching. There was a hurried consultation, and it was decided that the bomb should not be used, but that Dodge should be disabled, stunned if possible, and that Helen should be kidnapped, and kept in captivity until her father paid a ransom for her.

In the excitement they forgot about Tony. He determined to watch his chance, and to go to the quarry-owner's aid. In order that he might move more quickly, he quietly divested himself of his coat and placed it on the ground. Then, not caring to rush into battle with a bomb in his hand, he gently put that murderous missile on the top of his coat. He had barely completed these preparations when Mr. Dodge and Helen came in sight. The men made a dash, and with them went Tony. The gang, half-a-dozen in number, then found, to their astonishment, that they had two men to fight, and that they were not to have an easy victory. Dodge and Tony laid about them with right good-will.



"In the quarry."

* * *

Pietro Valli, the padrone, who had been hovering on the heels of the gang all the evening, and had seen Tony turn away from Dodge's house without throwing the bomb,

began to be afraid that he was not going to reap any credit out of the affair. The police, whom he had warned by telephone, would think he had been hoaxing them. It was when he saw Tony lay down his coat and the bomb that an idea came to him. He could place them in the house, and save his credit with the police after all. He picked up the bomb gingerly, and then, carrying the coat on his arm, set off for the house. He was creeping silently up the steps when a stern voice called to him to halt. He turned to find himself confronted by a police-officer, who held a formidable-looking revolver. Another officer was with him, and relieved the padrone of his burden while the first kept him covered by the weapon.



"The fates selected him."

Valli's protests were of no avail. He had actually been caught entering the house with the bomb in his hand. Nothing he could say would explain away that damning fact. The handcuffs were clicked on his wrist, and he was taken away, protesting vigorously.

Meanwhile, other police officers had gone to the assistance of Dodge and Tony, who were hard pressed by their assailants. At the approach of the police, however, these fled in all directions.

On learning who it was that had come to his aid at the critical moment, Mr. Dodge's conscience smote him. He lost no time in making his peace, apologised handsomely for his conduct on the occasion of their first meeting, and gave Tony a position at the quarry, which brought him in more than sixty cents a day.



Cast:

The Padrone	Arthur Donaldson
Tony	Robert Vignola
His Wife	Alice Hollister
The Quarry Owner	Edgar Davenport
His Wife	Helen Lindroth

IN MID-ATLANTIC.

A DANCER'S HEROISM.

Drama of the Sea in Three Parts by Messrs. Z Rollini and R. Leprince.

The Scenes were enacted on board a Trans-Atlantic Liner.

Chapter I.

TWO men were talking angrily in the first officer's cabin of the transatlantic liner "Jupiter." One was an elderly man who bore an expression of authority. The other, a young man, was a typical young sailor, with his handsome, clear-cut features. These two were father and son, respectively captain and chief officer of the ship.

"I came in to bring you a wireless message from your fiancée," Captain Stroffer was saying angrily, "and I find you looking at the portrait of another woman and reading a letter of hers—not for the first time, I suppose. An actress, by her appearance. Who is she, René?"

René Stroffer flushed deeply, but he controlled himself, and his voice was steady when he replied:

"Mlle. Gaby des Roses."

"An actress?"

"A dancer."

"I'm not sufficiently well-read in the 'Who's Who' of the *demi-monde* to know the lady," the captain rejoined with sarcasm.

The young man's anger was plainly getting the upper hand.

"You can't accuse me of ever having been lacking in respect for you, father," he burst out. "But you tempt me to forget what I owe you when you speak of Mlle. des Roses in that tone. She is a perfectly well-bred girl, who is so fortunate as to be an exceptionally gifted artist. I never cease to regret my engagement to Lucille. It was a huge mistake."

"You are not the first young man in the world to feel as you do at the present moment," the captain said more kindly. "Later you will thank me for rescuing you. Now, we shall be in port by afternoon, and I shall expect you to meet Lucille in the manner that she, as your fiancée, has a right to expect."

A few hours later the "Jupiter" docked

René followed his father on deck, where he found M. Savary and Lucille. The latter was a pretty young girl, and wore an expression of the most engaging innocence. As soon as she saw René, she came forward with shy impetuosity to greet him.

As he looked at her, another face, Gaby's, dark and glowing with passion, seemed to come between him and Lucille's ingenuous one, and he felt that he almost hated this innocent creature who seemed so confident of his love.

"I am very glad to see you, Lucille," he forced himself to say. Then he turned to greet Salvary, and the conversation became general.

As soon as possible the quartette of Stroffer's and Savary's went ashore to the latter's house, where the captain and René were to stay until the "Jupiter" sailed again.

The hours that followed were miserable ones for the young sailor.

In public the captain did his best to cover up René's deficiencies as a lover; in private he upbraided him mercilessly. But to all his father's anger, to Salvary's cordiality, and to Lucille's hurt tenderness, the young man opposed the same front of weary indifference that marked his feverish longing for Gaby.

Chapter II.

ON the second day René left for Paris by the afternoon train. At ten o'clock that evening he was sitting in Gaby's dressing-room at the theatre. His heart beat furiously when he heard her step approaching, and he stepped forward as she entered, a radiant vision of beauty.

Gaby sighed happily as she lay in his arms.

"You still love me then," she whispered, looking up into his eyes.

A sound of voices outside startled them.

"There's somebody coming!" Gaby exclaimed in a low voice. "Quick, darling! Get behind the screen."

René had no sooner concealed himself than three men in evening dress entered.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" said Gaby with admirable coolness. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"To our wish to congratulate you on your magnificent success of this evening—and also to ask you whether you have considered my proposition of a Mexican tour," replied one of them.

"As I remember, it was a question of terms."

"They shall be exactly as you wish."

Gaby expressed herself as quite satisfied. As soon as the visitors had departed, René emerged from his hiding place, seemingly much agitated.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to Mexico, do you?" he said angrily.

"Yes, why not?" she replied. "Don't you go away? Aren't you always away yourself? But don't be cross, darling," she went on coaxingly, laying her hand on his shoulder. "I really *must* go. They would get sick of me in Paris if I stayed here all the time. I must go out into the wilderness every now and then to refresh myself. Besides, it will only be for six months. And think of all the money I shall get."

"I don't like it and nothing you can say can make me," he rejoined, his irritation increasing instead of diminishing. "I don't see why you can't stay in Paris. I must go now, but I hope that when I see you again, you will have thought better of it." And he flung out of the room without even a "good-night."

Gaby sank wearily into a chair, the tears welling in her eyes.

"How cruel he is!" she thought. "If he only knew why I am going to Mexico to earn money to take him away from the sea, so that we can always be together. . . . . Now he thinks that I don't love him."

René spent a miserable night and day. As evening approached, he went to the theatre. Pride made him mask his joy at at seeing Gaby again, and she thought that he was still angry. Whereas he had thirsted so for her, that the mere sight of her brought a delicious sense of peace, of security to him, and for the moment he could have endured



"Gaby at the theatre."

the thought of her going to Timbuctoo—on the morrow—as long as that night was his.

"Are you still angry with me, darling? How would you like me to go with you on your next trip?" she went on pleadingly. "I could get off at Rio de Janeiro and go to Mexico from there."

"Ah, darling woman! Would I like it?" His voice broke, and he took her in his arms. "It will be heaven for me. Three long weeks together. My God! I love you. You don't know what I've suffered since last night."

"Mr. Stroffer!" he said in his coldest official tone, "I wish to speak to you in the chart-room."

René bowed to Gaby and followed him.

"How dare you bring your mistress on board with you?" the captain said in a low tone of concentrated fury.

René controlled himself with difficulty.

"I must beg you not to speak of Mlle. des Roses in that way. As the woman I love, she is entitled to at least as much consideration from you as any other woman," he said. "Ah, father, forgive me for speaking to you as I have done," he went on, his voice softening. "I love her and any word against her drives me mad. Don't push me too far, for both our sakes.'

"You know my opinion now, and I rely upon you to act on it," was the cold reply. "Go back to your duty."

The days passed with a deceptive appearance of outward calm.

One evening, towards the end of the voyage, René received a summons from his father. He found him pacing up and down



"Fire breaks out on board the ship."

"And I, too," Gaby whispered, nestling happily in his arms.

Chapter III.

Captain Stroffer's feelings were indescribable when he discovered that the woman whom he regarded as his son's evil genius was amongst his passengers.

His hard, impassive face gave no evidence of the tempest of wrath that was raging within him as he stepped up to René and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

on deck with an anxious face

"There's a fire in the forehold," said the captain in a low tone. "Lay forward at once and set the hands on."

All his animosity against his father drowned by that terrible word "fire" René hastened forward. Smoke was already issuing from the forehatch, and when he descended, he found that a quantity of inflammable cargo was well alight. He got the hose to work at once, and then reascended—to meet the rush of a mob of people who nearly swept him off his feet. They were the steerage passengers, driven from their quarters in panic by the smoke.

There in the dark he fought to check them, backed by the third officer and some of the crew. Step by step they forced the screaming throng below again. Then, leaving the "third" with a strong guard to control them, René returned to the bridge to report progress.

"Well we've done all we can for the moment," the captain said. "What I fear now is a panic among the saloon passengers."

René eyed his father keenly.

"I think I can guard against that, if you will allow me. It's worth trying, anyway. We might announce an impromptu charity entertainment and get Gaby to dance. That would keep them amused."

"Very well," the captain replied, sombrely.

René summoned Gaby from the saloon.

"Listen to what I have to say, darling, and don't utter a sound," he said. "It must be kept from the other passengers. There is a fire amongst the cargo. Don't be frightened. It's only a small affair. But we fear a panic. Will you dance just to keep the people occupied?"

At the dread word of "fire" Gaby had started back with a low cry of terror, but he seized her.

"For my sake!" he said, looking deep into her eyes.

"For your sake. So be it," she answered in a tremulous whisper.

For twenty minutes she held them spellbound. Then she ran to the door and fell almost fainting into René's arms outside.

"I can't dance any more," she gasped. "Ah, God! I can't. Don't ask me!"

She clung to him, trembling and sobbing. But the fight was not won yet, and he forced her back to the door very gently.

"Once more, sweet," he whispered. "Be brave and finish your work."

She shuddered. Then with a tremulously sweet glance at him, she straightened herself and entered.

And now the smoke began to penetrate into the upper saloon where Gaby was dancing.

"Fire!"

At that cry from someone's lips, the whole company, men and women alike, forgot the dancer, forgot everything in an overwhelming fear for their own precious skins, and made a mad rush for the door. Screaming and fighting, they forced their way out, trampling over each other in their panic. Gaby, although sick with fear, never faltered in her dance until the saloon was empty. Then she collapsed.



"The whole company made a mad rush to the door."

Instinctively, the mob sought the very highest point, as if the flames were already at their heels.

"My friends!" said the captain, "all danger is past. We have mastered the fire."

Chapter IV.

"The captain's compliments to madame, and would she do him the honour of granting him an interview in the chart-room." Gaby rose and followed the steward who brought the message.

The captain bowed when she entered, and motioned her into a chair.

"First of all, mademoiselle," he said, in a voice from which all personal feeling was studiously excluded, "permit me to thank you on behalf of myself and everybody on board for your noble bravery last night. Nothing will ever efface the memory of it from my mind."

Gaby bowed and looked at him expectantly. *That* was not what she had come to hear.

"And now, if you will allow, I must touch upon a painful topic," he went on in the same tone. "My son is engaged to a young girl of his own rank in life. They are eminently well-suited to each other. She loves him with all the ardour of a first love, and he loved her—until he conceived this passion for yourself. Leave him—he has not the force of will to leave *you*—and he will come back to his duty."

In all her misery Gaby's first thought was of the grotesque contrast between her expectations and the reality. She could almost have laughed at the poor eager creature that had hurried into the cabin five minutes before.

"If you leave him, he has a happy, useful life before him, with a loving wife and a home of his own. You can give him a *grande passion*, but there will be no home waiting for him when he comes ashore."

"I will take him from the sea, and he shall live with me always," she murmured, the tears welling from her eyes.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he went on, his voice trembling with emotion. "Leave him—not for my sake, not for his fiancée's sake, but for his own"

Gaby fell to sobbing slowly and convulsively.

"I love him so," she whispered, through blinding tears.

"Will you give him up—for his sake?"

She rose speechless, and bowed her head.

The "Jupiter" was due in port the next morning, and it was arranged that Gaby was to go ashore secretly. The ship's stay there was to be only of a few hour's duration, and the captain hoped that René would not discover her departure until after they had sailed.

That evening Gaby was leaning over the rail gazing at the shore which they were approaching and which was to see the end of her love.

"Where were you all this afternoon," sweet?" said René's voice from behind, and she felt his arm steal about her waist. "I was looking for you. Why, what is the matter, dearest? Are you suffering?"

She tried to hide her face, but he raised it gently and looked into her eyes.

"Darling, what is it?"

He laid his cheek against hers. She put her arms about him, and for one brief moment she strained him to her—then she fled.

It all fell out as the captain had planned, The next morning Gaby went ashore in a boat unobserved. As soon as they were at sea again he sent for René and handed him a letter that Gaby had left for him.

The young man read it and re-read it without speaking. Then he slipped it into his pocket, and sank slowly into a chair, gazing straight before him with eyes that seemed to see nothing. At last he spoke, and to his father his voice was that of a stranger.

"This is your doing—yours."

"It is for the best, my boy, believe me."

"Ah!"

It was a snarl like a wild beast's. René sprang up, his hands opening and closing convulsively, and his father felt that here was no son of his, not even the stranger who had sat there two minutes before, gazing before him as if he were looking into another world, but an enemy whose hands, if only for a second, itched to kill him.

In that second the two men faced each other. Then René shuddered, and staggered from the room.

Pathé Frérès.

CAST :

René Stroffer, Lieutenant on the liner "Jupiter"	M. ALEXANDRE *Of the Comédie Française.*
Captain Stroffer, his Father	M. HENRI MAYER *Of the Comédie Française.*
Monsieur Salvary	M. DORMY
Lucille Salvary, his Daughter, engaged to René ...	MLLE. SIMONE MAREIX
Gaby des Roses, a Dancer...	MLLE. GABRIELLE ROBINNE *Of the Comédie Française.*

THE CLOSED DOOR.

By EVAN STRONG.

This story is written from the Victor Feature with Florence Turner in the chief female role. It will be showing at the Cinemas on and after February 9th.

GEORGE NEIL had risen from the ranks. Of little education other than what he had picked up by the experiences of his strenuous life, he had amassed a great fortune by his shrewd bargaining, and was now such a power on the 'change that few cared to match their wits against him in a financial deal.

Away out of the town Neil had built for himself a palatial residence. He was surrounded with every comfort and attention, yet something lacked. For one thing he was unmarried, and the social barriers prevented his entry into that sphere he thought his riches entitled him to. His very clerks, he pondered, were on a higher social status. Why, young John Bryson, moved in the best circles, and indeed was to marry Ethel Ashleigh, daughter of the most aristocratic house in the district, as soon as his salary warranted him setting up house.

It was disappointing to realise that with all his money he was without the pale.

* * *

When Neil went to the office he was in a morose mood. He said little, but his clerks knew by his movements that they had better keep out of his way. Poor Bryson's heart sank into his boots—he had arranged to take his fiancée to a ball with her sister Flo, but Neil seemed intent on preventing him. He poured volumes of work on the poor fellow, who eventually had to inform his sweetheart that the ball was impossible: he would have to work, and to fail meant loss of the promised rise, and consequent postponement of their marriage.



"Bryson started for himself on the exchange."

But this information was not conclusive or Miss Tomboy Flo. She had determined on the ball; to the ball she would go — and Bryson should take her along with her sister. As the hours flew by, and the clerk did not appear, Flo decided on a course of action which was drastic in the extreme: she would go to the office and drag him away from the desk, work or no work.

She arrived at Neil's office like a whirlwind, saw Bryson at the outside desk and made a dash at him, crying, "You lubber, what are you doing here now after promising to take us to the ball? Put your hat on and come along, else we shall be late."

"H'sh, not so loud, the guv'nor's in there,'



"His wife locked the door."

said Bryson, with finger to lip. "Don't make so much noise or I shall get into trouble."

"Well, hurry up, and get ready for the ball. Unless I see you on the move I shall make more noise."

"But, my dear Flo, I can't leave the office; I dare not, there is all this pile to do yet," pointing to a heap of papers on his desk.

"Go, and tell Neil you have to come with me. At once, or I shall go to him myself."

"Flo, be reasonable; it's as much as my job is worth—he's in a vile temper."

"I'll talk to him about temper, and won't let you go. Just see me."

And in she went, into the chief's sanctum, where the despondent Neil sat sucking a cigar, hat on head, looking a picture of determined misery. He looked up as the girl entered, took his cigar out of his mouth, but failed to doff his hat.

"Mr. Bryson has promised to take my sister and me to the ball, and through your beastly work we shall be late if he does not come away at once," she said standing, a vision of fresh beauty, before him. "Tell him he can leave the old work. He tells me he can't come at all because of it, and he must come. I will go to the ball."

"Business is of much more importance than trotting about at balls. The young man must attend to his work," replied Neil.

"That is what you think, because you are getting old and crusty. But I say it is most important that he should come to this ball, and what is more he is coming, if I have to draw him there."

Something in the imperious little figure before him stirred the money-maker. He seemed lost for the moment, then he stood up, removed his hat, and opening the door for Flo, called out to Bryson: "You can go."

Bryson danced off joyously after Flo, while Neil went back to his desk immersed in deep thought, and it was some time before he moved again.

When he did move it was evident some idea had taken possession of him.

"That girl will suit me," he muttered, pacing the floor. "She is lively, that is good for me; I have become too solitary and sullen; she is pretty, which is a great asset, and she comes of the best family hereabouts. Marriage with her will take me into society."

* * *

Old Ashleigh was aristocratic in every respect—he would rather starve—or live on debts—than work, with the result that his children had not the opportunities their birth should have given them, and he was unable to live the life of his position in the social scale warranted. He had come to a stage when money, an absolute essential, was to be desired above all things, and he

hesitated but little when George Neil, the self-made man, offered him a small fortune for his daughter's hand in marriage. And so it came about that Neil became a suitor for Flo's hand, and she accepted him on certain conditions, but not before she had told her father that she realised the marriage was merely a business arrangement and she was sacrificed to save him from his debts.

The conditions she made with Neil were that they were to be as strangers to one another after the marriage, and that she was to hold the key of her apartment.

This he agreed to, thinking to break down the barrier and win her love. He felt a deep desire for her, an honest sentiment stirred him, but he found she was not to be won over, and he saw little of her, nor could he approach except as an acquaintance after their marriage.

As the days proceeded Flo showed no signs of relenting; she held by her agreement hard and fast. Her husband followed her everywhere, vainly hoping for an indication of affection or a kind word. He showered wonderful jewels upon her and surrounded her with every luxury. Once having brought home a magnificent necklace, which filled her with delight, he waited by her side for a word of thanks. As she took no notice he made advances.



"She placed the key in the dog's mouth."

"Flo, will you not forego this absurd agreement?" he pleaded. "Will you not let me love you? I am a hard impossible upstart perhaps, but I love you and will do anything you ask in return for the merest crumb of interest."

"Is it for this you have bought me jewels? Do you think you can buy me in such a way?" she said.

"I do not attempt to buy you, as you put it; I merely try to win your affection."

"Then I tell you, I do not want your jewels. Take them back." She thrust them into his hands rudely. "The understanding we arrived at before our marriage must stand. I have brought you the social position you desired and thereby have fulfilled my part of the bargain. Now fulfil yours."

Neil, seeing the hopelessness of appeal, turned away, and the days went on as before. He continued to pay her every attention, halted at her slightest wish, and at last she began to feel some slight interest in the grim, self-reliant man, who in spite of his power held honourably to his promise.

* * *

During the early part of his married life Neil had formed an idea that his clerk, Bryson, had been a lover of Flo's, and that she retained some affection for the man. In jealousy he discharged the clerk, who started for himself on the Exchange. He was, however, unsuccessful, and fell into a trap which placed him in the hands of Neil.

The financier was about to crush the man he looked upon as a rival, when he learned that Flo's sister was Bryson's fiancée, and in that moment, feeling the hopelessness of conciliation where his wife was concerned, he formed a plan to lose all his money to his old clerk so that he might happily marry, while he could creep away and end his life.

A telegram to Bryson put him in possession of the market, and a note left for Flo informed her that her husband had left the house intent on removing himself from her life.

As Flo read and realized the import of the message her face blanched with fear. This great act of sacrifice brought home the fact that she did in truth love her husband—and was about to lose him. She must save him—must bring him back; but how?

She sank down weeping beside her pet bulldog, who had come nestling round to console his distressed mistress.

* * *

Some distance from the house a man sat, revolver in hand, making up his mind to pull the trigger of the weapon turned on himself. A stifled yelp sounded nearby and his wife's bull-dog burst upon him. He lowered the revolver and took something from the animal's mouth—something it was endeavouring to place in his hands. It was a key, the key of his wife's apartment, and his heart gave a great bound forward, for he realised its significance. His wife loved him, wanted him, and she had devised this plan of letting him know before it was too late.

He rushed back to the house where his wife waited in suspense, the dog at his heels.

Where The Road Forks



Written from the Film by LEYTON SOMERS.

"WELL, my dear young lady, I hope you are in good voice. Everything depends on that. Let us try a note or two."

Professor Bosnetto sat down at a grand piano, and struck a chord. "Sing!" he commanded, and a clear note rang out—full, rich, and beautiful. He struck two or three other chords, and the voice followed him unerringly.

"Superb!" cried the professor, springing to his feet, and facing round on his pupil. "Superb! Oh, you will astonish everybody. What a career you will have! And I taught you—yes, I! Ah, my dear pupil, we will both be famous together!"

Professor Bosnetto's enthusiasm was wonderful to see. He was very proud of this pupil of his. From the first he had recognised that hers was one of those rare voices that make history. Under his skilled training it had grown and developed, and he had made of this girl a finished artiste. That the world would share his opinion of her he did not for an instant doubt. She had only to appear at the Opera, and her immediate success was assured. He had told the directors of the Opera House that he had discovered a new and wonderful soprano. His enthusiasm was so evident that they had given immediate consent to his request that they would hear his pupil sing, and judge for themselves. They were waiting in the next room now with one or two musical critics whom Professor Bosnetto had invited to be of the party.

"Now," he said, "I will ask the audience to come in."

"Oh, professor," said the new soprano, "I'm so nervous. I'm sure I shall break down."

"Nonsense," was the reply. "Just sing your best, and think only of the music. It will be all right. By the way, what will you sing?"

"The 'Jewel Song.'"

"Bravo! There could be nothing better. You will make a wonderful Margarita. So! we are quite ready."

He threw open the door. "Enter, gentlemen," he cried.

A number of distinguished looking gentlemen appeared. Each was presented in turn to Miriam Howell, upon whose voice they had come to sit in judgment. The professor seated himself at the piano, and the critics settled themselves to listen. At the first notes uttered by the singer they exchanged glances of intelligence. The recitative over, the professor struck a strong chord, and the glorious voice burst out into the "Jewel Song" itself. The audience listened with rapt attention. There was no trace of nervousness in the singer's voice or manner. She had lost herself completely in the music, and for the time she was Margarita, decking herself with glittering jewels, and executing the runs and trills of the brilliant aria with a perfection such as even that audience had but seldom heard.

The song ended, and Miriam and her master were overwhelmed with congratulations. Such a voice, said one of the critics, had not been heard in the capital for many years, and it was long since there had been such a charming Margarita. He bowed to Miriam as he said it. The girl was in a flutter of delight, and began to think she

must be dreaming in broad daylight.

Then the chief director of the Opera House took up the story.

"A wonderful voice," he said, "Miss Howell will become a great artiste. We must secure her for the Opera House, eh, professor? Indeed," he went on, "I was so much impressed by your account of your pupil that I had an agreement drawn up, and have brought it with me. It needs only Miss Howell's signature. I think we will leave you to discuss it with her."

The members of the select and critical audience bowed themselves out, and Miriam turned to the professor.

"Did I do well?" she asked with a smile.

"Well! My dear child, it was wonderful—superb! Never was the 'Jewel Song' sung so well in this city before. Oh, you will be great—great! But let us look at the contract."

Miriam gasped with astonishment when he pointed out that the salary named in the document was a thousand dollars a week.

"Well," said the professor, "will you sign now? Here are pen and ink."

Miriam thought a minute or two. Then she said slowly: "It is for a year. You know, don't you, professor, that I am soon to be married?"

Bosnetto looked keenly at her. "Impossible!" he said. "Love and marriage are not for the artiste. They must be sacrificed to a career."

Miriam was silent. She had not thought of this. She declined to sign the contract on the spot, saying that she would take it home and think over it. From this determination the professor could not move her.

At home that evening Miriam sat looking into the fire. She had thought deeply, had weighed fame in the balance against love, and almost she had decided to sacrifice everything for her art. She was still sitting there when the door opened softly, and there came in a handsome young fellow. He stole behind the chair, and put his hands suddenly over her eyes.

"Jack!" she cried, and started up laughing.

"The same. And what were you dreaming about? Was it—us?"—he looked tenderly into her face.

"No, Jack," was the serious reply. "I was thinking about this." She unfolded the contract, and showed it to him.

"What's this?" he asked, with a sinking



"He gathered up his hat and coat and left her alone."

of the heart. "It needn't make any difference! We can be married all the same, can we not!"

"No, I'm afraid not, Jack. Love and marriage are not for artistes."

"Then don't be an artiste. I want you to be a wife. Oh, Miriam, surely you're not going to throw me over! I won't let you. You can't mean it!"

"Poor old Jack," she said.

"Oh," he cried, angrily, "I don't want your pity; I want your love. Look here, I can't believe you have decided. I'll come back in an hour for your answer."



"Margarita appeared and bowed."

He gathered up his hat and coat, and left her alone. She sank wearily into the chair by the fire. There was no sound in the room.

Presently—was she awake or asleep!—there came to her side a tall, splendid figure, arrayed in classic robes, and bearing a laurel wreath, which she held over Miriam's head. It was Ambition.

"See your golden future," she said; and Miriam saw, as in a vision, the Opera House crowded with a brilliant audience. In the stage box were the gentlemen to whom she had sung that morning, and among them was Professor Bosnetto, standing and gazing anxiously at the stage. Then Miriam saw Margarita enter, and recognized herself. She opened the casket, decked herself with jewels, and sang the famous song. She saw, and seemed to hear, the audience applaud with frantic enthusiasm. The curtain fell. Margarita appeared and bowed, smiling, and looking delighted at her success. Bouquets were handed up to her, and the people cheered again and again. Then Miriam saw behind the scenes, saw the directors and the critics showering congratulations upon the new Margarita. And then the people shouting and cheering as she drove away from the Opera House in her motor-car. . . . .

But who is this! Another figure—a charming little boy, with a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows at his back. Surely it is Cupid, God of Love. She bends towards him. He whispers in her ear, and, with a swelling heart, she sees Jack and herself. Jack is placing a ring on her finger, and she is looking up at him with love and trust plainly written in her face. The scene changes, and she sees herself coming out of the church on Jack's arm, a radiant bride. As they step into the waiting motor-car, a host of laughing friends shower confetti and good wishes upon them. They drive away.

Then, after the honeymoon, she sees them come home, with faces alight with happiness, to a beautiful old house. Jack and she are standing in a creeper-covered verandah, in the moonlight. He takes her in his arms, and kisses her. . . .

Cupid is whispering at her ear still, and ambition stands back. In her vision Miriam sees the joys of motherhood. Jack and she are playing with the little ones in the night nursery. Jack is building a wonderful house with toy bricks, and she is sitting on the floor by his side, laughing. Between them is a child . . . . .

Cupid steps aside. It is ambition's turn once more. She points to the contract lying on the table. An idea comes to Miriam.

"Show me my old age," she says.

Ambition frowns, but obeys, and Miriam

sees a worn and wrinkled Margarita in her dressing-room, trying pathetically to make herself look youthful before a tell-tale mirror. Again the Opera House is filled with a brilliant eager audience. Again Margarita sings. But her day is over. She breaks down in the "Jewel Song," a fit of coughing seizes her; the audience break into laughter. And somebody hisses . . . .



"Miriam sees a worn and wrinkled Margarita in her dressing-room."

It is the end. Poor Margarita, in her dressing-room, weeps bitter, heartrending tears. Miriam sees her next morning, a lovely, white-haired, tragic woman, surrounded by every luxury, but with nobody in the wide world to love or sympathise with her. A letter arrives from the manager of the Opera House: "Your signal failure of last night compels me to retire you for the season. The public demands fresh young voices."

Such then, is the end of ambition. But now love comes softly to Miriam's side once more. He, too, has an old age to show her. As he whispers she sees a snowy-haired, happy-faced old lady, and a fine-looking, happy-faced old man. They are on the lawn of a charming old house, and the centre of a merry party of children and grandchildren. There can be no doubt that happiness is there.

* * *

Miriam was fast asleep in the chair when once more the door opened slowly, and Jack entered the room. His face was anxious and troubled. He did not put his hands over the girl's eyes this time. He stood and looked down at her, waiting. Presently she stirred, smiled, and opened her eyes.

"Jack!" she cried, and sprang up wide awake at once. She held out her hands to him, but he made no movement.

"I've come for your answer," he said. "I said I would come back in an hour.' He strove to speak quietly, but he could not keep his voice steady, and she saw the pleading in his eyes. "Will you marry me, Miriam?" he asked.

She smiled at him. "Yes," she said, very softly, and in a moment his arms were around her and his lips on hers.

* * *

Next morning a postal packet was delivered to Professor Bosnetto. It contained the contract, unsigned, and the following note:

"DEAR PROFESSOR,

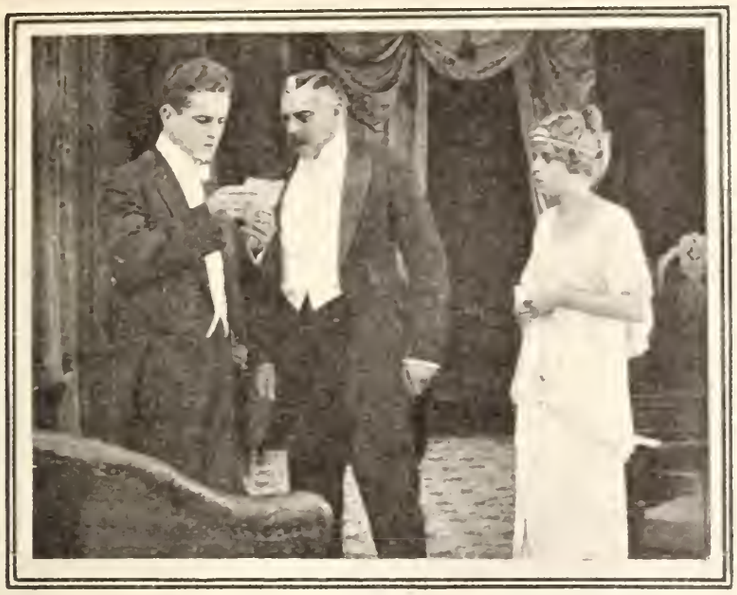
"I have decided not to take up a professional career. I am to be married soon.

"Yours very sincerely,

"MIRIAM HOWELL."

"FLYING A."

Miriam Howell	WINIFRED GREENWOOD
Her Lover	EDWARD COXEN
Prof. Bosnetto	GEORGE FIELD
Spirit of Ambition	MARION MURRAY
Cupid	ALBERT CAVENS
The Maid	AIDA DORELLO
The Butler	WILLIAM J. TEDMARSH



The House of Discord

Written from the Film by LEYTON SOMERS.

"SURELY, Mildred, you don't intend to come out riding with me in that ridiculous habit?" Mr. Richard Trevor looked angrily at his wife. "I think you had better go and change it at once. And don't keep me waiting all the morning."

"Why, Richard, what is the matter with the habit? I thought you liked it."

"Well, I don't," was the reply. "I told Gertrude I did not, and asked her to tell you not to wear it again. Did she tell you?"

"Yes, she did, but I prefer not to take orders from your sister. She has done nothing but make mischief ever since she came to the house. You treat me as if I were of no account at all, and give way to her in everything."

"Don't be absurd," said Trevor. "Gertrude is an excellent manager. You ought to be glad that she takes the responsibility of the house off your shoulders. You were never fitted to bear it, anyhow."

His wife burst out indignantly. "How dare you say that! You never gave me a chance. You brought her to the house soon after we were married, and there has never been a moment's peace or happiness since. It is not only the house that she manages. She has even taken my child from me."

She broke off suddenly as a child's cry reached her ears.

"Oh! it is too much," cried Mrs. Trevor "I will not bear it!"

There was an angry light in her eyes She crossed to where her little daughter May was standing sobbing with hung head before her aunt, who was scolding her severely.

"What is this?" demanded Mrs Trevor. "What have you done to the child?"

"She was disobedient," replied Miss Trevor coldly, "and I punished her."

"You punished her! And by what right? She is my child, and I will not have you lay a finger on her. You take too much upon yourself."

"Indeed!" sneered Miss Trevor. "I suppose you would have the child grow up as unruly and undisciplined as her mother?" She exchanged a glance with her brother. Mrs. Trevor, however, was petting and comforting little May, and paid no heed to them.

A horseman rode up to the group with a gay "Good-morning." Mr. Trevor and his sister returned his greeting coldly, but Mrs. Trevor's welcome was more cordial.

"We're quite ready, Elbert," she said. "Richard and I were waiting for you."

Trevor, however, turned away. "You must excuse me, Mildred, and you, Wallace," he said. "I've just remembered that I cannot spare the time to go riding this morning."

His wife looked at him in surprise. Then, turning to the new-comer, she said: "Then you'll have to put up with my company only."

Wallace made a conventional reply, and the two presently rode away together, Trevor and his sister going back into the house.

The post had just come in, and Miss



"Elbert Wallace arrived, and she was obliged to receive him with calmness and courtesy."

Trevor, picking out her letters from the budget, began to read. Suddenly she exclaimed aloud, and handed one of the letters to her brother. It was from another sister in town, and after touching on various matters, the writer went on: "I dislike to interfere in such a delicate matter, but I feel that for the sake of the family I must tell you that on all sides I am hearing the name of Richard's wife coupled with that of Elbert Wallace. Their frequent rides together are the talk of the country-side."

Trevor threw the letter on the table with an angry scowl.

"I told you how it would be," said his sister, acidly. "You should insist on her giving up this acquaintanceship. The thing is a scandal. I have spoken to her about it, but of course she pays no attention to what I say."

"Very well," replied Trevor: "I'll talk to her. And to him as well," he added, grimly, "if he is not careful."

But Mrs. Trevor had by this time become thoroughly rebellious, and flatly declined to give up her friendship with Elbert Wallace. Matters grew worse during the days that followed. Miss Trevor seized every opportunity to annoy and humiliate her sister-in-law, and to fan her brother's jealous anger.

About a week after the letter arrived there was a reception at the Trevor's house, and Miss Trevor made herself particularly disagreeable to Mildred by objecting to the dress which she proposed to wear on the occasion.

Miserable and disheartened, Mrs. Trevor received her guests, hoping that Elbert Wallace would not be one of them. If he came there would be trouble for her, she knew. He did come, and she was obliged to receive him with calmness and courtesy. Later on, she saw her husband and his sister talking seriously together. Occasionally they glanced at Wallace, and at last Miss Trevor went out of the room. Trevor crossed over to Wallace, exchanged a few words with him, and then they also went out. Wallace did not return. Afterwards she learned from Mr. and Miss Trevor that they had shown him the accusing letter. He had indignantly denied their accusations, and had left the house.

"You will never see him again," said Miss Trevor, "and a good thing, too. You never should have forgotten yourself so far as to encourage him."

Next morning, however, Mildred recognised Wallace's familiar handwriting on an envelope which was brought to her by one of the servants. Breaking it open, she read:

"Dear Mildred,

"I am perfectly sincere in my desire to take you out of the life you



"You were going to leave my house with him. You may go now—alone."



"The girl is placed under her mother's care."

are living. Your own happiness, your own freedom must be considered. You are unhappy. Come to me. I love you.

"ELBERT."

The letter threw her into great agitation. She realised that she had come to the parting of the ways. Was she to go on leading this miserable life, with her husband estranged from her and completely under the domination of his sister, her bitter enemy, or should she take the other road, along which love was beckoning her? The struggle was not a long one. She wrote a reply:

"Dear Elbert,

"Though doubt and fear are continually with me, I cannot help feeling you are right. Life here is not possible for me. I am miserable. My love for them is dead, and they will be happier without me. I will come, dear, and go away with you.

"MILDRED."

Her decision made, her spirit grew calmer, and she set about making preparations for leaving the house which had long ceased to be a home to her. Her only regret was at leaving the child.

Then Fate struck its cruellest blow. All day she had waited, expecting to hear from Wallace as to his plans. No word came. Then, late in the afternoon, there came a violent ringing at the doorbell, and shortly afterwards a servant appeared with a white, scared face. There had been a motor accident close by the house. A gentleman had been seriously injured, and the doctor had ordered him to be brought there.

Her husband and Miss Trevor went presently to the room where the injured man had been carried. At the first glance they recognised Elbert Wallace. He was delirious. His eyes rolled wildly, and he raved. He called piteously for "Mildred! Mildred!" He had a letter in one hand, and seemed to be trying to open it.

With a significant glance at her brother, Miss Trevor bent and took the letter from the clutching fingers. She held the envelope before Trevor's eyes. The handwriting on it was Mildred's. Miss Trevor drew out the letter which the unhappy wife had written to Wallace, read it, and handed it to the husband, as Mildred and little May entered the room.

The injured man was quiet now. Mrs. Trevor went forward and looked down at the still white face. Her face went as white as his, and she put her hand suddenly to her heart. She did not cry out. It seemed to her that she had been expecting something like this, Fate did not mean her to be happy. She knew Wallace was dying. Her husband's voice, stern and cold as ice, said:



"As the mother had suspected, it was a letter from the groom."

"There will be no elopement now,"

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking at him with frightened eyes, and speaking hardly above a whisper.

He held out the letter. "That is what I mean," he said. "You were going to leave my house with him. You may go now—alone."

She clung to May. "My child," she pleaded

"No," was the curt reply, "you will go alone."

* * *

Years passed—years during which Mrs. Trevor supported herself by teaching music. She had at first gone far away, but as time went on, sorrows lined her face and whitened her hair, and she returned to the village to be near her child Time had done its work, and nobody recognised her. All through these years she had had no communication with her husband or her child, but she heard of them through her old nurse, who had stayed on in the house, and knew her secret. She heard that little May, misunderstood and unloved, had grown up unruly and disobedient. One day she received a letter which frightened her. Old Margery wrote to say that, denied sympathy in her own home, the girl had sought it outside, and that she was involved in a love affair with the groom.

Mrs. Trevor sat down at once, and wrote to Margery, begging that she would arrange an appointment for her with Miss Trevor. The meeting took place, and as a result Miss Trevor agreed that the girl should be placed in her mother's care on condition that the mother should never make known her identity. This was consented to, and mother and child were once more living under the same roof.

May, who had become a beautiful, self-willed girl, did not understand the reason for the change, but she responded readily enough to the love which was now lavished upon her. She did not, however, cease her correspondence with the groom, and Mrs. Trevor soon saw that the foolish child imagined herself to be really in love. One night, Mrs. Trevor entered May's room and asked to see a letter which she had seen privately given to the girl an hour or two before.

May declined to give it up at first, but Mrs. Trevor pleaded with her with such loving tenderness that she produced it at last. As the mother had suspected, it was a letter from the groom, arranging an elopement for the following day. Mother and daughter talked long together, and May sobbed out her troubles on Mrs. Trevor's bosom. She would never, never do such a thing again, she said, and she would never have a secret from Mrs. Trevor.

Gradually such a change took place in the girl that her father noticed it. He suggested that as she appeared to have come to a better frame of mind she might return to her home.

"Oh, no," said May. "Don't make me come home, father. I'm so happy where I am—much happier than I ever was at home."

"Well, well, we'll see about it," he said lightly, and later on he called to see his daughter in her new abode.

His amazement on finding himself face to face with his wife was so great, that for a time he could not find words. At length he said:

"So you are the woman who has brought about this transformation?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Trevor, "I have saved her from what you forced upon us both"

He winced at that.

"Yes, I see it now. I saw it long ago, in fact, and wanted you back, but I did not know where to find you. Will you come to me now, and be mistress in your own house?"

"Yes, Richard," she said, smiling into his face.

May ran into the room then. She looked from one to the other in a puzzled way.

"Why," she cried, "do you two know each other."

Richard Trevor took the girl's hand and placed it in his wife's. "My dear," he said, "this lady is your mother."



Written from the Edison Film by LEYTON SOMERS.

OLD LLOYD was a miser. David Llewellyn, who hewed his living out of a copper mine, and Griffith, the foreman, rivals for the love of Anna, old Lloyd's daughter, knew it very well. But whereas David loved only Anna, and cared nothing for her father's money, Griffith loved the money more than the girl.

One day when Anna was returning from shopping in the little Welsh town, Griffith, who with the other men was going back to work after dinner, stopped and spoke to her. She answered him civilly, though somewhat nervously, for she feared the man, and most when he took most trouble to be agreeable.

Griffith's smile changed to a scowl when a big, good-looking young fellow left a group of companions and came across to where Anna and the foreman were standing.

"Why, Anna," he cried, "it must be a week since I saw you. I thought you must have gone away and left us."

"No, David,"—with a timid glance at Griffith, "I've been busy, and have had no time to be out and about."

Griffith cut in impatiently. "It's time you were getting back to work, Llewellyn," he growled. "You'd better get a move on."

"Why, there's plenty of time—more than ten minutes yet."

"Never mind," said Griffith, "you'd better do as I say."

Angry words rose to David's lips, but he said nothing. He bade Anna good-bye and went on to the mine. Griffith followed. The evidence of the familiar relations between the two filled him with rage and jealousy. He was ready to do his rival any injury, and he believed that an opportunity would occur. It would be easy for something to go wrong in the mine, which would remove Llewellyn from his path.

Something did occur that very afternoon. David was working by himself, repairing the miniature railway track used for conveying ore from the workings. He was hidden from the main gang by a mass of rock at a curve in the track. Working busily, the rumbling of wheels on metal broke on his ear. He jumped clear of the metals just in time to escape an empty ore-car which thundered round the bend and rushed away down the hill.

There was a shout, and Griffith ran up.



"He rose to his feet with a muttered curse."

He exclaimed lamely that the car had broken away, congratulated Llewellyn on his escape, and left him wondering.

The mine had been worked for some time, but the results obtained from it were poor. Mr. Lewis, the owner, had made up his mind to get rid of it.

"I'm losing money," he said to Griffith. "For a thousand pounds I'll sell the whole thing."

Griffith recalled this remark when, looking about a part of the mine which had hitherto remained untouched, he picked up a piece of ore of a richer quality than had yet been found in any part of the workings. He examined the rock around the spot, and and saw that he had stumbled upon a very rich deposit. Here was a fortune. And the mine could be bought for a thousand pounds! He was bending down and carefully replacing the piece of ore when two men of his gang approached. He rose to his feet with a muttered curse. He had meant to have nobody but himself in this. However, they knew valuable ore when they saw it, as well as he did, and their exclamations told that they had already made the discovery. He made up his mind at once, told them that Lewis was ready to sell the mine for a thousand pounds, and that they must raise the money somehow, and work the mine themselves.

"But mind," he said, "you've got to keep your mouths shut; we don't want anyone else in this."

How to raise the money, however, was a difficult problem. Griffith, turning the matter over in his mind, thought suddenly of old Lloyd and his hoard. He took to hanging about the old man's cottage at unearthly hours. One night, peering between the curtains of the living-room, he saw Lloyd raise a corner of the hearthstone and take something from under it. At the same moment, Elias, who had been watching his father, threw back the curtain, screaming out something unintelligible and pointing. Old Lloyd scrambled to his feet in alarm, and Griffith waited to see no more.

The miser had become nervous as to the safety of his own hoard. He must find another and a safer hiding-place for it outside the walls of his cottage. He could think of nowhere better than the old ruined Abbey which stood on the outskirts of the town.

Griffith had not gone far away. He meant to get possession of the gold. He saw the old man leave the cottage, and after waiting a few minutes he opened the door of the living-room silently. Nobody was there. The foreman went at once to the place where he expected to find the money, and raised the hearthstone. There was nothing there. He had been outwitted. Griffith cursed himself for a fool for not having followed the old man.

Meanwhile Lloyd had reached the ruins. He found a convenient hiding-place near the wishing well, deposited the bag of gold into it, and made everything secure. An idea flashed into his cunning old brain. If he could only make the townsfolk think the Abbey was haunted, they would be afraid to come near the place, and his treasure

would be safe. He tottered across to a ruined doorway and vanished into the darkness.

Presently the sound of a cheerful whistle sent a shiver of fright through the old man's frame. Evans, the postman, came into view. Suddenly the whistle froze on his lips, and he stopped. A low groan came from the Abbey, then another, then an eric screech which struck fear into the postman's soul, and sent him flying from the place as hard as he could go.



"He saw Lloyd raise a corner of the hearthstone."

Next morning the news that the Abbey was haunted was on everybody's lips. One man, however, sneered at the idea of ghosts at the Abbey or anywhere else. This was Griffith, and as he listened to Evans's tale the idea entered his mind that old Lloyd might have gone to the Abbey that night.

Now, the wishing well was a favourite meeting-place of David and Anna, and they met there that evening. David sat and smoked, and smiled at Anna while she laughingly went through the time-honoured rites and wished for what she most desired. The lovers wandered away together presently. They had not been gone long before old Lloyd came shuffling along to the well. For a time he fondled his treasure, mumbling incoherent words. Then he put it back in its hiding-place.

There was a sound of hurrying footsteps, and with a cry the old man rose to his feet, seeing Griffith close upon him. The foreman paid him no heed, but dropping on his knees began throwing aside the stones. Mad with rage and fear, the miser rushed screaming at the man and attempted to pull him away. Griffith rose then, and with a curse pushed the old man from him. Old Lloyd staggered, stumbled, and fell headlong into the well.

Griffith stood for some moments horror-struck at what he had done. But his greed for gold presently mastered every other feeling. Soon he had Lloyd's treasure in his grasp. He thrust the heavy bag in his pocket. Just then he caught sight of something lying on the ground. He picked it up and recognised David Llewellyn's tobacco pouch. At once he saw how he could turn this find to account. He put the pouch back where he had found it, and with the miser's gold in his pocket, went off to the town.

In the ruined doorway of the Abbey opposite the wishing well, old Lloyd's half witted son Elias mouthed and stared. He had seen the whole tragedy. In his poor, childish mind there was one thought—to tell Anna what he had seen. He hurried home, burst into the cottage where she sat sewing. He made strange noises and uncouth gestures and was terribly excited; but not one word could he speak. Shock had made him dumb, and while Anna in alarm tried to soothe and comfort him he threw up his hands and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

The next morning Evans found the lady in the well. He also found David's tobacco pouch, and hastened to the town.

Anna, full of anxiety as to the whereabouts of her father, was talking to a policeman in the street when Evans ran up with his news.

"The miser!" he cried. "He's dead—in the well at the Abbey! Oh, indeed, it is an awful thing!"

"Now what are you talking about?" asked the policeman. "Who's dead!"

"Old Lloyd," cried Evans. "He's in the well."

There was a scream, and for the first time Evans noticed Anna. The girl had fainted.

* * *

Things had been happening at the mine that morning. While at work on the surface not far from the shaft David had come across the deposit of ore previously discovered by Griffith. He realised the importance of the find at once. He knew the mine had not been profitable and that the owner was

anxious to get rid of it. This might cause him to change his mind. David threw down his tools and went to show Griffith what he had found.

To his surprise the foreman pooh-poohed the discovery.

"Clear out!" he said roughly. "Get back to your work, and don't interfere with matters you know nothing about."

But David was not to be so easily disposed of, and at length Griffith changed his tactics. He thought for a few moments, and then asked David abruptly what he would take to keep his mouth shut.

Light broke upon David.

"You can't buy me, Griffith," he said with decision. "I'm going to tell Lewis what your game is."

Before Griffith could answer he had turned on his heels and was walking rapidly away. The foreman saw that it was necessary to act quickly. He called the two men who were his fellow-conspirators, and all three ran together to head Llewellyn off. The young miner had not got far when he met them face to face.

"Now then," said Griffith menacingly. "Hand over that bit of ore."

David did not reply in words. His right fist shot out and caught the foreman a sledgehammer blow on the jaw. Griffith fell like a log. David served in the same way another of the scoundrels who attempted to close with him, and while the third hesitated, the young miner leaped upon an ore trolley, started the mechanism, and went dashing madly down the hillside. It was a thrilling ride and came to an abrupt end. Rounding a curve at tremendous speed the trolley jumped the metals, and David was pitched violently out. Fortunately he was only bruised and shaken, and presently he picked himself up and went on to the town.

He called at the mine-owner's house, and not finding him there, went out to look for him. After some time he saw Lewis standing with a crowd of people. David ran up, pulled the ore from his pocket and was beginning to tell his story when a policeman clapped him on the shoulder.

"I want you," he said, "for murder."

David burst out into horrified protest, but the policeman turned from him to Griffith, who had come up and was talking excitedly to the mine-owner.

There was a sudden commotion in the crowd, and Elias, the imbecile boy, elbowing the people aside, confronted the foreman, uttering strange cries and making curious pantomimic gestures. The people stared at him in amazement. He seemed to be giving in dumb show a representation of something he had seen, something horrible. It was David who first realised what it all meant. It came to him in a flash.

"Griffith," he cried, pointing at the foreman, "he's the murderer."

The end of something showing over the edge of the foreman's pocket caught his eye. He snatched at it, pulled out an empty canvas bag, and held it aloft. "Old Lloyd's money bag!" he cried in triumph.

Griffith saw that the game was up. He broke away from the hands that would have detained him, and ran like the wind, David after him, and the people following in a stream. Griffith was making for the mine workings. With fear at his heart he clambered up a precipitous crag, the avenger climbing painfully after him and getting ever nearer. Griffith looked over his shoulder and saw him, loosed a huge boulder, and sent it bounding down the rocks. It missed David by inches only, and still the chase continued. Reaching the crest of the crag, Griffith lowered himself down. Two minutes later the pursuer reached the same point, and looking over saw that Griffith was heading towards the place where blasting operations were in progress. He could see the fuse burning. There was not a workman in sight. They had all gone to shelter.

David's heart stood still. Then he shouted frantically to Griffith.

"Run, man! run for your life!"

The foreman looked up, then turned his eyes to where Llewellyn was pointing. With a terrible cry he threw himself face downwards on the rock. There was a flash, a thunderous roar which shook the rock where Llewellyn was lying. When the smoke and dust had cleared away there was no sign of Griffith. Huge boulders and shattered masses of rock were strewn about the place where he had been.

* * *

The miser's hoarded gold was found at Griffith's lodgings. In recognition of David's loyalty and good service, Mr. Lewis made him foreman of the mine, which was now started on a prosperous career. When the echoes of the tragedy had died away, David and Anna were married, and poor Elias is the object of their tenderest care.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

Written from the Film by LEYTON SOMERS.

BEVERLEY HOWARD sat in a garden chair reading. She was eighteen, and charming. She was reading a love story, a style of literature to which young ladies of her age have been partial since the writing of books was first begun. So enthralled was she by the story, that she was not best pleased when her little sister Josephine came to summon her to the house, where some small duty claimed her. Beverley closed the book with a sigh, and carried it off with her, rather to the disappointment of Josephine, who, though only twelve years of age, was a great deal fonder of novels than of lesson-books. She read all the love stories she could lay hands on, was constantly on the look-out for romance in real life, and dreamed of being wooed and won by a lover as brave as a lion, and distractingly good-looking. Especially did Josephine desire to read all the stories which her elder sister read, and Beverley had seemed to be so engrossed when the little girl found her in the garden chair, that Josephine felt certain it must be particularly well worth reading.

But Beverley took the book away with her, and for a moment Josephine was disappointed. Then she followed her sister into the house, and hid behind a curtain in the library while Beverley replaced the volume on its shelf. As soon as the coast was clear, the little girl slipped from her hiding-place, found the book, and ran out into the garden with it. She was soon lost in the blissful land of romance.

Having finished her duties in the house, Beverley went out again into the garden. She found her father there, and listened dutifully, though with no great interest, while he told her of his plans for improving the grounds.

"I've engaged a man to do the work," he said. "By the way, he's coming to see me about it to-day. I shall give him a general idea of what I want, and leave him to work it all out. I'm told he's very clever, and will make the place quite charming."

Beverley gathered only that a new gardener was coming, and she expected to see him about the place later on in shirtsleeves and corduroys, smoking a clay pipe, and occasionally pushing a wheelbarrow. There were more interesting people than gardeners in the world, she thought.

"Hallo! here he is!" exclaimed her father, and Beverley saw a smart, well-dressed, and decidedly good-looking young fellow coming towards them. He raised his hat, and greeted Mr. Howard, who presented him to Beverley. The girl was surprised, though she was careful not to show it. This a gardener! Why, he was a gentleman! She was not likely to see him in corduroys, and smoking a clay pipe. He began chatting to her at once, with all the ease of a man accustomed to move in good society. Was she interested in gardens? He was sure, at any rate, that she must love flowers. They were soon so much interested in each other's conversation that they forgot Mr. Howard, who at length grew impatient, and took Jack Mason off to explain his plans to him. The young man went with several backward glances at Beverley, who, on her part, had begun to wonder whether there were more interesting people than gardeners in the world after all.

Jack Mason did his best to give undivided attention to Mr. Howard, but he found himself thinking again and again of the beautiful girl to whom he had been introduced. He decided that his stay in the place was promising to be a pleasant one. His introduction to another member of the household came about in a less formal manner. He and Mr. Howard were rounding a clump of laurel bushes when a small person, whose eyes had for the moment been turned in the opposite direction, ran full tilt against Jack. With a laughing apology, he stepped back, raised his hat, and hoped the young person was not hurt.

"My daughter Josephine," remarked Mr. Howard with a smile. "You'll see a good deal of her, I expect: she's always about the garden."

Jack said he hoped he should, and smiled at Josephine in such a charming fashion that she fell head over ears in love with him on the spot. When the two men went on, she stood a long time looking after them. This was her hero, come at last. He was as handsome as any hero in a novel, and she was sure that he was going to fall in love with her. Little Josephine was, it will be seen, a good deal older than her years.

Meanwhile Jack and Mr. Howard continued their tour. They were deep in a discussion as to the best position for a summer-house, when Beverley came running up with a note for her father. He read it, and then, with an exclamation of annoyance, said: "I must leave you for a time, Mr. Mason. We will finish our talk later. In the meantime, Beverley, you might show Mr. Mason about the place. Make him feel at home."



"The little girl found the book."

This arrangement was quite to Jack's mind, but for politeness' sake he protested that he could not think of troubling Miss Howard. That young lady replied very charmingly that it would not be troubling her in the least, and that she would very much like to hear about his plans for the garden.

So Jack's first day passed pleasantly enough. On the morrow he began work in earnest, and it amused him not a little to find the twelve-year-old Josephine was as deeply interested in his plans as her elder sister was. She liked nothing better than to kneel beside him, and study his sketches, and listen to his explanations. Sometimes, however, he would fall silent, and forget all about the plans. This was quite like the heroes in the novels, and did not displease Josephine. The queer little girl was quite convinced that the handsome gardener was in love with her, and that he had not yet summoned up courage to declare his affection. She decided that he needed encouragement, and determined to give him an opportunity.

"Mr. Mason," she said one day, "have you ever been in love?"

He did not laugh; he looked at her gravely: "Yes, Josephine," he answered, "I'm in love now."

"Oh!" she said, and looked at him with wide eyes. Surely he would go on now! But he did not. He was silent a little while, and then began to talk about the silly garden. It was really most annoying.

Later on she hit on another plan. Their favourite seat had for its back an old tree, the fork of which was obviously intended to be a post office for clandestine correspondence. One day, Josephine wrote a note, folded it carefully, kissed it, and placed it where Jack could hardly fail to notice it.

Thus it happened that an hour or two later, Jack, with his thoughts full of Beverley and not of Josephine, saw a scrap of paper showing in the fork of the tree. He pulled it out, and idly unfolding it, read these startling words:

"My hero,

"There is one whose heart is breaking because of your coldness. Why do you not speak?"

Poor little Josephine! Her hero did not give her even a passing thought. It seemed to him that there was only one person who could have written such a note. Beverley! Of course! She loved him!

He went off at once in search of her,

determined that he would wait no longer before speaking. He found her in the rose garden, and ran towards her with outstretched arms. His behaviour was so extraordinary that she shrank back in alarm.

"Beverley!" he cried. "Beverley, my darling, I love you. Oh, I'm not cold really. I've been longing to speak, but I was afraid."

He stopped suddenly on seeing her astonishment.

"Really, Mr. Mason," she said, "I don't know what to think of this—this——"

"Oh," he interrupted, "I see. You don't know that I've found your note—your dear little note in the old tree."

Beverley gasped. "My note! What on earth do you mean?" Then, as he took a step towards her, she turned with a little shriek, and ran into the house, leaving him standing in the path, a very badly puzzled architectural gardener indeed.

Jack had no chance of explaining matters to Beverley. He caught only fleeting glimpses of her after the scene in the rose garden, until the day arrived when he had finished his work, and must take his leave. His luggage was ready on the step, waiting for the car to take it to the station. Jack himself had gone into the garden, to sit once more in the favourite seat, and to wonder how it was that his love affair had gone wrong.

Again, in the fork of the tree, a bit of white paper attracted his eye. He pulled it out, and read:

"Dear heart,

"Wait here and I will make myself known."

His heart gave a leap. This must mean that Beverley had relented. Or was she just laughing at him! His heart sank again.

Meanwhile Beverley had found herself quite unable to let Jack go away without a good-bye. She had seen his luggage waiting on the step, and learning from her father that he was somewhere in the garden, she made straight for the seat, and came up behind Jack while he was puzzling over the meaning of the note.

He turned and saw her, and cried, as he had done before in the rose garden: "Beverley! Beverley, my darling, I love you. I knew you would come. I've been waiting for you."

This time she was not alarmed, but her face expressed her bewilderment.

"How did you know I would come?" she asked.

"Why," he said, "your note. I found it in the tree."

"Again!" she cried. "But I have not written any note. I don't know what you mean."

Jack looked as bewildered as she, and for a moment or two they gazed at one another. Then he threw the paper on the ground.

"Hang the note!" he exclaimed. "I don't care whether you wrote it or not. I love you, anyhow, with all my heart and soul, and I want to know if you love me. Do you?"

His arms were around her; her head was on his shoulder, and he had to listen very intently to hear her say "Yes." Then she lifted her face and kissed him, and they walked away together.

And from behind the tree appeared a sad-faced little figure, with tear-filled eyes. Josephine's romance was shattered.



"She liked nothing better than to kneel beside him."

Her hero loved another! She picked up her love-notes from the grass, where he had heedlessly thrown them. He had jilted her, and she could never be happy again. But he should not get off scot-free. She would expose his heartlessness and perfidy to Beverley and her father.

Josephine burst into the library like a little fury, stamping her foot, and brushing angry tears out of her eyes. She arrived just at the moment when Mr. Howard was shaking hands with Jack, and giving his consent to his engagement with Beverley.



"His arms were around her."

"Though I must say," he remarked, "that you've been very quiet about it all. I had no suspicion that any love-making had been going on"

Jack and Beverley laughed, and looked at one another, but before they could reply Josephine cried out, with her angry eyes on Jack:

"You're a nasty mean thing, and I hate you, so there!"

Jack and the others gazed at her in amazement, as she raged on.

"They were my letters. I put them in the tree, and Beverley had nothing at all to do with them." She burst into tears, and threw the crumpled notes on the floor.

Jack whistled. The mystery was solved. Beverley tried to soothe the little girl, but she would not listen, and ran out of the room. Jack had to leave without saying good-bye to her.

He was back in a week, with a lovely ring for Beverley, and a big interesting-looking parcel for Josephine. That young lady, as soon as she learned of his arrival, had gone to the library in a fit of the sulks. There Beverley found her, and instead of talking to her, quickly undid Jack's parcel, producing therefrom a most delightful doll. Hearing her exclamation, Josephine turned, but displayed no interest in the doll. Beverley thought for a moment; then suddenly she put the doll in the little girl's arms, and went out of the room. When she returned with Jack, after a few minutes, Josephine was seated in a big chair nursing the doll, and lavishing upon it the wealth of affection which had been formerly wasted upon a mere architectural gardener.

And when Jack presently crept slily up to her chair, she kissed and forgave him.

ESSANAY.

Cast:

The Architect	Francis X. Bushman
The Child...	Josephine Duval
Her Elder Sister	Beverley Bayne
Their Father	Frank Dayton

THE BETROTHED.

From the Story of the Great Plague written by Manzoni.

Period: 1729.

"THE most notable novel in all Italian literature," is the estimate given by a notable authority of Alexandro Manzoni's great story, "The Betrothed," which is now to be presented as one of the finest film stories of the day. "The Betrothed" is an historical novel. It gives an intensely interesting picture of Lombardy in the early part of the seventeenth century. Its pages are full of life and movement. Vivid sketches of Italian customs and the modes of life of that far-off time abound in the book, and there moves throughout the story a wonderful glittering pageant in which peasants, priests, merchants and noblemen are living figures, swayed and influenced by the passions and emotions which are common to all humankind. The period of which Manzoni writes is one of great historical interest, and one of the events of world-wide importance of which he treats is the Great Plague which ravaged Northern Italy nearly forty years before it reached London in 1664. And through it all the reader follows, absorbed, the beautiful love story of Renzo and Lucia, from its beginning in Lucia's humble village home, until the lovers, long separated by the cruel machinations of wicked men, are at length reunited in Milan, two happy hearts at least in that unhappy, plague-stricken city.

For purposes of the film the splendid story has been reconstructed. Lucia, Renzo, Don Rodigo, Father Abondio, Father Christopher, the Innominato—the Unnamed Man, all play their parts in the manner and the costumes of the originals, and in the same setting. We are given wonderful pictures of the scenery of Northern Italy, and fascinating glimpses of homes and the home life of prince and peasant three hundred years ago. The street scenes in Milan during the Plague are most impressively portrayed. The story itself is highly dramatic and full of a compelling human interest, while the magnificent setting, the scenery, and the costumes combine to make "The Betrothed" one of the most noteworthy productions ever submitted to patrons of the picture theatre.

THE STORY.

PART I.

DON RODIGO was a rich and powerful noble. He owned castles and broad acres, and many villages in Lombardy. He ruled over men and women, and while they obeyed, they feared and hated him, and spoke his name with bated breath. In the homes of the villagers many tales were told of his wicked deeds, but abroad men kept their tongues quiet in their heads, for Don Rodigo's spies where everywhere, and if a man allowed his tongue to wag too freely he might find himself set upon by hired ruffians some dark night and beaten to within an inch of his life. Some there were who had spoken ill of Don Rodigo and had never been seen again by their friends. Oh, decidedly it was wise to keep a still tongue where Don Rodigo was concerned.

Don Rodigo and a friend, his companion in many deeds of darkness and violence and in many a wild carouse, emerged from a little wood on to the winding road which led down to the village. They were followed, at a respectful distance by two or three rough-looking men who attended Don Rodigo as a bodyguard. These men were reputed to be bandits, and were known to be brutal bullies. As the party reached the road a group of village girls came into view. They were talking and laughing happily as they came along with their arms around one another's waists. Don Rodigo and his friend stood by the roadside and watched them pass. Last of all came one prettier than any of the others. She had fallen behind her companions, and was alone. She looked once rather timidly at the nobles, and then kept her eyes averted from them.

"How now, pretty one," cried Don Rodigo, "may we not have one smile? Why are you in such haste?"

The girl hurried on with an offended air which appeared to amuse Don Rodigo and his friend.

"*Sapristi*" exclaimed the latter, "but



"The spy tells Don Rodigo of the plans for the wedding."

the girl is beautiful! Who is she?"

"Nay, I know not, but soon I shall know, I will have a smile from her before she is much older—ay, and a kiss also. Hey, Griso!"

One of the attendants ran up.

"Follow the girl," said Don Rodigo sharply, "and find out who she is."

The man departed on his errand, and Don Rodigo and his friend continued their walk.

Meanwhile the girl, who knew Don Rodigo very well, had reached her humble home. She knew that it boded no good for a girl to attract Don Rodigo's notice, and she was afraid. Her mother, who knew Don Rodigo's ill-reputation even better than her daughter, listened gravely to her story, and Renzo, the girl's lover, to whom she was betrothed, though he tried to reassure her, was plainly apprehensive of evil.

"He is the foul fiend himself," he cried, "but he shall not take Lucia from me. I will kill him first!"

Brave words! The women shook their heads. Don Rodigo was all-powerful, and it was hopeless to think of defeating him by force. They must try stategy. Lucia had an idea.

"We are betrothed—Renzo and I," she said, "Soon we are to be married. Let us go the priest at once and arrange for him to marry us in a few days—as soon as possible. Then, when I am Renzo's wife Don Rodigo will, perhaps, think no more about me."

Lucia's mother thought awhile, then "It is worth trying," she said. "We will go now to Father Abondio and ask him. But do not tell him about Don Rodigo."

The warning was necessary, for Father Abondio was a timid old man, and stood in awe of the powerful noble. He was, however, genial and kindly, and readily yielded to the young people's request. It was decided that the wedding should take place in eight days.

Griso, Don Rodigo's spy, saw Lucia and Renzo returning from the priest's house, and a few judicious enquiries soon put him in possession of the news, with which he sped back to his master.

Don Rodigo snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"If the priest marries them," he said, "he does so at his peril. Go and tell him I say so."

So Father Abondio, walking to the little village church, with his head bent over a book, was startled at being accosted by two rough-looking men at the corner of a lane.

"Good-day, Father," they called, and bowed mockingly.

"Good-day, my sons," replied the good old man nervously. Then, not liking the look of the men, he turned and began to retrace his steps; but they called him back, and stood one on either side of him, so that he could not escape.

"Father," said the one who seemed to be the superior of the two, "you have promised to marry Lucia, the peasant girl, to Renzo Tramaglino—is it not so?"

"It is so," was the old man's surprised response.

"Well, you must break your promise."

"Why! What do you mean? Why should I not marry them?"

"Because Don Rodigo commands it." Father Abondio started, and looked with scared eyes from one to the other. "This marriage must not take place," the man went on. "Remember, Don Rodigo's word is law."

The men left him then, and the priest, trembling with fear of Don Rodigo's wrath, returned to his home, where he told his housekeeper of the warning he had received.

In the cottage of Lucia's mother all was buzzing excitement. Lucia's bridal dress was surely the most beautiful that had ever been seen in the village, and she herself the most beautiful bride. So said the neighbours, who flocked in to discuss the approaching event, and so said and thought Renzo, who was so impatient to claim Lucia as his own that he thought the wedding-day would never come.

It was with the idea that perhaps they could be married even earlier than had been arranged that the young man sought out Father Abondio. The old man listened in silence while Renzo pleaded with lover-like enthusiasm. Then he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and spread out his hands.

"No," he said; "your wedding must be postponed."

At these astonishing words Renzo stared at the priest, who continued to shake his head, and looked anywhere but in the young man's face.

"Postponed!" cried Renzo. "But why? Everything is arranged, and you yourself have agreed to marry us. What reason can there be for us to wait?"

Father Abondio shrugged his shoulders again, and spread out his hands in a hopeless gesture.

"It must be postponed. You must wait."

Seeing that the priest did not intend to say anything further, the young man went out of the room, with despair at his heart. As he was leaving the house Father Abondio's housekeeper, a garrulous and inquisitive old woman, spoke to him, and he, in his desire for sympathy, told her the news that had turned his joy to sorrow.

"Poor boy," she murmured pityingly—"poor boy!"

Renzo burst out at that.

"Why will he not marry us? I cannot understand."

The housekeeper could not resist the temptation. "Listen!" she whispered, bending towards him. "Suppose that some great noble has commanded my master not to marry you to Lucia! Suppose that the great noble wants the girl himself?"

The colour rushed into Renzo's face, his fists clenched, and his eyes flashed. Disregarding the old housekeeper's attempts to restrain him, he turned and dashed into the house again. Bursting into the priest's room, he shouted:

"Who is this man?"

Father Abondio retreated in alarm, and at first would give no answer to the question, but the demeanour of the young lover was so threatening that he confessed at length that in declining to solemnise the marriage he was acting under the orders of Don Rodigo.

His worst fears realised, Renzo left the priest and returned to the cottage.

"Oh, Lucia, Lucia," he broke out; "the foul Fiend himself has come between us! Don Rodigo has ordered the priest not to marry us."

With a piteous look from her lover to her mother, Lucia burst into bitter weeping.

Part II.

Old Agnese, Lucia's mother, was the first to recover from the blow.

"Come, my child," she cried, "this is no time for tears. There is a way. We will defeat Don Rodigo yet."

Lucia looked up eagerly.

"You must go to Father Abondio—you and Renzo. Take witnesses; and you, Renzo, say to him, 'This is my wife,' and you, Lucia, say, 'This is my husband.' In the eyes of the law, you will then be married."

"Splendid!" cried Renzo; but Lucia hung her head.

"Oh, mother," she said in a low voice, "I could not do that. It would be unmaidenly. What would Father Abondio think of me?"

"Nonsense! Let him think what he pleases. If he did his duty he would marry you. As he will not—well, you must marry yourselves. There is no other way if you would escape from this wicked man."

Lucia was still reluctant, but she yielded at last to the arguments of her mother, and the pleading of her lover.

Renzo went off to get the necessary witnesses, and he found in the tavern two young fellows who were willing to act. They concocted an ingenious little plot. The two witnesses were to obtain admission to the priest under some pretext, and were then to find means of admitting the lovers. The rest must be left to good fortune.

In the evening the two witnesses called at the priest's house, and explained to the housekeeper that they wanted to see Father Abondio in order to settle a debt. The housekeeper went into the house with the message, and soon returned with a request that the young men should enter. They did so, and then the housekeeper saw her old friend Agnese, Lucia's mother, passing the house. What more natural than that she should come out into the street for a gossip? It was then for Agnese to keep the housekeeper's back turned to the house while the two lovers slipped through the open door unseen.

Father Abondio gave the two young men a cordial welcome. A small bag of money was handed over, and deposited by the priest in his strong box.

"Now, my children," said the old man, "I must give you a receipt in due form."

He sat at his table and began to write out the receipt, unaware that Lucia and Renzo had entered the room, and were at that moment standing quite close to him.

Suddenly Renzo spoke, loudly and firmly:

"Reverend Father, this is my wife!"

Father Abondio was too much astonished to say a word. He sat with his pen poised in the air, as though petrified. Then Lucia began.

"Reverend Father, this is my ——"

She got no further. The old priest realised at that moment what was happening. In another instant these two would have taken one another for husband and wife, and upon him would Don Rodigo's vengeance fall.

He sprang up with a cry that froze the word on Lucia's lips. He swept inkhorn, pens, money and everything with a clatter to the floor, and shouting, "No, no! it mustnot be!—it must not be!" drove the whole party out of the room.

The plot had failed, and Lucia and Renzo were in despair. But they had still



"The penitent's head was bowed upon the Cardinal's shoulder."

a friend, and a powerful one.

The rumour of Don Rodigo's pursuit of Lucia had reached the ears of Father Christopher, a gentle old priest whose sympathies were always on the side of the oppressed and unfortunate. He determined to save the girl from Don Rodigo's clutches. He dispatched a note to her, requesting her and Renzo to come to him at the monastery.

"You are in peril," the note ran.

"Come to me. I will help you."



"The priest bowed nervously and went out.

To their great distress the lovers learned that Father Christopher's plan for saving Lucia involved their parting. But there seemed to be no other way, and they had to consent, hoping that the parting might be only a brief one. It was arranged that Lucia should go to the convent at Monza, where she would be under the charge of Sister Geltrude, and that Renzo should make his way to Milan.

Their escape must be swift and secret, and as far as Monza they could go together. At nightfall a boat put out from the village for the journey up the river to Monza. In it were Lucia, her mother, and Renzo. The night was calm and the river gleamed in the moonlight, but the hearts of Lucia and Renzo were heavy with foreboding, and they had no thoughts for the beauty of the night.

PART III.

THE lovers said their farewells at the gate of the convent at Monza. A severe-looking nun opened the gate to Lucia and her mother, and under her austere gaze there was no opportunity for passionate leave-taking. A long, clinging hand-clasp, a broken word or two, and the gates closed on Lucia and her mother, leaving Renzo alone on the other side.

The nun, who admitted the two women, presently brought them into the presence of Sister Geltrude, the Superior of the Convent, a woman still young and wonderfully beautiful, with sorrow-laden eyes. She expressed a wish to hear Lucia's story. "In private," she added, with a meaning look at the girl's mother.

Old Agnese, broken-hearted at having to part from her beloved daughter, stepped forward to embrace her, but the Sister stepped between them, a stern, forbidding figure.

"No," she said, "she is no longer your daughter. She has left the world and belongs to us now."

With bowed head and faltering steps old Agnese walked out of the room and out of her daughter's life.

"Now, my daughter," said Sister Geltrude, "tell me."

Lucia poured out her story of love and fear—her love for Renzo and her fear of Don Rodigo. It was simply told, the artless story of an innocent, loving soul. And while the girl talked, Sister Geltrude stood behind her chair, her face hidden from the girl, her bosom heaving with some strange and powerful emotion. Who could tell what memories had been stirred by the simple story!

Time passed quietly enough in the Convent, but Lucia's thoughts were oftener with Renzo outside its walls than upon the tasks in which her days were now employed. Often, too, Sister Geltrude's thoughts seemed to be far away.

One evening, when they had been working together in silence for some time, the Sister suddenly put down her embroidery frame and went out. She stepped on to a verandah where the moon made strange and mysterious effects of light and shadow. A voice called her softly.

"Geltrude!"

With a wildly-beating heart she walked on, and there beside one of the pillars, but outside the verandah, was a man, young, handsome, richly dressed.

Sister Geltrude leaned over the verandah. "Oh," she said, "you must not call my name. Someone will hear, and that will mean ruin for both of us."

The man laughed. "I will be careful," he assured her. "But, oh, my beautiful one, why must this bar be always between us? Come out into the garden. Nobody will know, and it is beautiful in the moonlight."

Before Sister Geltrude could answer a door at the end of the verandah opened, and the moonlight shone full on the face of Lucia. The man started and leaned forward to get a better view.

"Keep back!" whispered the Sister. "She must not see you."

She went towards the girl, and after speaking with her a moment or two, returned.

"Who is the girl?" asked the man sharply.

Sister Geltrude looked at him in surprise, but answered, telling him the girl's name and the place from which she had come. The man listened with interest, and when she presently said she must leave him he did not press her to stay.

Now this man was the friend of Don Rodigo, and had been with him on the day when he had first seen Lucia. He knew that Don Rodigo would welcome news of her whereabouts; and so it proved.

"She must be mine!" cried Rodigo. "Convent walls shall not keep her from me."

Still it would not be easy to lay hands on the girl. Strategy would be necessary. Don Rodigo and his friend paid a visit to the Innominato—the Unnamed Man, an individual of great power in Lombardy, whose name was unknown and whose past was a sealed book. The Innominato readily lent himself to Don Rodigo's plan, and it was decided that a letter should be written to Sister Geltrude by her lover, asking her to send the girl Lucia out of the Convent on some errand. The Innominato, laughing heartily, said the rest would be easy.

The plot succeeded only too well. On the evening appointed Sister Geltrude placed a parcel in Lucia's hands and told her to take it to the town. Suspecting nothing, the girl was walking briskly along when she was addressed with all courtesy by one of three men who were standing by the side of a carriage at a corner of the road. Could she direct them to the town? They had lost their way. Lucia turned, and was giving the asked-for directions when the men seized her in their arms, and, stifling her outcries, almost threw her into the carriage, sprang in themselves, and drove rapidly away.

The Unnamed Man had fulfilled his promise. He had given Lucia captive into the hands of Don Rodigo. But now that the dastardly work was completed remorse seized upon him. He had turned aside from the girl's tearful pleading, and had gone to his own house. But her pale, sorrowful face and troubled eyes were ever before him, reproaching him, torturing him, coming between him and sleep. At last he could no longer bear the load on his conscience. There was a great Church Festival in progress. He would go and confess to Cardinal Borremo. He rode to the church, and caused a message to be carried to the Cardinal, who consented to see him.

They seemed to know each other. The Unnamed Man's eyes fell shamed before the Cardinal's quiet searching gaze. He would have knelt, but the Cardinal raised him, spoke a few words, and presently the penitent's head was bowed upon the Cardinal's shoulder.

For some time they spoke earnestly together, and then a messenger was sent for Father Abondio. To him, too, the Cardinal spoke earnestly, and gave directions. The priest bowed nervously and went out, and the Unnamed Man, after kissing the Cardinal's hand and receiving his blessing, followed.

Father Abondio and his companion rode

to Don Rodigo's house, and the priest, full of a new courage, made his way straight to the room where Lucia was imprisoned.

The girl sprang up and ran to him. "Oh, Father," she cried, "take me away from this place! Take me away! Oh, do not leave me alone here!"

Then as her eyes fell upon the stern, dark face of the Unnamed Man, who had followed the priest into the room, she shrank back in terror, with a little cry.

The Unnamed Man bowed. "Signora," he said, "you are free. You may leave this prison as soon as you wish."

At first the girl could not understand, but Father Abondio beckoned her, and she went out with him, casting a bewildered look at the Unnamed Man, who stood aside to allow her to pass from the room which had been her prison.

Part IV.

Those were troublous days for Lombardy. Her fair towns and villages were overrun by German soldiers. Everywhere it was the same tale of pillage and massacre, and the shrieks of the dying and the smoke of burning homesteads ascended to heaven. And then came the Plague, the terrible scourge which ravaged its merciless way over Europe, spreading death and desolation, and carrying off its victims by hundreds of thousands. Panic-stricken people fled before it, and among them Father Abondio and his housekeeper.

In their flight they met Renzo, who was returning to Milan after a fruitless search for Lucia. The young man overwhelmed the old priest with questions, and learned from him that the girl he loved was now in Milan, staying in the house of a friend. More than that Father Abondio could not tell him, and he was in haste to be gone.

Renzo continued his journey through the desolate and plague-stricken country. The soldiers were still at their work of pillage. In one little town that he passed through he saw a woman thrown shrieking from an upper window into the street below, and the streets were strewn with household treasures. Every now and then by the road side he saw men and women lying dead or dying of the plague. Soldiers were there, breastplates and helmets gleaming in the sunlight. Their comrades had left them to die, and none dared to give them help for fear of infection.

As he reached the city he saw the death cart going about the streets. . . . . .

* * *

In a little room Lucia sat watching by the bedside of a woman who had given her shelter and a home. The plague had entered there and Lucia knew that very soon she would be without a friend in the city. As she bent over the dying woman, a man came into the room. He looked at the figure on the bed, walked to the window, and beckoned. Presently two other men appeared, carrying a stretcher. None of them paid any attention to Lucia, but under the direction of the man who had first entered the woman was lifted from the bed and placed on the stretcher.



"They shouted with him and drained their glasses"

"To the lazzaretto," commanded the leader, and then bore their burden away. Lucia followed them, weeping, through the streets. The men reached their journey's end, got rid of their burden, and went off to continue their dreadful work. But Lucia stayed to tend her friend with loving care to the last.

* * *

In the city of dread there were some who feasted and laughed and drank, and tried to forget that Death in his grimmest form was knocking at the door. Don Rodigo was one of these. He had ridden into Milan in full health and vigour, defying the plague and all its terrors. On this night he had been with a party of boon companions, men and women. His laugh had been the loudest: his defiance the most daring.

"A toast!" he cried. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die! Death!" he burst out with drunken, terrible laughter; "let us drink to Death!"

They shouted with him, and drained their glasses. Then he left them, and as he stepped into the street he saw at the very door the bodies of those who had been stricken and died there.

Don Rodigo slept that night, but in the morning he could not rise. Fear clutched with clammy fingers at his heart. He recognised the dreadful symptoms.

"Griso!" he screamed. "Griso! it is the Plague—the Plague! Run for the surgeon! Quick! Do you hear?" His voice rose to a shriek.

Griso ran out of the room in a panic, but he did not go for a surgeon. What was the good? It was the Plague, and surgeons could be of no use. He told the *monatti* instead, and presently brutal, forbidding-looking men burst into Don Rodigo's room, and, in spite of his screams and his feeble struggles, carried him off to the lazzaretto, and left him to die with the others.

Good old Father Christopher, moving among the sufferers on his mission of mercy, found him there. It was the priest's hand that gave water to the dying man, and closed his eyes at the last. It was Father Christopher, too, who presently meeting Renzo wandering about the lazzaretto as though searching for somebody, took the lad gently by the arm and led him to look upon the dead face of his enemy.

Renzo was silent, awed by the presence of Death. Presently, however, he turned excitedly to the priest.

"Father," he cried, "Lucia is in Milan. I saw her close by here only a few minutes since. There she is now—look!"

And there, only a few yards distant from them, was Lucia. She had just risen from the side of her dead friend and was leaving the lazzaretto, bowed down by sorrow. Renzo ran to her with joyful cries, and brought her to Father Christopher.

After the first excitement of the meeting was over, the girl turned sadly to Renzo and said:

"We can never be married now. I have taken the vows."

The boy turned to the priest in anxious appeal.

"Father, is it true?"

Father Christopher smiled gently. "Lucia is free," he said—"free to love—free to marry. She was a novice only, and I will undertake that she shall be released."

It was sometime before Lucia could realise that happiness had come to her after sorrow and suffering, but, with Renzo's arms around her, and his kisses on her lips, she believed at last.

And in Father Christopher's little room in that city of tragedy they knelt to receive his blessing.

PASQUALI.

CHARACTERS ON THE FILM:

LUCIA	A beautiful peasant girl (who is betrothed to Renzo)
RENZO	The lover of Lucia
DON RODIGO	A rich and unscrupulous noble who is at the head of a company of bandits
FATHER ABONDIO	A parish priest
FATHER CHRISTOPHER	A monk
CARDINAL BORREMO	
SISTER GELTRUDE	The nun
THE UNNAMED MAN	A noble—acquaintance of Don Rodigo
GRISO	The servant of Don Rodigo
MOTHER AGNESE	The mother of Lucia

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET.

DOCTOR FRITZ BERGMANN, seated at the writing-table in his study, wrote busily for some time. Then he threw down his pen, folded some papers in a neat packet, and placed them carefully in a drawer which he closed with a gesture of triumph.

He had made a discovery which would make his name famous throughout the civilised world as a benefactor of humanity. It would be the crowning triumph of a brilliantly successful career. He had discovered a new method of treatment for cancer, the fell scourge which had hitherto defied the finest brains in the medical profession in the two hemispheres. He had tested his discovery, and had achieved excellent results. He was confident that a complete cure could be effected if his treatment was applied in the early stages of the disease, while he had strong hopes that even in advanced cases its ravages could be stayed, and the agony of the sufferers greatly alleviated. It was a wonderful discovery, certain to create a profound sensation. Henceforth the name of Bergmann would be bracketed with those of Lister and Pasteur. No wonder he was elated.

There came a thought presently which somewhat dashed his triumph. Doctor Bergmann, whose discovery might save thousands of lives, and relieve thousands more of untold agony, knew that his own life hung upon a thread. He suffered from heart disease, and any sudden excitement or emotion might carry him off. It was possible that he might not live to see his own triumph. For a moment the thought saddened him, but he had lived on the brink of a precipice too long to allow such morbid feelings to have a mastery. He had, at any rate, not lived in vain. And he had a son, a motherless, curly-haired lad of six, who, he hoped, would follow his own noble profession when the time came. If death claimed the father, the great discovery should be left as a splendid legacy to little Hans.

His confidential servant, Oscar, brought the little chap to the study presently for a good-night kiss. Doctor Bergmann took the boy on his knee, and stroked his hair tenderly.

"Well, Hans," he said with a smile, "have you made up your mind what you are going to be when you grow up?"

"Oh, yes, daddie," replied the child; "I'm going to be a doctor like you."

"He's always saying that, sir." Oscar put in.

Doctor Bergmann laughed. "Well, my boy, a doctor you shall be; and a famous one, I hope."

The boy nodded gravely. "I'll help you, daddie, and you won't have to work so hard, will you?"

"No, sonnie," answered the father with a sigh which he could not suppress. "That will be fine. Now run away to bed, and sleep well."

The child trotted away with Oscar, and Doctor Bergmann sat a long time, silent and thoughtful. Somehow he could not to-night shake off a feeling of depression. Doubtless it was a consequence of his exhausting labours. He was very tired, and there was very much to be done yet. He felt the need of confiding something of his secret to someone who would be loyal to his son's interests if the event he dreaded should happen. After all it would be many years before Hans could be entrusted with his legacy. It would be a great thing for the boy to have a friend who could supervise his training, and see that his rights in the great discovery were properly safeguarded. There was one man who Dr. Bergmann felt certain would be willing to accept the trust. This was Dr. Adolphe von Mirtz, his lifelong friend. He determined to broach the matter to Von Mirtz, and to give him some hint as to his discovery without, however, putting him in possession of the secret. He accordingly sent for him, and the two were closeted long in the study.

Von Mirtz at first could hardly believe the news, but Bergmann told him enough to convince him that the discovery was of the highest importance.

"But the treatment, what is it?" he cried in excitement. "Tell me the details."

"Wait, old friend," was Bergmann's quiet reply. "If I live, you will know it before long; if I die, I leave the secret as a legacy to my boy, and I depend upon you to see he gets his rights. I am sure I may trust you?"

There was a pause before Von Mirtz

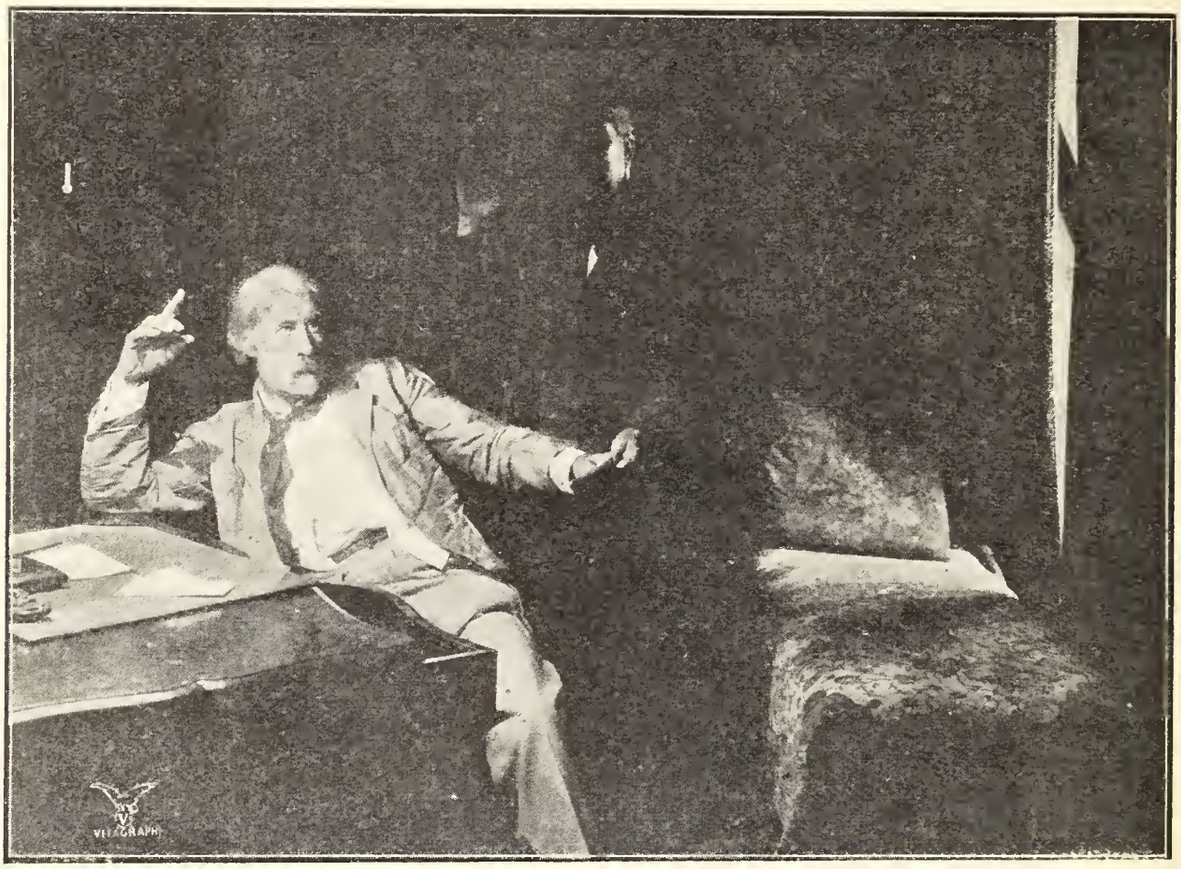
replied. He seemed to be overwhelmed by the disclosure which the other had made. At last:

"You may," he said. "I'll look after the boy."

He did not look at Bergmann as he spoke, and during the few minutes before he left the study, his eyes strayed curiously about the writing-table, as though searching for something. There was a drawer at Bergmann's left hand on which his eyes finally rested for a space. He had noticed that during their conversation Bergmann had looked several times at the drawer, as if involuntarily.

Von Mirtz sat down at the table and opened the left-hand drawer. He took out a packet of papers and opened it, spreading the papers on the table. Then with feverish haste he produced a note-book, and began to make notes of their contents. Suddenly he paused. What sound was that? Somebody was in the room! He dared not turn his head. A look of fear came into his face. There was a dreadful cry from behind him, and he wrenched his head round at last to see Bergmann rising from his couch, and struggling towards him with a ghastly face and outstretched hands.

"Traitor!" he screamed. "Thief!"



"Promise—this letter—my son Hans—twenty-first birthday."

Then Von Mirtz, who was staying in the house, said good-night, and left the study. Bergmann rose, put out the light, and threw himself down on a sofa to rest. He was very weary, and was soon asleep.

It may have been an hour later when the door behind him opened slowly and very softly, and the figure of a man showed in the light which streamed in before the door was gently closed again. It was Doctor von Mirtz. He did not see the still form on the sofa. He moved forward to the writing-table without a sound, and switched on the light. The man on the sofa made no movement.

With a cry like that of an animal in agony, he rushed at Von Mirtz. They grappled for an instant, and then Bergmann's grasp relaxed, his body went limp, and fell in a huddled heap upon the sofa.

Von Mirtz stood for a moment horror-struck, but, recovering control of himself, he bent over the sofa and took one look at Bergmann's face.

"Dead!" he breathed in a frightened whisper—"My God! I've killed him!"

He went to the door, and shouted for assistance. Returning into the room he saw the papers lying on the table, swept them together, put them in his pocket, and was

prepared to meet Oscar, who cried out in alarm on seeing his master's condition.

The servant knew that Bergmann had anticipated a sudden seizure, and he did not question the explanation which Von Mirtz gave. Instructing Oscar to watch by his master, the traitor went out of the study, saying that he would get assistance.

But Bergmann was not dead—yet. Von Mirtz had not been gone long when the figure on the sofa stirred, and gave signs of returning consciousness. Oscar sprang to his master's assistance, and helped him to his feet.

"Quick!" he muttered, thickly—"paper—a pen!"

He was dreadfully agitated. His eyes stared horribly, and when Oscar placed him in a chair at the table, his fingers groped about until they clutched a pen. He scrawled a few words, folded the paper, placed it in an envelope, and handed it to Oscar. In a voice which was little more than a whisper, he charged him:

"Promise—this letter—my son Hans—twenty-first birthday!"

Oscar promised, and caught his dying master in his arms.

Von Mirtz now possessed the great secret. He knew nothing of the letter in Oscar's possession, and considered himself safe. To salve his conscience he adopted little Hans. The announcement of the new treatment for cancer brought Von Mirtz world-wide fame, and the offer of an important professorship in an American university. This he accepted, and when he sailed, Hans Bergmann sailed with him. The boy and Von Mirtz's daughter, Elsa, were already sweethearts.

For the children, at any rate, life in America was a long succession of happy days. Hans passed from school to university, winning high honours. True to his childish decision to become a doctor, he bade fair to have a brilliant career. He and Elsa found out long ago that their love for one another was more than that of brother and sister.

Von Mirtz, by virtue of his reputation as the discoverer of the new treatment for cancer, had taken a commanding position in America; but there were times when the fame and fortune which had come to him seemed like Dead Sea fruit, turning to ashes in the tasting. Nearly fifteen years had gone by since the night of his crime, but the memory of it haunted him day and night, and remorse was his constant companion. One night when he sat in the drawing-room, watching Hans and Elsa at the piano, he seemed to see the spirit of Bergmann coming towards him with menacing, outstretched hands. With a groan he fell headlong to the floor. Under the loving ministrations of his daughter and Hans he recovered. He tried to laugh the matter off, declaring that it was only a passing faintness. Hans, however, looked grave, though he did his best to reassure Elsa.

On Hans's twenty-first birthday, the lovers presented themselves before Doctor von Mirtz, and received his consent to their engagement. He told himself that in this way he was making some reparation to the boy whose legacy he had stolen. While they were discussing plans for the future, Elsa caught a look in her father's face, and cried out in alarm.

"Father! father! what is the matter? Are you ill?"



"The lovers presented themselves before Doctor von Mirtz."

The old man's eyes were fixed in a dreadful stare; his lips moved, and his fingers worked convulsively. Suddenly he fell back in his chair and lay still.

Hans raised his head and loosened his collar, and after some time he came round, but it was plain that he was very ill. They got him to bed, and were returning to the drawing-room when a servant met them with the information that two gentlemen had called to see Mr. Hans Bergmann.

To the young man's astonishment he found that the callers were old Oscar and Mr. Stolz, who had been his father's lawyer. The old servant greeted him affectionately, and the lawyer handed him a letter, stating

that it had been written by his father on the night of his death.

Hans looked at the envelope in a puzzled way, then slowly broke the seal. A cry of horror broke from him as he read :

> "Adolphe von Mirtz is my murderer. He stole the secret of my cancer cure. His treachery killed me."

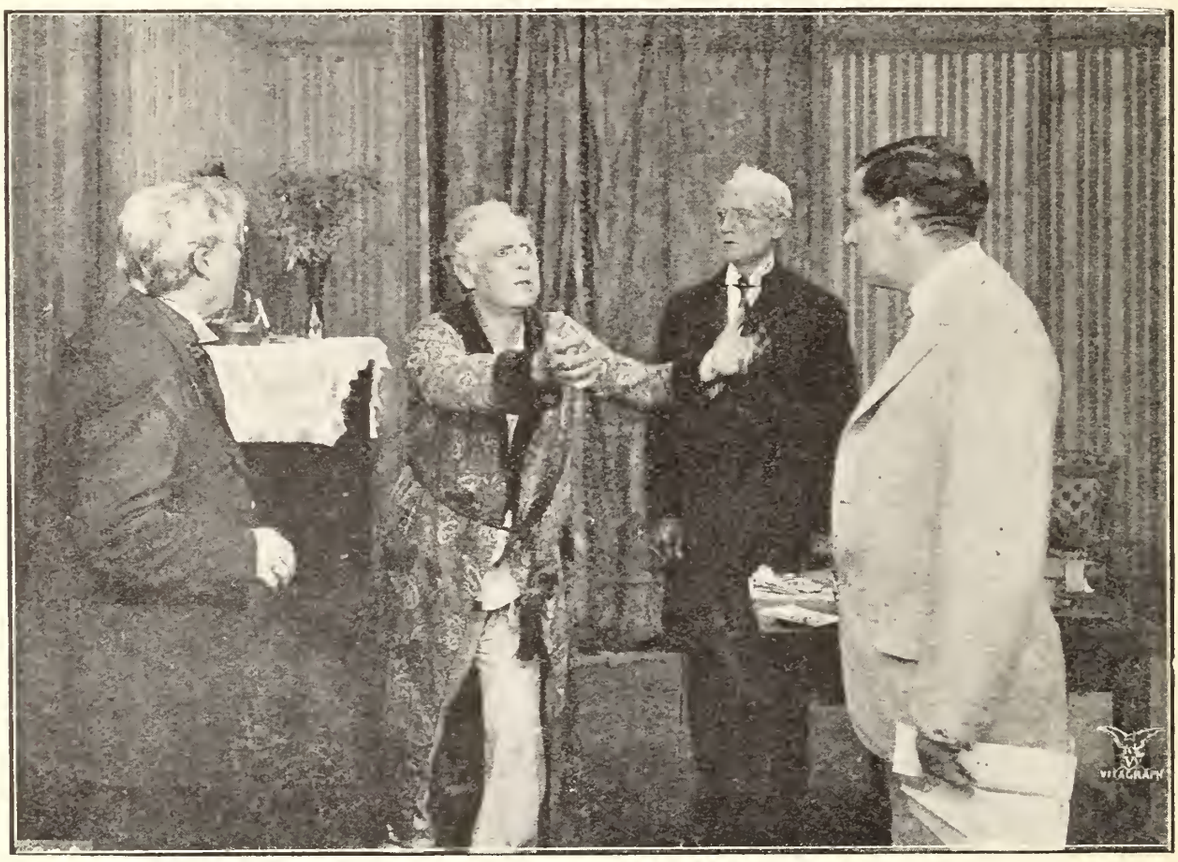
The young man seemed stunned. He could not at first take in the shocking tidings. Then realisation rushed upon him in a flood. This was the man who had been a father to him—whose daughter he was to marry ! And this man was a traitor a thief —a murderer ! Oh, it was too horrible !

"When was this written ?" he demanded of Oscar. "Tell me !"

The old servant then began to tell the story of the dreadful night. His words came in a rush, and his two listeners were so absorbed that they did not see the haggard-faced, pitiable figure that came in through the curtains. Von Mirtz stood listening to the dreadful recital until he could bear it no longer. With a cry of "Mercy ! merey !" he stumbled forward, his arms outstretched to Hans, in piteous appeal.

But there was no mercy in the stern young face, and with a despairing gesture Von Mirtz half turned, staggered, and fell into old Oscar's arms. He had gone to meet his accuser before a higher tribunal.

The old servant laid him gently down, and he and the lawyer were bending over him when Elsa entered.



"He stumbled forward, his arms outstretched to Hans in piteous appeal."

"Hans ! Father!" she cried. Then seeing that something was wrong, but not understanding as yet, she ran to Hans, threw her arms round his neck, and burst into tears.

The stern face melted then. Hans comforted the girl with loving words, and while she still wept on his shoulder he tore the accusing letter into shreds, thus destroying for ever the evidence of her father's guilt.

A QUEEN'S LOVE.

"HE is a tyrant! Worse; he is a fool!"

Captain Linders threw out the words impetuously, and though he was speaking of a king, none of the other officers present rebuked him. On the contrary, they signified in varying ways their agreement with his sentiments.

"It is to our advantage that he is a fool," said Colonel von Ohlen. "If he had not been one he might have discovered by this time that the country is seething with discontent and that his position is——well, unsafe. In that case, we, gentlemen, would probably at this moment be not very safe ourselves. As it is, he suspects nothing, and matters are going very well. To-morrow morning"—a significant pause—"there will, I think, be no King of Ircania."

"Death to the tyrant," cried Linders, and at those fierce words men looked in their neighbours' faces fearfully, some of them realising for the first time to what they were committed.

There came the clatter of horses' feet. Linders ran to the window and threw aside the curtains.

"A royal progress!" he cried mockingly. "The last that Ircania will witness. Come and see the show."

The conspirators crowded round the window, and, peering cautiously out, saw their Majesties of Ircania—King Ircanus and Queen Maritza—driving in an open carriage towards the Castle. There was no cheering from the people who lined the streets. They stood and gazed in silence.

"You see," remarked Von Ohlen, "their Majesties are not loved."

It was true enough. During his short reign King Ircanus had contrived to make himself very unpopular. The Queen was little better loved than he. So far as her Majesty was concerned the unpopularity was undeserved. If the King had been guided by her the country would have been more wisely governed; but he would not be advised. He went his headlong way.

When the procession had passed, the conspirators gathered once more around Colonel von Ohlen.

"It is for to-night," he said decisively. The Queen gives a reception at the Palace. Most of us are invited. Afterwards, we meet at the rendezvous agreed upon. Your men will be there, Linders?"

"Yes, colonel."

"And yours, Helfen?"

"Assuredly."

"Good! The rest will be easy. We will take possession of the Palace, and the chosen of us will go at once to the royal apartments. And to-morrow," he said again, "there will, I think, be no King of Ircania."

He stretched out his right arm and placed his left hand on his heart. The others followed his example, and together they repeated the words of the oath which bound them. In another minute Von Ohlen was alone.

* * *

Queen Maritza's birthday reception was a brilliant success. Never had the old palace witnessed a more splendid function. Their Majesties smiled and chatted with their guests, and it seemed that cares of State sat lightly upon them. Ever and anon the Queen's eyes wandered about the great room, as though in search of someone whom she could not find. Von Ohlen, watching every movement of the royal pair, wondered.

At a late hour the guests departed, and King Ircanus escorting his queen to the door of her apartments, bowed low and left her. As his Majesty turned away the Queen gave a last quick look around, and paused with her hand on the door. She had found what she was looking for. In a recess which she and the King had just passed stood a tall, handsome young officer in uniform—Lieutenant Oscar Deschamps, aide-de-camp to the King. Their eyes met. The Queen made him a sign. He stepped to one side and threw open the door of an ante-room. Queen Maritza passed in, and he followed silently.

Her Majesty of Ircania stood in the centre of the little room, a queenly, splendid figure. Her eyes shone, her bosom heaved, and she smiled at the King's aide-de-camp. Lieutenant Deschamps thought he had never seen any woman so beautiful—so adorable.

"My Queen!" he whispered, passionately

—"my Queen!" He started forward, would have clasped her in his arms, but she held him off.

"Not yet. It is not safe. Come later, and I will give you an interview."

He bowed, and held open the door for her to pass out.

It seemed to Queen Maritza that her maid was a long time brushing her hair that night, but at length the operation was over and the maid had gone, leaving her alone. She went quickly into the ante-room, and, opening the outer door, admitted Deschamps. He stepped forward impetuously with outstretched arms, and this time she did not hold him off. They kissed passionately again and again, forgetting all difference in rank in their great love of each other.

But presently remembrance came.

"I love you—I love you," Oscar murmured. "There is no woman in the world like you. Oh, if only you were not the Queen!"

And "Oh," she sighed, passing her hand tenderly over his face, "if only you were the King! Oh, then it would be a splendid—a wonderful thing to be the Queen."

She wound her arms about him again, and kissed his lips once more, with all her heart in the kiss.

"You must not stay longer," she whispered. "It is dangerous for you, and for me. Good-night, my beloved."

"Good-night, my Queen."



"The King!" he cried. "They are coming to the castle to kill him."

"Oh, not that," she begged; "don't remind me of that! Call me ——"

"Good-night, my sweet," he said softly.

Oscar knew his way about the Palace very well, and he had no difficulty in getting out without attracting the attention of the sentries. His adventures of the night were not yet over, however. As he was going cautiously through the grounds, he thought he heard the plash of oars. He was close to the river, which ran almost up to the Palace itself. On the other side was the town. What could boats be doing on the river at this hour. He stood still and listened. Presently he heard the grating of a boat's keel on the shore. Then came the sound of a voice, apparently giving a low-spoken order. It was bright moonlight, and suddenly it occurred to Oscar that he would be able to see from the battlements of the Castle what was happening. He ran there with all speed, and peering over, saw, to his astonishment and alarm, a number of men creeping silently along the riverside road which led to the Castle. He saw that they were soldiers, and carried arms. In a flash he realised what was afoot. The King must be informed at once of his danger.

In a very few minutes Oscar was inside the Castle again. He knocked on the door of the Queen's room. Her Majesty opened it herself immediately, and a little cry of alarm escaped her when she saw who stood there



"In a few days the young aide-de-camp returned with bad news."

"The King!" he cried. "They are coming to the Castle to kill him! They are almost here! We must save the King. Take me to him."

The Queen obeyed at once. Together they went to the King's room, and Oscar told his story, leading his Majesty to the window, and pointing out the soldiers, now approaching very close to the Castle walls. For a moment the King lost his head, and Oscar spoke almost impatiently:

"There is not an instant to lose, your Majesty," he cried. "You and her Majesty the Queen must fly at once. There should be time to reach the motor-house, and get away to a frontier in a fast car."



"The aide-de-camp picked up from the road a Queen's handkerchief."

They placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of the aide-de-camp, and when Colonel von Ohlen and his fellow-conspirators, with drawn swords in their hands, burst open the door of the King's apartment a quarter of an hour later, they found it empty. The King and Queen of Ircania, and Lieut. Oscar Deschamps, were already far away from the Castle. When dawn broke, they had crossed the frontier, and Oscar left them to return to the capital.

In a few days the young aide-de-camp returned with bad news. The revolutionaries had gained success after success. The Royal Guards, and a few other regiments who had remained loyal, had fought bravely and well, and were still unconquered. But they had no leader of ability, and their final overthrow could be only a question of time. As Oscar told his story, the King sprang up, declaring that he would return and regain his throne or die in the attempt. Oscar, however, pointed out that it would be in the highest degree dangerous for the King to attempt to travel back to the capital at present, and the persuasions of the Queen, added to Oscar's arguments, induced King Ircanus to abandon the idea in favour of another, which was that he and Queen Maritza should go on to Paris, while the aide-de-camp returned to the capital to organize the King's friends, and to lead the loyal troops.

Oscar had no opportunity of seeing the Queen alone before they parted, but they said good-bye with their eyes, and when the motor-car had passed out of sight the aide-de-camp picked up from the road a Queen's handkerchief, and pressed it to his lips.



"Following his letter came Oscar himself."

For King Ircanus, life in Paris was tolerably pleasant, and in the gaieties of the city he sometimes managed to forget that he had lost a throne, and that away in Ircania brave men were fighting and dying to win it back for him. Queen Maritza, however, never forgot, and daily the estrangement between her and the King deepened.

One day a letter arrived from Oscar. It contained wonderful news. The tide was turning

against the revolutionaries, and already there were signs that the people would welcome the return of their rightful rulers. Following his letter came Oscar himself. His welcome was a cordial one. He received the heartfelt thanks of the King, but when his Majesty would have had him stay a day or two in Paris with them he declined.

"No, sire," he said, "I must get back to the capital with all speed. There is much to be done yet. The revolution must be entirely quelled, and the kingdom tranquil once more before your Majesties return in triumph."

"Well," said the King, "no doubt you are right. But when we do return you may ask anything you will of me. And so you go back to-night?"

"To-night, sire," assented Oscar.

He made his adieux. Later on, a note was brought to him. It was from the Queen, asking him to say good-bye to her before starting on his return journey. At the appointed time, a lady-in-waiting conducted him to her Majesty.

* * *

Jubilant at the prospect of a speedy restoration to his throne, King Ircanus had spent the evening with boon companions. He returned home earlier than usual, with a flushed face, and a gait not altogether kingly. He lit a cigar, sat at his desk, and read some letters. Then, carelessly, he threw the cigar aside, and went off to bed. The cigar unfortunately fell into the waste-paper basket, and presently there rose a little wisp of smoke; then a tiny tongue of flame.

* * *

Oscar was at length saying good-bye to Queen Maritza. He was on his knees before her, and she was stroking his hair . . . . What was that noise in the street? People were shouting—shouting "Fire!" Startled, Queen Maritza cried out, and pointed to the windows, where a red glare showed. Oscar sprung up, and pulled aside the curtains The house was on fire! The balcony outside the window had already caught. As he turned to the Queen, for a moment undecided how to act, he saw that the firemen had arrived, and had already placed a ladder at the window of the Queen's room. A rescuer was ascending. In a flash he realised what would happen if he were found there —the scandal—the reputation of a Queen ruined—the happiness of a woman destroyed. His mind was made up. He must save the Queen's honour. She would be rescued, and he—well, what matter?

He turned to go into the next room. Flames were already showing under the door.

"Oscar!" cried Queen Maritza. "Where are you going?"

Then she divined his purpose, and shrieking out "No! no! you shall not!" threw herself upon him. There was no time for tenderness. Almost roughly he disengaged her arms, and leaped through the door into the raging flames.

The fireman found Queen Maritza unconscious on the floor of the room.

Not long afterwards, the King and Queen of Ircania returned to their capital in triumph, amid the enthusiastic cheers of their people. King Ircanus mourned for a time the loss of a loyal friend and servant, to whom chiefly he owed his restoration. It was supposed that Oscar had fallen into the hands of the revolutionaries on his way back to the capital, and that he had paid the penalty of his loyalty with his life. King Ircanus soon forgot him, however, but with Queen Maritza there remained the terrible memory of the lover who had chosen cheerfully a dreadful death so that he might save the honour of a queen.

AMBROSIO.

ON THE SCREEN.

By EVAN STRONG.

IT seems just the right time to speak about the huge volume of film which is being manufactured at the present moment. I cannot give figures for the world, but I have obtained some statistics which will startle those who are outside the film industry. To give an idea of the enormous quantity of film which is distributed in Great Britain alone, I would mention that in London I know of one firm which sells no less than 50,000 to 60,000 feet, sometimes more, of film weekly.

According to a Government bulletin on motion pictures, the export of films from America in 1913 was enough to go round the equator. The record showed a total exportation in the nine months ending last September of 65,500,000 feet of unexposed or plain film to be used in taking motion pictures, and 23,500,000 feet of exposed or finished film ready for use in the stereoptican. This is a total of 89,000,000 feet in nine months. In September the total was 14,500,000 feet, and if October, November and December report a similar record, the total exports for last year would be 133,000,000 feet, or more than 25,000 miles, the distance round the earth at the equator. The amount exported from America in 1912 was 62,500,000 feet (that is less than half the prospective length in 1913).

* * *

With regard to the tremendous export of film referred to in the last paragraph, it is interesting to note that England is the largest purchaser, this applying especially to unexposed film. Of the 80,000,000 feet of film exported from America in 1912 (*i.e.*, of both kinds), 70.000,000 feet came to England, 5,333,000 feet went to Canada, just over 1,000,000 feet to France, 750,000 feet to the Phillipines, over 500,000 feet to Brazil, nearly 500,000 feet to Newfoundland and Labrador, 250,000 feet to Australia, and just less than 250,000 feet to Japan.

* * *

Very little film is exported into America from the continent of Europe. Little more than 1,000,000 feet finds its way there per month, the total for the nine months ending September, 1913, being 10,250,000 feet. About one-half goes from France; Italy supplied 2,750,000 feet in 1912; England 2,333,000 feet, and Denmark 1,250,000 feet. 84,000 feet went over from Japan, and 83,000 feet from India.

These figures, though they do not nearly represent the total output of the world by far, give some idea of the vastness of the film-producing industry.

* * *

Perhaps it is meet that a fashionable seaside resort should be in the van of the cinema kill-joys. I refer to Torquay, where the authorities propose drastic regulations for places of entertainment. Already there the rules and bye-laws are somewhat stringent, but it has just leaked out that a resolution has been passed by the town council to the effect that with regard to proposed kinematograph shows at the pavilion, no performances should be permitted unless an undertaking were given that nothing but non-flammable film would be used. Beyond this there are numerous other petty restrictions calculated to harass the showman. Now with the precautions taken generally to-day, there is as little danger in the cinema as in any other place of entertainment. There seems to be a widely prevalent idea that audiences sit on a volcano, and any minute may bring a serious eruption and destruction by fire. As a matter of fact, however, fire from the film never reaches beyond the projection room, and all the danger of the cinema emanates from the foolishly promulgated ideas of sudden disaster should a film take fire. Panic is the inevitable result of this constant cry of "wolf," and the outcome is the demand for non-flammable films. France has made the non-flammable film compulsory all over the country, and this law bids fair to restrict the industry, for there are those, and I imagine they are in the great majority, who oppose this class of stock on the grounds that the best pictures cannot be made therewith. I do not profess to be the judge, but I can say that the danger from the ordinary film is vastly exaggerated, and such regulations tend to retard the progress of kinematography.

* * *

Is free-lance scenario writing worth the candle? This is a question being seriously asked by hundreds of writers to-day. Complaints are arising everywhere of inattention to 'scripts, of delays, etc., and a much more serious matter: the cribbing of ideas by firms producing films. It has been charged that there are film producers who receive 'scripts, into which the writer has put all the work of his creative brain, adapt the ideas, and return the 'scripts to the sender marked unsuitable. If this be the case it is a serious question which should be taken up and fought by the army of scenario writers. Plagiarism of this kind is a low-down sort of thing. To suck a man's brains and reward him with a scrap of printed paper, and no tangible thanks, is about the most caddish of methods, and it is hard to believe that anyone called a man could descend to it.

* * *

For myself, though I write scenarios, I must say I have never suffered in this way as far as I can discover. 'Scripts have come back to me with someone or other's compliments times again to be sure, but my chiefest complaint is delay. At present I have out perhaps half-a-dozen scenarios which have been in the hands of producing firms four or five months, and it is annoying, because what may not be useful for these firms may be acceptable to others. To be quite fair, the reliable brands in most cases inform one in a week or so whether a 'script is suitable or impossible.

* * *

For would-be amateur scenario writers I would observe that 'script writing is not the lucrative business generally imagined. Five pounds for a brilliant idea and a set-out scenario which has taken two or three days to write, arrange, rearrange and revise, is no proper payment. Sometimes one strikes lucky and a crisp "tenner" falls through the letter box, but it is remarkable that the 'script one imagines of ordinary merit is probably the one to fetch the best price. When this happens it is to be attributed to a lucky technical chance. The 'script which has a deal of faith behind it often has serious technical defects and there are limitations even in cinematography.

* * *

This is not intended as a cold *douche*. Write by all means, but don't anticipate fat money in return for a few hours labour. It is not to be had. And you must be prepared for delays, for some of the big firms have thousands of scenarios—or should I say, manuscripts—pouring in every week, and they take time to read and consider.

* * *

The two chief forms of colour cinematography at present known are the ordinary process as produced in Pathé films and the like, and the kinemacolor. Varied attempts have been made to improve upon these, and now Messrs. Berthond & Audibert, of Lyons, have come forward with a new process of natural colouring which is calling for some attention in France. The picture in this process is transmitted not only through the usual lenses, but also through a system of diverging prisms built up in connection with them. Arranged in front of the sensitized surface on which three separate monochrome pictures, arranged side by side, are impressed, screens of the three fundamental colours are ranged. We must await further developments.

* * *

If celluloid is so dangerous, why is it that Prof. Lewes, who has arranged statistics, says that since 1907, out of 716 fires within the City of London one only was attributed to celluloid, and in that case not a film? The fact is, there are other and more dangerous substances knocking about in this old place. This statement was made before the Celluloid Committee, so it is reliable. Out of 24,726 fires reported to the Chief of London Fire Brigade, only ten were attributable to celluloid, and this, the witness who gave the figures, said, made him think that there was some power behind trying to scare the public—and unduly scare them.

So now, good reader, go quietly to your bed, undisturbed and secure in the assurance that London and your house in particular is in no danger of being burned down from a fire originating in some operator's box anywhere.

FAKING THE FILM.

(In this series of articles it is intended as far as possible to explain how many of the extraordinary feats accomplished in Cinematography are effected).

THE article under this title last month dealt with the beginning of trick cinematography and the development of the "vision" picture.

* * *

High Dives and Dizzy Falls.

THE trick of substitution was brought to perfection, and it has survived as one of the best of the devices. In the picture of "The Great Train Robbery," for example, a dummy was substituted and thrown from a moving train in place of the living fireman who had been knocked on the head with a piece of coal. In later pictures, this substitution



was carried to such perfection that spectators fairly rose in their seats in their excitement. Again, take the picture of two men fighting on the edge of a high wall of a castle. One overpowers the other and throws him from the parapet to the ground beneath. The camera is stopped at the right moment, a picture with a dummy falling is taken, and then the picture joined on with the living man from the moment the dummy touches the ground. This is done so neatly that the illusion of the fall cannot be detected.

Exciting Rescues.

QUITE recently a picture was taken in America in which a famous actor, bound to railway lines, manages to struggle free of his bonds just in time to save himself by clinging to the cow-catcher of an express thundering along at 50 to 60 miles an hour. A little thought on the point and the feat is utterly impossible. Yet, how is it done? When the actor struggled free of his bonds no train was near, but immediately he stretched out to grip the imaginary cow-catcher the camera was stopped and not re-started till the actor was safely on the engine. By taking the photographs slowly, the train is made to appear travelling at a terrific rate when the picture is projected on the screen.

When a girl bound to railway lines by criminals is rescued by her lover just in the nick of time, as the train thunders by, be sure there was no train near when the rescue was effected, but that the negative has been cut and pieced up.

Playing with Serpents and Wild Animals.

THIS is but one instance of the apparent impossibilities which the film accomplishes. In a new Keystone-Mabel Normand comedy, called "When Dreams Come True," "the morning after," when a husband who has spent a convivial night is sleeping off the effects in bed is represented, someone comes into the room and leaves a large basket upon the bureau. As you wonder what is to happen next, the lid of the basket comes off—and about thirty live rattlesnakes slide out of it on to the floor. They squirm into every corner of the room. One hangs from the chandelier and tickles the dozing man with its rattles. Another coils up between his knees, gently swaying its head back and forth as the man wakes up and looks at it with horror. During the next ten minutes every person who enters the room goes out of it shrieking, writhing, with one or more living snakes coiled about him. There is no question as to the snakes being real, or as to their being the deadly poisonous, diamond-backed variety of rattlesnake. As a matter of fact two negatives are taken and printed on one positive, the

register being carefully adjusted.

There are, however, it must be pointed out, cases where the actors do actually play with serpents and wild animals, and one must not imagine that all the risks (as they appear on the screen) are faked.

Impossibilities.

Many scenes representing actors going through various performances while walking on a ceiling with head downwards have excited the wonder of spectators. Yet the explanation is very simple. In all such scenes the actor goes through his performance while walking on a floor painted to look like a ceiling. The ceiling is painted to look like a floor and fastened to it, all upside down, of course, are tables, chairs, and other furniture. The picture when taken has merely to be reversed.

Fire scenes are made to look realistic and dangerous, and exciting rescues are effected from blazing buildings by other means, but producers have various methods for obtaining these effects and really the actors and actresses are in no danger whatever. A thousand and one are the schemes for achieving realism in the motion picture, the few given here are only the more obvious and better known. By these means the motion picture is offtimes able to tell a story more effectively than a book, and to obtain better representations than any theatres could hope to attain.

(Article III. next month).

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FILM GOSSIP.

By CHARLES F. INGRAM.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused by the announcement of the B. & C. Company's production, "The Life of Shakespeare." The producers are to be congratulated for attempting a record of the life of one of the greatest characters in the world's history. Such endeavours as these merit the utmost praise. Apart from the task the producers have boldly faced, the film is of the kind that tends to elevate the picture theatre, and create a subject of the greatest educational value for the younger generation.

We have had some creditable records of Shakespeare's life, but nothing so impressive as this. Is it not wonderful, the opportunity thus afforded by the cinema, to witness at one's ease, in the short space of one hour and a half, all the most important incidents of Shakespeare's life from the time he was seventeen up till his death?

The producers have a formidable array of incidents to deal with, for the great dramatist's life was a varied one. He projected himself into many varieties of human character in some way or other. From the glamour of the Court to the bench of the village ale-house, there were few positions in which he had not attached himself.

All the Stratford-on-Avon scenes are to be taken in that locality, and much local assistance has been given in the work. Some of the actual furniture in Ann Hathaway's cottage was brought to the B. and C. studio at Walthamstow, for use in some of the scenes.

* * *

Early in February Miss Florence Lawrence is making her reappearance on the screen in a two-reel Victor drama, "The Closed Door." Miss Lawrence is one of the most popular film actresses of the day, possessing an irresistibly charming and vivacious personality. Her many picture friends will welcome her return to an art in which she is so admirably gifted.

* * *

The Kalem Co. are shortly releasing a fine spectacular film, entitled, "The Battle of Quebec." This stupendous production, which has been reconstructed at a cost of over

£20,000, took place on the Heights of Abraham, the actual scene of the memorable encounter that won Canada for the English. Several thousand men were engaged, and three months hard work were required to complete the production.

* * *

One of the greatest achievements ever accomplished in the history of cinematography will be the Pasquali Co.'s production, "The Holy Bible." It is an enormous undertaking, and will embrace all the most important incidents of biblical history from Genesis to Revelations. The company are devoting half-a-million francs to the work, and are sparing no pains to have the scenes reconstructed on the actual spot in the Holy Land. The complete film will cover some 30,000 feet of film, but this is to be divided into parts of 2,000, which, though united one to the other, can be screened separately as a distinct film.

We have had some wonderful spectacular films lately, but some of the scenes in this production will even surpass anything yet attempted. The scenes depicting the deluge, and the destruction of Babylon, will almost beggar description. More than 6,000 persons persons are to take part, together with 50 elephants and 100 camels.

Such a film as this will surely live and go down in the annals of Cinema history together with "Quo Vadis" and "Antony and Cleopatra."

* * *

A Film that will appeal to the Jewish fraternity is shortly to be issued by the Vitagraph Co. Over one hundred Jewish men and women from the Brownside Jewish section of New York are appearing in a "Yiddisher ball" scene. Mr. Van Dyke Brooke, who is responsible for many of the Vitagraph "hits," is directing affairs.

* * *

The Cines Co. were recently honoured by a command from the German Emperor to show their great "Cleopatra" film at the Prinz Ludwig Palais.

Royal honour has also been bestowed upon the Ambrosio Co., who have received a letter conveying the wish of the Queen-mother of Italy to witness a performance of "The Last Days of Pompeii." The film was duly shown at the royal castle of Stupinigi.

* * *

At the end of its run at His Majesty's Theatre, "Joseph and his Brethren," Sir Herbert Tree's magnificent biblical play, is to be filmed. With Sir Herbert and Mr. L. N. Parker as producers, the picture should prove one of the most perfect and successful films yet seen.

* * *

"'Tis not in mortals to command success: but we'll do more, deserve it." This may justly be applied to the splendid Savoia production, "Joan of Arc." The utmost realism has been studied in this film, and every regard given to historical accuracy. The soldiery, numbering over a thousand, have been equipped with the exact armour and weapons of the period, as shown in old fifteenth-century woodcuts. The Bastille of Saint Loup was erected in every detail after the design of an old engraving of 1840. The acting will please the most fastidious picture-goer, especially the charming rendering of Joan of Arc by Mlle. Maria Jacobini, and the thrilling scene of the burning at the stake. There is a natural beauty in this undying story of a youthful martyr that will arouse the enthusiasm of all who see it.

* * *

Admirers of Will Evans' humour on the stage will delight in the film version of "Whitewashing the Ceiling," in which the inimitable comedian appears at his best. Bigger effect has been obtained than in the stage production, which has rendered this skit one of the biggest "screams" on the picture halls.

* * *

Following up their past great successes of "Les Miserables" and "Germinal," Messrs. Pathé Frères have introduced another great feature entitled, "Honesty" This film gives a graphic portrayal of an outcast's struggle to regain his rightful heritage, and defines in a clear and convincing manner the moral that honesty, courage and perseverance are among the essential principles of success in life.

This company are also producing a series of animal pictures, and have engaged Mr. William Bartell's menageries for six months. The well-known trainer, Mr. Paul Bourgeois, who has featured in many wild animal films, is to perform all the dangerous work in connection with films.

* * *

The all-absorbing question of capital and labour is the theme of Lubin's six-reel

spectacular drama, "The Golden God." The period of the play is 1950, and the scenes include a wonderful battle picture between land and air forces, a type of what may happen in the future. Mr. Romaine Fielding is the controlling power of this great production.

* * *

Mr. Eric Williams, the well-known elocutionist, will shortly be seen in George R. Sim's famous poem, "The Lifeboat." Mr. Williams will enact a dual *rôle*, appearing as the lifeboatman in the film, and the narrator of the famous dramatic story.

* * *

The filming of famous classics is going on apace. Following Hepworth's production of Charles Reid's great work, "The Cloister and the Hearth," the Edison Co. have just released a powerful adaptation of this author's stirring novel, "Hard Cash." The desperate sea fights, the awful life in an old-time asylum from where the inmates make a frantic attempt to escape, the battle of two greedy souls for the possession of gold, will hold audiences spellbound.

* * *

The Thanhouser Co. have a galaxy of youthful artistes acting for their "Princess" releases. The youngest is Dorothy Berham, who, although only two years of age, has quite a speciality all her own. Miss Muriel Ostriche, the leading lady, is only seventeen, and Marie Elise, the "Thanhouser Twin," is but eleven. They are now appearing in a film entitled, "The Law of Humanity."

* * *

France has now recognized the value of a permanent cinema museum. Films of all the most important public events which occur throughout the world are to be preserved at the Cinema Archive, which M. Jacquiert, the new French Minister of Fine Arts, proposes to establish at the Louvre. The idea will no doubt be more widely adopted in the future. Properly selected, such films would be of exceptional educational value to future generations.

* * *

Films depicting ancient history have been well to the fore of late. The American Biograph Co. have delved into pre-historic periods for the subject of their remarkable film, "The Primitive Man." In this picture are seen life-like replicas of the giant Dinosaurus of ancient renown, and other pre-historic monsters that are fortunately extinct in these more diminutive times.

* * *

I am informed that the London Film Co., who were responsible for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "House of Temperley" film, have several big things on the stocks. This is a firm of high ideals in cinematographic art, and all who saw their first great production will be glad to know that a feast of good things may be expected shortly. I am able to state that contracts have been made with such famous authors as Hall Caine, W. W. Jacobs, and A. Barry Pain for the filming of their most popular works. The services of several actors of the highest standing have also been secured for the big parts, among whom are Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Cyril Maude. I hope to give further details later.

* * *

Bob Fitzsimmons, following the lead of several other of the great masters of the fistic art, will shortly be seen in a drama of pugilism and love. The story is being written by the old fighter's Press agent, who witnessed so many of the master's triumphs.

* * *

Saharet, the great Parisian actress, is playing the title *rôle* in a beautiful and romantic film-play of Japanese life entitled "Mimosa San." The famous artiste gives a very impressive rendering of the tender-hearted Geisha girl who sought self-destruction—the Japanese custom of Hari Kari—rather than endure the pains of unrequited love.

* * *

A Picture-play to warm and soften all hearts, as well as provide a thrill to the senses by its splendid dramatic reality, is "Adrift on Life's Tide," a production by Hepworth. It is the tale of a child's progress through life's strong current—a woman-child whose trials will appeal to all. Miss Alma Taylor gives a fine study of the heroine, full of beautiful artistry and emotional acting. Miss Taylor says of the part: "I have rarely acted anything with truer feeling. I love and lived the part in every scene." Miss Flora Morris, Mr. Harry Royston, and Mr. Harry Gilbey are also to be seen in this film.

* * *

Mr. Frederick Burlingham returned to London on January 1st, having succeeded in descending 1,200 feet inside the crater of

Vesuvius while active, for the purpose of kinematographing the volcano for the British and Colonial Kinematograph Co., Ltd.

"From the start it was an extremely perilous undertaking," said Mr. Burlingham, "particularly as minor explosions already are taking place inside the crater. When half way down my two Italian assistants and I were nearly suffocated by hydrochloric acid fumes, and we were perpetually menaced by loose lava and cinders, which are continually falling inside the steaming basin.

"The idea of kinematographing Vesuvius came to me last autumn when I heard Professor Malladra, of the Vesuvian Observatory, with two German professors, had succeeded in reaching the new centre of activity which opened last July when a portion of the floor of the old crater disappeared. Consequently I left for Naples almost immediately to make preparations. The Observatory officials would have nothing to do with the expedition thinking it possibly too dangerous to be connected with, so I called in the assistance of Alfonso Sannino, guide and mineral hunter, a man of fine mettle, with whom the descent was made.

"Five nights I slept on Vesuvius, studying by day the crater from all sides. Finally on the 21st December, the shortest day of the year, there was scarcely any wind, the vast column of smoke rising vertically from its own heat without diffusing on the precipitous inner walls, forming a magnificent mushroom-like canopy above the volcano. I decided to attempt the descent. As we could not obtain the Observatory rope, I told Sannino to obtain rope at Resina, but imagine my surprise when he arrived with several pieces of odd ends of various sizes and age, some of it resembling small clothes line. I ordered rope and I got string. I said nothing, fearing to scare the others out of descending, so we went up with the 150 feet which let us down the steepest precipice and leaving it dangling there for our return, went below for the remaining 1,100 feet without any rope whatever. For the actual descent I succeeded in getting another mineral hunter, Liberato Formicano, to help, leaving a third Italian in charge of apparatus and ropes left at the precipice.

"When down about 500 feet below the precipice and directly above one of the great sulphur fumaroles a sudden current of air drove the main column of smoke across our path. It was a perilous moment, for added to the sulphur fumes were dense clouds of corrosive hydrochloric acid. We lay down perfectly still, to breathe as little as possible, each using several thicknesses of cloth as a respirator. For twenty minutes we saw nothing, and as slow asphyxiation threatened us, there was talk of retreat and abandoning the cameras, but I persuaded the men to descend still lower, believing that we should find less diffused smoke. By groping our way we passed between the sulphur fumaroles and the main column of hydrochloric acid, ultimately reaching the floor of the crater, depth 1,000 feet, where we could take note of the situation.

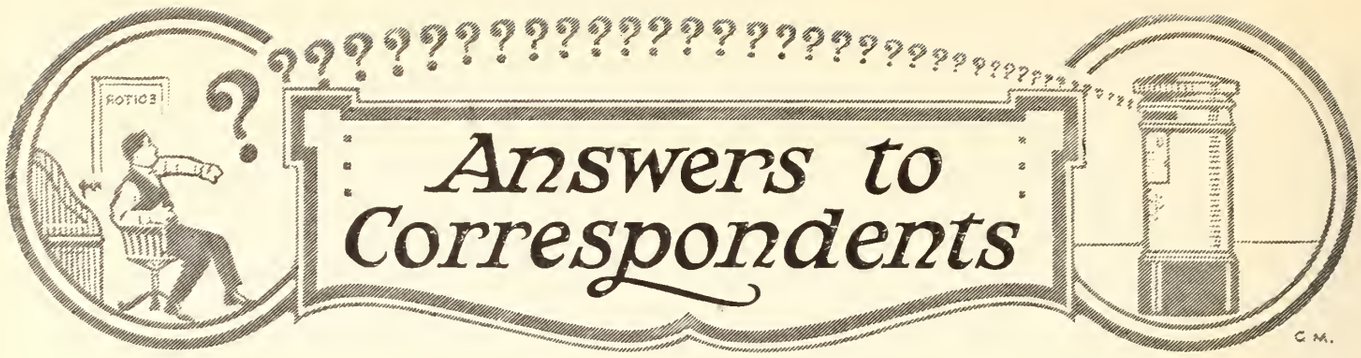
"Finally we succeeded in descending 1,212 feet, to the bottom of the cone, to within two feet of the mouth of the abyss, which Professor Malladra estimates has a temperature of 600 degrees centigrade, and Director Mercali, of the Observatory, a depth of two miles. Here we were in danger of avalanches from all sides, and the peril of the bottom caving in, as Professor Malladra said it was quite possible. We could hear the lava boiling below us. We found, too, outside in the cone, fresh lava, indicating that explosions already had begun to take place.

"Probably the world has no sensation to offer a human being greater than this supreme moment, and I can think of nothing more fascinating than to stand there in the intense heat on the brink watching the pink clouds of poisonous gas bursting above us."

Mr. Burlingham was four hours inside the crater.

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READERS wishing to get "behind the scenes" of the Cinematograph trade should not fail to procure a copy of "The Kinematograph Year Book, Program, Diary and Directory for 1914," published by "The Kinematograph and Lantern Weekly, Ltd.," of Tottenham Street, W. Valuable trade information and a most useful diary form the bulk of the book, and in addition there are several well-printed art pages, consisting of scenes from the most popular pictures in 1913. The book is a most useful and interesting Trade Guide.



We shall be pleased to answer any questions on subjects of interest relating to the Film World. Give as many particulars as possible and write on one side of the paper only. Whilst we use our utmost endeavours to make these replies correct, we cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracy.

"MITRE," HARROGATE.—Your letter very pleasant. Will endeavour to insert the photograph of Mr. Courtenay Foote in our next number. I'm afraid you would find films far too expensive to purchase for private use. Why not write Pathé's or Eclair Film Co. for particulars of their machines for the home?

BUDDING WRITER, DAWLISH.—The first prize offered by the Cines Co. for a photo-play is £1,000; other prizes are also offered ranging from £100 to £5. Scenarios should be sent to the Cines Company at Rome, where they will be judged by a select Committee of prominent men of art and letters. The competition closes in April next.

S.D., PRITTLEWELL.—"Psyche" and "Antony and Cleopatra." The stories of these two films have not appeared in our publication. We suggest that you write to Messrs. Pathé's or Cines Co. for copies of booklets.

MARY FULLER.—"Mary in Stageland" (Edison) was the third picture of the "What happened to Mary" series. Mary Fuller was Mary; Bliss Milford—Daisy; Walter Edwin—Manager of "The Society Queen"; Yale Benner—John Chase; James Smith—The Stage Manager; Carey Lee—the Leading Lady; and Arthur Housman—the Principal Comedian.

DAISY G., EDINBURGH.—Warren Kerrigan was Jack Worthington in "Mission Bells" (American Co.). Joe Hamman and Vesta Harrold were featured in "Aeroplane versus Automobile" (Urban). Florence Turner's portrait appeared in the supplement of our second number, October, 1913.

"TANGO," FULHAM.—William Humphrey was Luigi in "An Infernal Tangle" (Vitagraph); Rose Tapley—Vincenza; S. Rankin Drew—Biaggio; Dorothy Kelly—Angelica; and Louise Beaudet—Mrs. Thomas.

"OLD DRURY."—The film "Sealed Orders" is not a reproduction of the Drury Lane drama by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. A vigorous protest against the use of this title appeared in the "Daily Mail" of January 19th.

H.G., BIRMINGHAM.—Miss Elizabeth Risdon played the lead in "Maria Marten, or the Mystery of the Red Barn." Prior to playing in "movies" Miss Risdon was on the "legitimate," where she took several leading rôles, among others—Isobel in "The Interlopers," and Glory Quaile in "The Christian." Mr. Maurice Costello is still with Vitagraph.

"SUSIE," BRIGHTON.—Quite correct—the works of Jules Verne are being filmed by the Eclair Film Co., and will shortly be seen in our theatres.

E.J., GLASGOW.—"Roughing the Cub" was a Vitagraph picture released on Monday, October 13th. Hughey Mack was Clarence Sniggles, "The Cub"; Harry Northrup—Greggs, "Editor of the World"; Tefft Johnson—Thomas; Paul Kelly—the Office Boy; Herbert L. Barry—Captain of Police; Herman Rottjers—Policeman.

INQUISITIVE, BELFAST.—Carlotta de Felice was Mary Francis, waitress in "Her Sweetest Memory"; Earle Williams—Phillip Morton; Florence Radinoff—Manicurist; Miss Raymond—The Chorus Girl Lodger; Mary Maurice—The Genteel Old Lady Lodger; Kate Price—The Lady.

"FLORENCE," PECKHAM.—"The Cap of Destiny" was a Rex Film, released October 9th, 1913—featuring Mr. Phillip Smalley and Miss Lois Weber.

The Editor regrets being unable to include the many other answers to queries he has received, owing to want of space.

The Museum of Modern Art
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